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THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE;

IN FOUR VOLUMES:

CONTAINING

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.;

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY;

SERMONS,—LETTERS, *&c.*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

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SERMONS

BY

LAURENCE STERNE, A.M.

SERMON XXXIII.

ROMANS, II. 4.

Deſpiſeſt thou the riches of his goodneſs, and forbearance, and long-ſuffering — knowing that the goodneſs of God leadeth thee to repentance? —

So ſays St. Paul. And

ECCLESIASTES, VIII. 11.

Becauſe ſentence againſt an evil work is not executed ſpeedily; therefore the heart of the ſons of men is fully ſet in them to do evil. —

TAKE either as you like it, you will get nothing by the bargain. —

'Tis a terrible character of the world, which Solomon is here accounting for, — that their hearts were fully ſet in them to do evil. — And the general outcry againſt the wickedneſs of the age, in every age from Solomon's down to this, ſhews but too lamentably what grounds have all along been given for the complaint. —

The diſorder and confuſion ariſing in the affairs of the world from the wickedneſs of it, being ever ſuch, — ſo evidently ſeen, ſo ſeverely felt, as naturally to induce every one who was a ſpectator or a ſufferer, to give the melancholy preference to the times he lived in; as if the corruptions of men's manners had not only exceeded the reports of former days, but the power almoſt of riſing above the pitch to which the

wickedneſs of the age was arrived. — How far they may have been deceived in ſuch calculations, I ſhall not inquire; — let it ſuffice, that mankind have ever been bad, — conſidering what motives they have had to be better; — and taking this for granted, inſtead of declaiming againſt it, let us ſee whether a diſcourſe may not be as ſerviceable, by endeavouring, as Solomon has here done, rather to give an account of it, and by tracing back the evils to their firſt principles, to direct ourſelves to the true remedy againſt them. —

Let it here be only premiſed, — that the wickedneſs either of the preſent or paſt times, whatever ſcandal and reproach it brings upon Chriſtians, — ought not in reaſon to reflect diſhonour upon Chriſtianity, which is ſo apparently well framed to make us good; — that there is not a greater paradox in nature, — than that ſo good a religion ſhould be no better recommended by its profeſſors. — Though this may ſeem a paradox, — 'tis ſtill, I ſay, no objection, though it has often been made uſe of againſt Chriſtianity; — ſince, if the morals of men are not reformed, it is not owing to a defect in the revelation, but 'tis owing to the ſame cauſes which defeated all the uſe and intent of reaſon, — before revelation was given. — For ſetting aſide the obligation which a divine law lays upon us — whoever conſiders the ſtate and condition of human nature, and upon this view, how much ſtronger the natural motives are to virtue

tue than to vice, would expect to find the world much better than it is, or ever has been. — For who would ſuppoſe the generality of mankind to betray ſo much folly, as to act againſt the common intereſts of their own kind, as every man does who yields to the temptation of what is wrong? — But on the other ſide, — if men firſt look into the practice of the world, and there obſerve the ſtrange prevalency of vice, and how willing men are to defend as well as to commit it, one would think they believed that all diſcourſes of virtue and honeſty were mere matter of ſpeculation for men to entertain ſome idle hours with; — and ſay truly, that men ſeemed univerſally to be agreed in nothing but in ſpeaking well and doing ill. — But this caſts no more diſhonour upon reaſon than it does upon revelation; — the truth of the caſe being this, — that no motives have been great enough to reſtrain thoſe from ſin who have ſecretly loved it, and only ſought pretences for the practice of it. — So that if the light of the goſpel has not left a ſufficient proviſion againſt the wickedneſs of the world, — the true anſwer is, that there can be none. — 'Tis ſufficient that the excellency of Chriſtianity in doctrine and precepts, and its proper tendency to make us virtuous as well as happy, is a ſtrong evidence of its divine original, — and theſe advantages it has above any inſtitution that ever was in the world: — it gives the beſt directions, the beſt examples, the greateſt encouragements, — the beſt helps, and the

greateſt obligations to gratitude. — But as religion was not to work upon men by way of force and natural neceſſity, — but by moral perſuaſion, — which ſets good and evil before them; — ſo that, if men have power to do evil, or chuſe the good, and will abuſe it, this cannot be avoided; — not only religion, but even reaſon itſelf, muſt neceſſarily imply a freedom of choice; and all the beings in the world which have it, were created free to ſtand or free to fall: — and therefore men that will not be wrought upon by this way of addreſs, muſt expect, and be contented, to feel the ſtroke of that rod which is prepared for the back of fools, oft-times in this world, but undoubtedly in the next, from the hands of a righteous governor, who will finally render to every man according to his works. —

Becauſe this ſentence is not always executed ſpeedily, is the wiſe man's account of the general licentiouſneſs which prevailed through the race of mankind, — ſo early as his days; and we may allow it a place, amongſt the many other fatal cauſes of depravation in our own; — a few of which I ſhall beg leave to add to this explication of the wiſe man's; ſubjoining a few practical cautions in relation to each, as I go along. —

To begin with Solomon's account in the text, — that becauſe ſentence againſt an evil work is not executed ſpeedily, therefore the hearts of the ſons of men are fully ſet in them to do evil. —

It ſeems ſomewhat hard to underſtand the con-

ſequence why men ſhould grow more deſperately wicked, — becauſe God is merciful and gives them ſpace to repent; — this is no natural effect, — nor does the wiſe man intend to inſinuate, that the goodneſs and long-ſuffering of God is the cauſe of the wickedneſs of man, by a direct efficacy to harden ſinners in their courſe. — But the ſcope of his diſcourſe is this, Becauſe a vicious man eſcapes at preſent, he is apt to draw falſe concluſions from it, and, from the delay of God's puniſhments in this life, either to conceive them at ſo remote a diſtance, or perhaps ſo uncertain, that, though he has ſome doubtful miſgivings of the future, yet he hopes, in the main, that his fears are greater than his danger; — and, from obſerving ſome of the worſt of of men both live and die without any outward teſtimony of God's wrath, — draws from thence ſome flattering ground of encouragement for himſelf, and, with the wicked in the pſalm, ſays in his heart, Tuſh? I ſhall never be caſt down, there ſhall no harm happen unto me: — as if it was neceſſary, if God is to puniſh at all, that he muſt do it preſently; — which, by the way, would rather ſeem to beſpeak the rage and fury of an incenſed party, than the determination of a wiſe and patient judge, — who reſpites puniſhment to another ſtate, declaring for the wiſeſt reaſons, this is not the time for it to take place in, — but that he has appointed a day for it, wherein he will judge the world in righteouſneſs, and make

ſuch unalterable diſtinctions betwixt the good and bad, — as to render his future judgment a full vindication of his juſtice. —

That mankind have ever made an ill uſe of this forbearance, is, and I fear will ever be, the caſe: — and St. Peter, in his deſcription of the ſcoffers in the latter days, who, he tells us, ſhall walk after their own luſts (the worſt of all characters), he gives the ſame ſad ſolution of what ſhould be their unhappy encouragement; — for that they would ſay, — Where is the promiſe [where is the threatening or declaration of ἡ ἐπαγγελια] of his coming, — for ſince the fathers fell aſleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation; — that is, the world goes on in the ſame uninterrupted courſe, where all things fall alike to all without any interpoſition from above, — or any outward token of divine diſpleaſure: — upon this ground, "Come ye," ſay they, as the prophet repreſents them, "I will fetch wine, and we will fill ourſelves with ſtrong drink: and to-morrow ſhall be as this day, and much more abundant." —

Now, if you conſider, you will find, that all this falſe way of reaſoning doth ariſe from that groſs piece of ſelf-flattery, that ſuch do imagine God to be like themſelves, — that is, as cruel and revengeful as they are, — and they preſently think, if a fellow-creature offended them at the rate that ſinners are ſaid to offend God, and they

had as much power in their hands to puniſh and torture them as he has, they would be ſure to execute it ſpeedily; — but becauſe they ſee God does it not, therefore they conclude that all the talk of God's anger againſt vice, and his future puniſhment of it, — is mere talk, calculated for the terror of old women and children. — Thus ſpeak they peace to their ſouls, when there is no peace; — for though a ſinner, (which the wiſe man adds by way of caution after the text,) — for though a ſinner do evil a hundred times, and his days be prolonged upon the earth, — yet ſure I know, that it ſhall be well with them that fear God, — but ſhall not be well with the wicked. — Upon which argument, the pſalmiſt, ſpeaking in the name of God, — uſes this remonſtrance to one under this fatal miſtake which has miſled thouſands; — Theſe things thou didſt, and I kept ſilence: — And it ſeems this ſilence was interpreted into conſent; — for it follows, — and thou thoughteſt I was altogether ſuch a one as thyſelf. — But the pſalmiſt adds, how ill he took this at men's hands, and that they ſhould not know the difference between the forbearance of ſinners, — and his neglect of their ſins; — but I will reprove thee, and ſet them in order before thee. — Upon the whole of which, he bids them be better adviſed, and conſider, leſt while they forget God, he pluck them away, and there be none to deliver them. —

Thus

Thus much for the firſt ground and cauſe which the text gives, why the hearts of the ſons of men are ſo fully ſet in them to do evil; upon which I have only one or two cautions to add — That, in the firſt place, we frequently deceive ourſelves in the calculation that ſentence ſhall not be ſpeedily executed. By ſad experience, vicious and debauched men find this matter to turn out very different in practice from their expectations in theory: God having ſo contrived the nature of things throughout the whole ſyſtem of moral duties, that every vice, in ſome meaſure, ſhould immediately revenge itſelf upon the doer; that falſehood, and unfair dealing, ends in diſtruſt and diſhonour; — that drunkenneſs and debauchery ſhould weaken the thread of life, and cut it ſo ſhort that the tranſgreſſor ſhall not live out half his days; that pride ſhould be followed by mortifications; extravagance by poverty and diſtreſs; that the revengeful and malicious ſhould be the greateſt tormentor of himſelf, the perpetual diſturbance of his own mind being ſo immediate a chaſtiſement, as to verify what the wiſe man ſays upon it, That, as the merciful man does good to his own ſoul, ſo he that is cruel troubleth his own fleſh.

In all which caſes there is a puniſhment independent of theſe, and that is, the puniſhment which a man's own mind takes upon itſelf, from the remorſe of doing what is wrong. — Prima eſt hæc ultio, — this is the firſt revenge which (what-

(whatever other puniſhments he may eſcape) is ſure to follow cloſe upon his heels, and haunts him whereſoever he goes; — for whenever a man commits a wilful bad action, — he drinks down poiſon, which though it may work ſlowly, will work ſurely, and give him perpetual pains and heart-aches, — and if no means be uſed to expel it, will deſtroy him at laſt. — So that, notwithſtanding that final ſentence of God is not executed ſpeedily in exact weight and meaſure, — there is nevertheleſs a ſentence executed, which a man's own conſcience pronounces againſt him; — and every wicked man, I believe, feels as regular a proceſs within his own breaſt commenced againſt himſelf, and finds himſelf as much accuſed, and as evidently and impartially condemned for what he has done amiſs, as if he had received ſentence before the moſt awful tribunal; — which judgment of conſcience as it can be looked upon in no other light but as an anticipation of that righteous and unalterable ſentence which will be pronounced hereafter by that Being to whom he is finally to give an account of his actions — I cannot conceive the ſtate of his mind under any character than of that anxious doubtfulneſs deſcribed by the prophet, — That the wicked are like the troubled ſea, when it cannot reſt, whoſe waters caſt up mire and filth.

A ſecond caution againſt this uniform ground of falſe hope, in ſentence not being executed ſpeedily,

ſpeedily, will ariſe from this conſideration, — That in our vain calculation of this diſtant point of retribution, we generally reſpite it to the day of judgment; and as that may be a thouſand or ten thouſand years off, it proportionably leſſens the terror. — To rectify this miſtake, we ſhould firſt conſider that the diſtance of a thing no way alters the nature of it. — 2dly, That we are deceived in this diſtant proſpect, not conſidering that however far off we may fix it in this belief, that in fact it is no farther off from every man than the day of his own death. — And how certain that day is, we need not ſurely be reminded: — 'Tis the certainty of the matter, and of an event which will as ſurely come to paſs, as that the ſun ſhall riſe to-morrow morning, that ſhould enter as much into our calculations, as if it was hanging over our heads. — For though in our fond imaginations, we dream of living many years upon the earth; how unexpectedly are we ſummoned from it? — How oft, in the ſtrength of our age, in the midſt of our projects, — when we are promiſing ourſelves the eaſe of many years? — how oft, at that very time, and in the height of this imagination, is the decree ſealed, and the commandment gone forth to call us into another world? —

This may ſuffice for the examination of this one great cauſe of the corruption of the world; — from whence I ſhould proceed, as I purpoſed, to an inquiry after ſome other unhappy cauſes which have

have a ſhare in this evil. — But I have taken up ſo much more of your time in this than I firſt intended, — that I ſhall defer what I have to ſay to the next occaſion, and put an end to this diſcourſe, by an anſwer to a queſtion often aſked, relatively to this argument, in prejudice of chriſtianity, which cannot be more ſeaſonably anſwered than in a diſcourſe at this time; — and that is, — Whether the chriſtian religion has done the world any ſervice in reforming the lives and morals of mankind, — which ſome, who pretend to have conſidered the preſent ſtate of vice, ſeem to doubt of? — This objection I, in ſome meaſure, have anticipated in the beginning of this diſcourſe; — and what I have to add to that argument is this, — that as it is impoſſible to decide the point by evidence of facts, which at ſo great a diſtance cannot be brought together and compared, — it muſt be decided by reaſon, and the probability of things; upon which iſſue, one might appeal to the moſt profeſſed deiſt, and truſt him to determine, — whether the lives of thoſe who are ſet looſe from all obligations, — but thoſe of conveniency, — can be compared with thoſe who have been bleſt with the extraordinary light of a religion? — and whether ſo juſt and holy a religion as the chriſtian, which ſets reſtraints even upon our thoughts, — a religion which gives us the moſt engaging ideas of the perfections of God, — at the ſame time that it impreſſes the moſt awful ones of his majeſty and power; —

a Being

a Being rich in mercies, but if they are abuſed, terrible in his judgments; — one conſtantly about our ſecret paths, — about our beds; — who ſpieth out all our ways, — noticeth all our actions, and is ſo pure in his nature, that he will puniſh even the wicked imaginations of the heart, and has appointed a day wherein he will enter into this inquiry, and execute judgment according as we have deſerved.

If either the hopes or fears, the paſſions or reaſon of men are to be wrought upon at all, ſuch principles muſt have an effect, though, I own, very far ſhort of what a thinking man ſhould expect from ſuch motives.

No doubt, there is great room for amendment in the chriſtian world, — and the profeſſors of our holy religion may in general be ſaid to be a very corrupt and bad generation of men, — conſidering what reaſons and obligations they have to be better. — Yet ſtill I affirm, if thoſe reſtraints were leſſened, — the world would be infinitely worſe; and therefore we cannot ſufficiently bleſs and adore the goodneſs of God, for theſe advantages brought by the coming of Chriſt — which God grant that we may live to be more deſerving of; — that, in the laſt day, when he ſhall come again to judge the world, we may riſe to life immortal. Amen.

SERMON XXXIV.

TRUST IN GOD.

PSALM XXXVII. 3.

Put thou thy truſt in the Lord.

WHOEVER ſeriouſly reflects upon the ſtate and condition of man, and looks upon that dark ſide of it, which repreſents his life as open to ſo many cauſes of trouble; — when he ſees how often he eats the bread of affliction, and that he is born to it as naturally as the ſparks fly upwards; — that no rank or degrees of men are exempted from this law of our beings; — but that all, from the high cedar of Libanus to the humble ſhrub upon the wall, are ſhook in their turns by numberleſs calamities and diſtreſſes: — when one ſits down and looks upon this gloomy ſide of things, with all the ſorrowful changes and chances which ſurround us, — at firſt ſight, — would not one wonder, — how the ſpirit of a man could bear the infirmities of his nature, and what it is that ſupports him, as it does, under the many evil accidents which he meets with in his paſſage through the valley of tears? — Without ſome certain aid within us to bear us up — ſo tender a frame as ours would be but ill fitted to encounter what generally befals it in this rugged journey: — and accordingly we find, — that we are ſo curiouſly wrought

wrought by an all-wiſe hand with a view to this, — that, in the very compoſition and texture of our nature, there is a remedy and proviſion left againſt moſt of the evils we ſuffer; — we being ſo ordered, — that the principle of ſelf-love, given us for preſervation, comes in here to our aid, — by opening a door of hope, and, in the worſt emergencies, flattering us with a belief that we ſhall extricate ourſelves, and live to ſee better days. —

This expectation, — though in fact it no way alters the nature of the croſs accidents to which we lie open, or does at all pervert the courſe of them, — yet impoſes upon the ſenſe of them, and like a ſecret ſpring in a well-contrived machine, though it cannot prevent, at leaſt it counterbalances the preſſure, — and ſo bears up this tottering, tender frame under many a violent ſhock and hard juſtling, which otherwiſe would unavoidably overwhelm it. — Without ſuch an inward reſource, from an inclination which is natural to man, to truſt and hope for redreſs in the moſt deplorable conditions, — his ſtate in this life would be, of all creatures, the moſt miſerable. — When his mind was either wrung with affliction, — or his body lay tortured with the gout or ſtone, — did he think that in this world there ſhould be no reſpite to his ſorrow; — could he believe the pains he endured would continue equally intenſe, — without remedy, — without intermiſſion; — with what deplorable lamentation would he languiſh out his day, — and how ſweet, as Job ſays, would the "clods

"of

"of the valley be to him?" — But ſo ſad a perſuation, whatever grounds there may be ſometimes for it, ſcarce ever gets full poſſeſſion of the mind of man, which by nature ſtruggles againſt deſpair: ſo that whatever part of us ſuffers, — the darkeſt mind inſtantly uſhers in this relief to it, — points out to hope, encourages to build, though on a ſandy foundation, and raiſes an expectation in us, that things will come to a fortunate iſſue. — And indeed it is ſomething ſurpriſing to conſider the ſtrange force of this paſſion; — what wonders it has wrought in ſupporting men's ſpirits in all ages, and under ſuch inextricable difficulties, that they have ſometimes hoped, as the apoſtle expreſſes it, even againſt hope, — againſt all likelihood; — and have looked forwards with comfort under misfortunes, when there has been little or nothing to favour ſuch an expectation.

This flattering propenſity in us, which I have here repreſented, as it is built upon one of the moſt deceitful of human paſſions — (that is) — ſelf-love, which at all times inclines us to think better of ourſelves and conditions than there is ground for; — how great ſoever the relief is, which a man draws from it at preſent, it too often diſappoints in the end, leaving him to go on his way ſorrowing, — mourning, — as the prophet ſays, that his hope is loſt. — So that, after all, in our ſeverer trials, we ſtill find a neceſſity of calling in ſomething to aid this principle, and direct it ſo that it may not wander with

this uncertain expectation of what may never be accompliſhed, — but fix itſelf upon a proper object of truſt and reliance, that is able to fulfil our deſires, to hear our cry, and to help us. — The paſſion of hope, without this, though in ſtraits a man may ſupport his ſpirits for a time with a general expectation of better fortune; — yet, like a ſhip toſſed without a pilot upon a troubleſome ſea, — it may float upon the ſurface for a while, but is never, — never likely to be brought to the haven where it would be. — To accompliſh this, reaſon and religion are called in at length, and join with nature in exhorting us to hope; — but to hope in God, in whoſe hands are the iſſues of life and death, — and without whoſe knowledge and permiſſion we know that not a hair of our heads can fall to the ground. — Strengthened with this anchor of hope, which keeps us ſtedfaſt when the rains deſcend and the floods come upon us, — however the ſorrows of a man are multiplied, he bears up his head, looks towards heaven with confidence, waiting for the ſalvation of God: — he then builds upon a rock againſt which the gates of hell cannot prevail. — He may be troubled, it is true, on every ſide, but ſhall not be diſtreſſed, — perplexed, yet not in deſpair: — though he walks through the valley of the ſhadow of death, even then he fears no evil; this rod and this ſtaff comfort him.

The virtue of this had been ſufficiently tried by David, and had, no doubt, been of uſe to him

in

in the courſe of a life full of afflictions; many of which were ſo great, that he declares that he ſhould verily have fainted under the ſenſe and apprehenſion of them, but that he believed to ſee the goodneſs of the Lord in the land of the living. — He believed! — How could he do otherwiſe? He had all the conviction that reaſon and inſpiration could give him, — that there was a Being in whom every thing concurred which could be the proper object of truſt and confidence; — power to help, — and goodneſs always to incline him to do it. — He knew this infinite Being, though his dwelling was ſo high — that his glory was above the heavens, — yet humbled himſelf to behold the things that are done in heaven and earth: — that he was not an idle and diſtant ſpectator of what paſſed there, but that he was a preſent help in time of trouble: — that he bowed the heavens and came down to over-rule the courſe of things: delivering the poor and him that was in miſery, from him that was too ſtrong for him; lifting the ſimple out of his diſtreſs, and guarding him by his providence, ſo that no man ſhould do him wrong: — that neither the Sun ſhould ſmite him by day, neither the Moon by night. — Of this the Pſalmiſt had ſuch evidence from his obſervation on the life of others, with the ſtrongeſt conviction, at the ſame time, which a long life full of perſonal deliverances could give; — all which taught him the value of the leſſon in the text, from which he had received ſo much encouragement himſelf — that he tranſ-

mits it for the benefit of the whole race of mankind after him, to ſupport them, as it had done him, under the afflictions which befel him.

" Truſt in God ;" — as if he had ſaid, Whoſoever thou art that ſhall hereafter fall into any ſuch ſtraits or troubles as I have experienced, — learn by my example where to ſeek for ſuccour ; — truſt not in princes, nor in any child of man, for there is no help in them : — the ſons of men who are of low degree, are vanity, and are not able to help thee : — men of high degree are a lie, — too often deceive thy hopes, and will not help thee : — but thou, when thy ſoul is in heavineſs, — turn thy eyes from the earth, and look up towards heaven, to that infinitely kind and powerful Being, who neither ſlumbereth nor ſleepeth ; who is a preſent help in time of trouble : — deſpond not, and ſay within thyſelf, — why his chariot wheels ſtay ſo long ? — and why he vouchſafeth thee not a ſpeedy relief ? — but arm thyſelf in thy misfortunes with patience and fortitude ; — truſt in God, who ſees all thoſe conflicts under which thou laboureſt, — who knows thy neceſſities afar off, — and puts all thy tears into his bottle ; — who ſees every careful thought and penſive look, — and hears every ſigh and melancholy groan thou uttereſt. —

In all thy exigencies truſt and depend on him ; — nor ever doubt but he, who heareth the cry of the fatherleſs, and defendeth the cauſe of the widow, if it is juſt, will hear thine, and either lighten thy burden, and let thee go free ; — or,

which

which is the ſame, if that ſeems not meet, by adding ſtrength to thy mind, to enable thee to ſuſtain what he has ſuffered to be laid upon thee.

Whoever recollects the particular pſalms ſaid to be compoſed by this great man, under the ſeveral diſtreſſes and croſs accidents of his life, will perceive the juſtice of this paraphraſe, which is agreeable to the ſtrain of reaſoning which runs through, — which is little elſe than a recollection of his own words and thoughts upon thoſe occaſions, in all which he appears to have been no leſs ſignal in his afflictions, than in his piety, and in that goodneſs of ſoul which he diſcovers under them. — I ſaid the reflections upon his own life and providential eſcapes which he had experienced, had had a ſhare in forming theſe religious ſentiments of truſt in his mind, which had ſo early taken root, that when he was going to fight the Philiſtine, — when he was but a youth and ſtood before Saul, — he had already learned to argue in this manner: — Let no man's heart fail him; — thy ſervant kept his father's ſheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, and I went out after him and ſmote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he aroſe againſt me, I caught him by the beard, and ſmote him, and ſlew him; — thy ſervant ſlew both the lion and the bear, and this uncircumciſed Philiſtine will be as one of them; — for the Lord who delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of

the bear,—he will alſo deliver me out of his hand. —The concluſion was natural, and the experience which every man has had of God's former loving kindneſs and protection to him, either in dangers or diſtreſs, does unavoidably engage him to think in the ſame train. — It is obſervable that the apoſtle St. Paul encouraging the Corinthians to bear with patience the trials incident to human nature, reminds them of the deliverances that God did formerly vouchſafe to him, and his fellow labourers, Gaius and Ariſtarchus; — and on that ground builds a rock of encouragement, for future truſt and dependence on him. — His life had been in very great jeopardy at Epheſus, — where he had like to have been brought out to the theatre to be devoured by wild beaſts, and indeed had no human means to avert, and conſequently to eſcape it; — and therefore, he tells them, that he had this advantage by it, that the more he believed he ſhould be put to death, the more he was engaged by his deliverance, never to depend on any worldly truſt, but only on God, who can reſcue from the greateſt extremity, even from the grave and death itſelf. — For we would not, brethren, ſays he, have you ignorant of our trouble, which came to us in Aſia, that we were preſſed out of meaſure above our ſtrength, inſomuch that we deſpaired even of life: — but we had the ſentence of death in ourſelves that we ſhould not truſt in ourſelves, but in God, who raiſeth the dead, who delivered us from ſo great

a death,

a death, and doth deliver, and in whom we truſt that he will ſtill deliver us.

And indeed a ſtronger argument cannot be brought for future truſt, than the remembrance of paſt protection; — for what ground or reaſon can I have to diſtruſt the kindneſs of that perſon who has always been my friend and benefactor?

On whom can I better rely for aſſiſtance in the day of my diſtreſs, than on him who ſtood by me in all mine affliction? — and, when I was at the brink of deſtruction, delivered me out of all my troubles? Would it not be highly ungrateful, and reflect either upon his goodneſs or his ſufficiency, to diſtruſt that providence which has always had a watchful eye over me? — and who, according to his gracious promiſes, will never leave me, nor forſake me, and who, in all my wants, in all my emergencies, has been abundantly more willing to give, than I to aſk it? — If the former and the latter rain have hitherto deſcended upon the earth in due ſeaſon, and ſeed-time and harveſt have never yet failed; — why ſhould I fear famine in the land, or doubt, but that he who feedeth the raven, and providently catereth for the ſparrow, ſhould likewiſe be my comfort? — How unlikely is it that ever he ſhould ſuffer his truth to fail? — This train of reflection, from the conſideration of paſt mercies, is ſuitable and natural to all mankind: — there being no one, who by calling to mind God's kindneſſes, which have been ever of old, but will ſee cauſe to apply the argument to himſelf.

And though, in looking back upon the events which have befallen us, we are apt to attribute too much to the arm of flesh, in recounting the more successful parts of them; saying, — My wisdom, my parts, and address, extricated me from this misfortune; — my foresight and penetration saved me from a second; — my courage, and the mightiness of my strength, carried me through a third. — However we are accustomed to talk in this manner, — yet whoever coolly sits down and reflects upon the many accidents (though very improperly called so) which have befallen him in the course of his life, — when he considers the many amazing turns in his favour, — sometimes in the most unpromising cases, — and often brought about by the most unlikely causes; — when he remembers the particular providences which have gone along with him, — the many personal deliverances which have preserved him, — the unaccountable manner in which he has been enabled to get through difficulties, which on all sides beset him, at one time of his life, or the strength of mind he found himself endowed with, to encounter afflictions which fell upon him at another period: — where is the man, I say, who looks back with the least religious sense, upon what has thus happened to him, who could not give you sufficient proofs of God's power, and his arm over him, and recount several cases wherein the God of Jacob was his help, and the Holy One of Israel his redeemer?

Hast thou ever laid upon the bed of languishing,

or

or laboured under a grievous diſtemper which threatened thy life? Call to mind thy ſorrowful and penſive ſpirit at that time; and to add to it, who it was that had mercy on thee, that brought thee out of darkneſs and the ſhadow of death, and made all thy bed in thy ſickneſs. ——

Hath the ſcantineſs of thy condition hurried thee into great ſtraits and difficulties, and brought thee almoſt to diſtraction? — Conſider who it was that ſpread thy table in that wilderneſs of thought, — who was it made thy cup to overflow, — who added a friend of conſolation to thee, and thereby ſpake peace to thy troubled mind. — Haſt thou ever ſuſtained any conſiderable damage in thy ſtock or trade? — Bethink thyſelf who it was that gave thee a ſerene and contented mind under thoſe loſſes. — If thou haſt recovered, — conſider who it was that repaired thoſe breaches, — when thy own ſkill and endeavours failed; — call to mind whoſe providence has bleſſed them ſince, — whoſe hand it was that has ſince ſet a hedge about thee, and made all that thou haſt done to proſper. — Haſt thou ever been wounded in thy more tender part, through the loſs of an obliging huſband? — or haſt thou been torn away from the embraces of a dear and promiſing child, by his unexpected death? —

O conſider, whether the God of truth did not approve himſelf a father to thee when fatherleſs, — or a huſband to thee, when a widow, — and has either given thee a name better than of ſons and daughters, or even beyond thy hope, made thy remaining

maining tender branches to grow up tall and beautiful, like the cedars of Libanus.

Strengthened by these considerations, suggesting the same or like past deliverances, either to thyself, — thy friends or accquaintance, — thou wilt learn this great lesson in the text, in all thy exigengencies and distresses, — to trust God; and whatever befals thee in the many changes and chances of this mortal life, to speak comfort to thy soul, and to say in the words of Habakkuk the prophet, with which I conclude, ——

Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; — although the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; — although the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet we will rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of our salvation.

To whom be all honour and glory, now and for ever. Amen.

SERMON XXXV.

EXODUS, XXI. 14.

But if a man come preſumptuouſly upon his neighbour, to ſlay him with guile; thou ſhalt take him from my altar, that he may die.

AS the end and happy reſult of ſociety was our mutual protection from the depredations which malice and avarice lay us open to, — ſo have the laws of God laid proportionable reſtraints againſt ſuch violations as would defeat us of ſuch a ſecurity. — Of all other attacks which can be made againſt us, — that of a man's life which is his all, — being the greateſt, — the offence, in God's diſpenſation to the Jews, was denounced as the moſt heinous, — and repreſented as moſt unpardonable. — At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. — Whoſo ſheddeth man's blood, by man ſhall his blood be ſhed. — Ye ſhall take no ſatisfaction for the life of a murderer; — he ſhall ſurely be put to death. — So ye ſhall not pollute the land wherein ye are, — for blood defileth the land; — and the land cannot be cleanſed of blood that is ſhed therein, but by the blood of him that ſhed it. — For this reaſon, by the laws of all civilized nations, in all parts of the globe, it has been puniſhed with death. —

Some civilized and wiſe communities have ſo far

far incorporated these severe dispensations into their municipal laws, as to allow of no distinction betwixt murder and homicide, — at least in the penalty: — leaving the intentions of the several parties concerned in it to that Being who knows the heart, and will adjust the differences of the case hereafter. — This falls, no doubt, heavy upon particulars — but it is urged for the benefit of the whole. — It is not the business of a preacher to enter into an examination of the grounds and reasons for so seeming a severity. — Where most severe, — they have proceeded, no doubt, from an excess of abhorrence of a crime, — which is, of all others, most terrible and shocking in its own nature, — and the most direct attack and stroke at society; — as the security of a man's life was the first protection of society, — the groundwork of all the other blessings to be desired from such a compact. — Thefts, — oppressions, — exactions, and violences of that kind, cut off the branches; — this smote the root: — all perished with it — the injury irreparable. — No after-act could make amends for it. — What recompence can he give to a man in exchange for his life? — What satisfaction to the widow, — the fatherless, — to the family, — the friends, — the relations, — cut off from his protection, — and rendered perhaps destitute, — perhaps miserable for ever! ——

No wonder that, by the law of nature, — this crime was always pursued with the most extreme vengeance; — which made the barbarians to judge,

when

when they ſaw St. Paul upon the point of dying a ſudden and terrifying death, — No doubt this man is a murderer; who, though he has eſcaped the ſea, yet vengeance ſuffereth not to live. ——

The cenſure there was raſh and uncharitable; but the honeſt deteſtation of the crime was uppermoſt. — They ſaw a dreadful puniſhment, — they thought: — and in ſeeing the one, they ſuſpected the other. — And the vengeance which had overtaken the holy man, was meant by them, the vengeance and puniſhment of the Almighty Being, whoſe providence and honour were concerned in purſuing him, from the place he had fled from, to that iſland.

The honour and authority of God is moſt evidently ſtruck at, moſt certainly, in every ſuch crime, — and therefore he would purſue it; — it being the reaſon in the ninth of Geneſis, upon which the prohibition of murder is grounded; — for in the image of God created he man; — as if to attempt the life of a man had ſomething in it peculiarly daring and audacious; — not only ſhocking as to its conſequence above all other crimes, but of perſonal violence and indignity againſt God, the author of our life and death. — That it is the higheſt act of injuſtice to man, and which will admit of no compenſation, — I have ſaid. — But the depriving a man of life, does not comprehend the whole of his ſuffering; he may be cut off in an unprovided or diſordered condition, with regard to the great account betwixt himſelf

ſelf and his Maker. — He may be under the power of irregular paſſions and deſires. — The beſt of men are not always upon their guard. — And I am ſure we have all reaſon to join in that affecting part of our Litany, — That amongſt other evils, — God would deliver us from ſudden death; — that we may have ſome foreſight of that period to compoſe our ſpirits, — prepare our accounts, — and put ourſelves in the beſt poſture we can to meet it; — for, after we are moſt prepared, — it is a terror to human nature. —

The people of ſome nations are ſaid to have a peculiar art in poiſoning by ſlow and gradual advances. — In this caſe, — however horrid, — it favours of mercy with regard to our ſpiritual ſtate; — for the ſenſible decays of nature which a ſufferer muſt feel within him from the ſecret workings of the horrid drug — give warning, and ſhew that mercy which the bloody hand that comes upon his neighbour ſuddenly, and ſlays him with guile, — has denied him. — It may ſerve to admoniſh him of the duty of repentance, and to make his peace with God, whilſt he had time and opportunity. — The ſpeedy execution of juſtice, which, as our laws now ſtand, and which were intended for that end, — muſt ſtrike the greater terror upon that account. — Short as the interval between ſentence and death is, — it is long, compared to the caſe of the murdered. — Thou allowedſt the man no time, — ſaid the judge to a late criminal, in a moſt affecting manner; thou

allowedſt

allowedſt him not a moment to prepare for eternity; — and to one who thinks at all, — it is, of all reflections and ſelf-accuſation, the moſt heavy and unſurmountable, — That by the hand of violence, a man in a perfect ſtate of health, — whilſt he walks out in perfect ſecurity, as he thinks, with his friends; — perhaps whilſt he is ſleeping ſoundly, — to be hurried out of the world by the aſſaſſin, — by a ſudden ſtroke, — to find himſelf at the bar of God's juſtice, without notice and preparation for his trial, — 'tis moſt horrible!

Though he be really a good man, (and it is to be hoped God makes merciful allowances in ſuch caſes,) — yet it is a terrifying conſideration at the beſt; — and, as the injury is greater, — there are alſo very aggravating circumſtances relating to the perſon who commits this act. — As when it is the effect not of a raſh and ſudden paſſion, which ſometimes diſorders and confounds reaſon for a moment, — but of a deliberate and propenſe deſign or malice. — When the ſun not only goes down, but riſes upon his wrath; — when he ſleeps not — till he has ſtruck the ſtroke; — when, after he has had time and leiſure to recollect himſelf, — and conſider what he is going to do; — when, after all the checks of conſcience, — the ſtruggles of humanity, — the recoilings of his own blood, at the thoughts of ſhedding another man's — he ſhall perſiſt ſtill, — and reſolve to do it. — Merciful God! protect us — from doing or ſuffering ſuch evils. — Bleſſed be thy name

and providence, which ſeldom or ever ſuffers it to eſcape with impunity. — In vain does the guilty flatter himſelf with hopes of ſecrecy or impunity: the eye of God is always upon him. — Whither can he fly from his preſence! — By the immenſity of his nature, he is preſent in all places: — by the infinity of it, to all times; — by his omniſcience, to all thoughts, words, and actions of men. — By an emphatical phraſe in Scripture, the blood of the innocent is ſaid to cry to heaven from the ground for vengeance; — and it was for this reaſon, that he might be brought to juſtice, that he was debarred the benefit of any aſylum and the cities of refuge. — For the elders of his city ſhall ſend and fetch him thence, and deliver him into the hand of the avenger of blood, — and their eye ſhould not pity him.

The text ſays, — Thou ſhalt take him from my altar that he may die. — It had been a very ancient imagination, that for men guilty of this and other horrid crimes, — a place held ſacred, as dedicated to God, was a refuge and protection to them from the hands of juſtice. — The law of God cuts the tranſgreſſor off from all deluſive hopes of this kind; — and I think the Romiſh church has very little to boaſt of in the ſanctuaries which ſhe leaves open for this and other crimes and irregularities — Sanctuaries which are often the firſt temptations to wickedneſs, and therefore bring the greater ſcandal and diſhonour to her that authoriſes their pretenſions. —

Every

Every obſtruction of the courſe of juſtice, — is a door opened to betray ſociety, and bereave us of thoſe bleſſings which it has in view. — To ſtand up for the privileges of ſuch places, is to invite men to ſin with a bribe of impunity. — It is a ſtrange way of doing honour to God, to ſcreen actions which are a diſgrace to humanity. —

What Scripture and all civilized nations teach concerning the crime of taking away another man's life, — is applicable to the wickedneſs of a man's attempting to bereave himſelf of his own. — He has no more right over it, — than over that of others: — and whatever falſe gloſſes have been put upon it by men of bad heads or bad hearts, — it is at the bottom a complication of cowardice, and wickedneſs, and weakneſs; — is one of the fataleſt miſtakes deſperation can hurry a man into; — inconſiſtent with all the reaſoning and religion of the world, and irreconcileable with that patience under afflictions, — that reſignation and ſubmiſſion to the will of God in all ſtraits which is required of us. — But if our calamities are brought upon ourſelves by a man's own wickedneſs, — ſtill has he leſs to urge, — leaſt reaſon has he to renounce the protection of God — when he moſt ſtands in need of it, and of his mercy. —

But as I intend the ſubject of ſelf-murder for my diſcourſe next Sunday, — I ſhall not anticipate what I have to ſay, but proceed to conſider ſome other caſes, in which the law relating to the

life of our neighbour is trangreſſed in different degrees. — All which are generally ſpoken of under the ſubject of murder, — and conſidered by the beſt caſuiſts as a ſpecies of the ſame, — and in juſtice to the ſubject cannot be paſſed here. — St. John ſays, Whoſoever hateth his brother is a murderer; — it is the firſt ſtep to this ſin; — and our Saviour in his ſermon upon the mount, has explained in how many ſlighter and unſuſpected ways and degrees, — the command in the law, — Thou ſhalt do no murder, may be oppoſed, if not broken. — All real miſchiefs and injuries maliciouſly brought upon a man, to the ſorrow and diſturbance of his mind, — eating out the comfort of his life, and ſhortening his days, are this ſin in diſguiſe; — and the grounds of the Scripture expreſſing it with ſuch ſeverity, is, — that the beginnings of wrath and malice, — in event, often extend to ſuch great and unforeſeen effects, as, were we foretold them, — we ſhould give ſo little credit to, as to ſay, — Is thy ſervant a dog, that he ſhould do this thing? — And though theſe beginnings do not neceſſarily produce the worſt, (God forbid they ſhould!) yet they cannot be committed without theſe evil ſeeds are firſt ſown: — As Cain's cauſeleſs anger, (as Dr. Clarke obſerves) againſt his brother, — to which the apoſtle alludes — ended in taking away his life; — and the beſt inſtructors teach us, that, to avoid a ſin, — we muſt avoid the ſteps and temptations which lead to it. ——

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This ſhould warn us to free our minds from all tincture of avarice, and deſire after what is another man's. — It operates the ſame way, — and has terminated too oft in the ſame crime. — And it is the great excellency of the Chriſtian religion, — that it has an eye to this in the ſtreſs laid upon the firſt ſprings of evils in the heart; — rendering us accountable not only for our words, — but the thoughts themſelves, — if not checked in time, but ſuffered to proceed further than the firſt motions of concupiſcence.

Ye have heard, therefore, ſays our Saviour, that it was ſaid by them of old time, — Thou ſhalt not kill; — but I ſay unto you, — whoſoever is angry with his brother without a cauſe, ſhall be in danger of the judgment; — and whoſoever ſhall ſay to his brother, Raca, — ſhall be in danger of the council; — but whoſoever ſhall ſay, "thou fool," — ſhall be in danger of hell-fire. — The interpretation of which I ſhall give you in the words of a great ſcripturiſt, Dr. Clarke, — and is as follows: — That the three gradations of crimes are an alluſion to the three different degrees of puniſhment, in the three courts of judicature amongſt the Jews. — And our Saviour's meaning was, — that every degree of ſin, from its firſt conception to its outrage, — every degree of malice and hatred, ſhall receive from God a puniſhment proportionable to the offence. — Whereas the old law, according to the Jewiſh in-

terpretation, extended not to theſe things at all, — forbade only murder and outward injuries. — Whoſoever ſhall ſay, " thou fool," ſhall be in danger of hell-fire. — The ſenſe of which is not that, in the ſtrict and literal acceptation, every raſh and paſſionate expreſſion ſhall be puniſhed with eternal damnation; — (for who then would be ſaved?) — but that at the exact account at the judgment of the great day, every ſecret thought and intent of the heart ſhall have its juſt eſtimation and weight in the degrees of puniſhment, which ſhall be aſſigned to every one in his final ſtate.

There is another ſpecies of this crime which is ſeldom taken notice of in diſcourſes upon the ſubject, — and yet can be reduced to no other claſs: — And that is, where the life of our neighbour is ſhortened, — and often taken away as directly as by a weapon, by the empirical ſale of noſtrums and quack medicines, — which ignorance and avarice blend. — The loud tongue of ignorance impudently promiſes much, — and the ear of the ſick is open. — And as many of theſe pretenders deal in edge tools; too many, I fear, periſh with the miſapplication of them. ——

So great are the difficulties of tracing out the hidden cauſes of the evils to which this frame of ours is ſubject, — that the moſt candid of the profeſſion have ever allowed and lamented how unavoidably they are in the dark. — So that the

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beſt medicines, adminiſtered with the wiſeſt heads, — ſhall often do the miſchief they were intended to prevent. — Theſe are misfortunes to which we are ſubject in this ſtate of darkneſs; — but when men without ſkill, — without education, — without knowledge either of the diſtemper, or even of what they ſell, — make merchandiſe of the miſerable, — and, from a diſhoneſt principle, — trifle with the pains of the unfortunate, — too often with their lives, — and from the mere motive of a diſhoneſt gain, — every ſuch inſtance of a perſon bereft of life by the hand of ignorance, can be conſidered in no other light than a branch of the ſame root. — It is murder in the true ſenſe; — which, though not cognizable by our laws, — by the laws of right, every man's own mind and conſcience muſt appear equally black and deteſtable. ——

In doing what is wrong, — we ſtand chargeable with all the bad conſequences which ariſe from the action, whether foreſeen or not. — And as the principal view of the empiric in thoſe caſes is not what he always pretends, — the good of the public, — but the good of himſelf, — it makes the action what it is. —— Under this head, it may not be improper to comprehend all adulterations of medicines, wilfully made worſe thro' avarice. — If a life is loſt by ſuch wilful adulterations, — and it may be affirmed, that, in many critical turns of an acute diſtemper, there

is but a ſingle caſt left for the patient, — the trial and chance of a ſingle drug in his behalf; and if that has wilfully been adulterated and wilfully deſpoiled of its beſt virtues, — what will the vender anſwer? ——

May God grant we may all anſwer well for ourſelves, that we may be finally happy. Amen.

SERMON XXXVI.

SANCTITY OF THE APOSTLES.

MATTHEW, xi. 6.

Bleſſed is he, that ſhall not be offended in me.

THE general prejudices of the Jewiſh nation concerning the royal ſtate and condition of the Saviour, who was to come into the world, — was a ſtone of ſtumbling, and a rock of offence, to the greateſt part of that unhappy and prepoſſeſſed people, when the promiſe was actually fulfilled. Whether it was altogether the traditions of their fathers, — or that the rapturous expreſſions of their prophets, which repreſented the Meſſiah's ſpiritual kingdom in ſuch extent of power and dominion, miſled them into it; — or that their own carnal expectations turned wilful interpreters upon them, inclining them to look for nothing but the wealth and worldly grandeur which were to be acquired under their deliverer: — whether theſe, — or that the ſyſtem of temporal bleſſings helped to cheriſh them in this groſs and covetous expectation, — it was one of the great cauſes for their rejecting him. — "This fellow, we know not from whence he is," — was the popular cry of one part: — and they who ſeemed to know whence he was, ſcornfully turned it againſt him by the repeated quere, — Is not

this the carpenter, the ſon of Mary, the brother of James and Joſes, and of Juda and Simon? — and are not his ſiſters here with us? — And they were offended at him. — So that, though it was prepared by God to be the glory of his people Iſrael, yet the circumſtances of humility, in which he was manifeſted, were thought a ſcandal to them. — Strange! — that he who was born their king, — ſhould be born of no other virgin than Mary, the meaneſt of their people; — (for he hath regarded the low eſtate of his handmaiden) — and of one of the pooreſt too: — for ſhe had not a lamb to offer, — but was purified, as Moſes directed in ſuch a caſe, by the oblation of a turtle-dove; — that the Saviour of their nation, whom they expected to be uſhered amidſt them with all the enſigns and apparatus of royalty, ſhould be brought forth in a ſtable, and anſwerable to diſtreſs; — ſubjected all his life to the loweſt conditions of humanity: — that whilſt he lived, he ſhould not have a hole to put his head in, nor his corpſe in, when he died; — but his grave too muſt be the gift of charity. — Theſe were thwarting conſiderations to thoſe who waited for the redemption of Iſrael, and looked for it in no other ſhape, than the accompliſhment of thoſe golden dreams of temporal power and ſovereignty, which had filled their imaginations. — The ideas were not to be reconciled; — and ſo inſuperable an obſtacle was the prejudice on one ſide, to their belief on the other — that it lite-

rally fell out, as Simeon prophetically declared of the Meſſiah, — that he was ſet forth for the *fall*, as well as the riſing again, of many in Iſrael.

This, though it was the cauſe of their infidelity, was however no excuſe for it. — For whatever their miſtakes were, the miracles which were wrought in contradiction to them, brought conviction enough to leave them without excuſe; — and beſides it was natural for them to have concluded, had their prepoſſeſſions given them leave, — that he who fed five thouſand with five loaves and two fiſhes, could not want power to be great; — and therefore needed not to appear in the condition of poverty and meanneſs, had it not, on other ſcores, been more needful to confront the pride and vanity of the world, — and to ſhew his followers what the temper of chriſtianity was, by the temper of its firſt inſtitutor; — who, though they were offered, and he could have commanded them, — deſpiſed the glories of the world: — took upon him the form of a ſervant; — and though equal with God, — yet made himſelf of no reputation, — that he might ſettle, and be the example of, ſo holy and humble a religion, and thereby convince his diſciples for ever, that neither his kingdom, nor their happineſs, were to be of this world. — Thus the Jews might have eaſily argued; — but when there was nothing but reaſon to do it with on one ſide, and ſtrong prejudices, backed with intereſt, to maintain the diſpute, upon the other, — we do not find the point is always ſo eaſily determined.

mined. — Although the purity of our Saviour's doctrine, and the mighty works he wrought in its ſupport, were demonſtratively ſtronger arguments for his divinity, than the unreſpected lowlineſs of his condition could be againſt it; — yet the prejudice continued ſtrong; — they had been accuſtomed to temporal promiſes; — ſo bribed to do their duty, they could not endure to think of a religion that would not promiſe, as much as Moſes did, to fill their baſket, and ſet them high above all nations: — a religion whoſe appearance was not great and ſplendid, — but looked thin and meagre; — and whoſe principles and promiſes, — like the curſes of their law, — called for ſufferings, and promiſed perſecutions.

If we take this key along with us through the New Teſtament, it will let us into the ſpirit and meaning of many of our Saviour's replies in his conferences with his diſciples and others of the Jews; — ſo particularly in this place, Matthew, vi. when John had ſent two of his diſciples to enquire, Whether it was he that ſhould come, or that they were to look for another? — Our Saviour, with a particular eye to this prejudice, and the general ſcandal he knew had riſen againſt his religion upon this worldly account, — after a recital to the meſſengers of the many miracles he had wrought; as that — the blind received their ſight, — the lame walked, — the lepers were cleanſed, — the dead raiſed; — all which characters, with their benevolent ends, fully demonſtrated

him to be the Meſſiah that was promiſed them; — he cloſes up his anſwer to them with the words of the text, — And bleſſed is he that ſhall not be offended in me; — Bleſſed is the man whoſe upright and honeſt heart will not be blinded by worldly conſiderations, or hearken to his luſts and prepoſſeſſions in a truth of this moment. — The like benediction is recorded in the 7th chapter of St. Luke, and in the ſixth of St. John; — when Peter broke out in that warm confeſſion of their belief — Lord, we believe — we are ſure that thou art Chriſt, the ſon of the living God. — The ſame benediction is uttered, — though couched in different words, — Bleſſed art thou, Simon Barjona; — for fleſh and blood has not revealed it, but my Father which is in heaven. — Fleſh and blood, — the natural workings of this carnal deſire: — the luſt and love of the world have had no hand in this conviction of thine; — but my Father, and the works which I have wrought in his name, — in vindication of this faith, — have eſtabliſhed thee in it, againſt which the gates of hell ſhall not prevail.

This univerſal ruling principle, and almoſt invincible attachment to the intereſts and glories of the world, which we ſee firſt made ſo powerful a ſtand againſt the belief of chriſtianity, — has continued to have as ill an effect, at leaſt upon the practice of it ever ſince; — and therefore there is no one point of wiſdom, that is of a nearer importance to us, — than to purify this groſs appetite, and reſtrain it within bounds, by lowering our high

high conceit of the things of this life, and our concern for thoſe advantages which miſled the Jews. — To judge juſtly of the world, — we muſt ſtand at a due diſtance from it; — which will diſcover to us the vanity of its riches and honours, in ſuch true dimenſions, as will engage us to behave ourſelves towards them with moderation. — This is all that is wanting to make us wiſe and good; — that we may be left to the full influence of religion; — to which chriſtianity ſo far conduces, that it is the great bleſſing, the peculiar advantage we enjoy under its inſtitution, that — it affords us not only the moſt excellent precepts of this kind, but alſo it ſhews us thoſe precepts confirmed by moſt excellent examples. — A heathen philoſopher may talk very elegantly about deſpiſing the world, and like Seneca, may preſcribe very ingenious rules to teach us an art he never exerciſed himſelf: — for all the while he was writing in praiſe of poverty, he was enjoying a great eſtate, and endeavouring to make it greater. — But if ever we hope to reduce thoſe rules to practice, it muſt be by the help of religion. — If we would find men who by their lives bore witneſs to their doctrines, we muſt look for them amongſt the acts and monuments of our church, — amongſt the firſt followers of their crucified Maſter; who ſpoke with authority, becauſe they ſpoke experimentally, and took care to make their words good — by deſpiſing the world, and voluntarily accounting all things in it loſs, that they might win Chriſt.

Chriſt. — O holy and bleſſed apoſtles! — bleſſed were ye indeed, — for ye conferred not with fleſh and blood, — for ye were not offended in him through any conſiderations of this world; — ye conferred not with fleſh and blood, neither with its ſnares and temptations. — Neither the pleaſures of life or the pains of death laid hold upon your faith, to make you fall from him. — Ye had your prejudices of worldly grandeur in common with the reſt of your nation; — ſaw, like them, your expectations blaſted; — but ye gave them up, as men governed by reaſon and truth. — As ye ſurrendered all your hopes in this world to your faith with fortitude, — ſo did ye meet the terrors of the world with the ſame temper. — Neither the frowns and diſcountenance of the civil powers, — neither tribulation, or diſtreſs, or perſecution, — or cold, — or nakedneſs, — or famine, — or the ſword, could ſeparate from you the love of Chriſt. — Ye took up your croſſes cheerfully, and followed him; — followed the ſame rugged way — trod the wine-preſs after him; — voluntarily ſubmitting yourſelves to poverty, — to puniſhment, — to the ſcorn and the reproaches of the world, which ye knew were to be the portion of all of you who engaged in preaching a myſtery ſo ſpoken againſt by the world; — ſo unpalatable to all its paſſions and pleaſures, — and ſo irreconcilable to the pride of human reaſon. — So that ye were, as one of ye expreſſed and all of ye experimentally found, though ye were made as the filth of the world,

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and the off-ſcouring of all things, upon this account; — yet ye went on as zealouſly as ye ſet out. — Ye were not offended, nor aſhamed of the goſpel of Chriſt; — wherefore ſhould ye? — The impoſtor and hypocrite might have been aſhamed; — the guilty would have found cauſe for it; — ye had no cauſe, — though ye had temptation. — Ye preached *but what ye knew*, and your honeſt and upright hearts gave evidence, — the ſtrongeſt, — to the truth of it; — for ye left all, — ye ſuffered all, — ye gave all that your ſincerity had left you to give. Ye gave your lives at laſt as pledges and confirmations of your faith and warmeſt affection for your Lord. — Holy and bleſſed men! — ye gave all, — when, alas! our cold and frozen affection will part with nothing for his ſake, not even with our vices and follies, which are worſe than nothing; — for they are vanity, and miſery, and death. ——

The ſtate of chriſtianity calls not now for ſuch evidences, as the apoſtles gave of their attachment to it. — We have, literally ſpeaking, neither houſes nor lands, nor poſſeſſions to forſake; — we have neither wives or children, or brethren or ſiſters, to be torn from; — no rational pleaſure — or natural endearments to give up. — We have nothing to part with, — but what is not our intereſt to keep, — our luſts and paſſions. — We have nothing to do for Chriſt's ſake — but what is moſt for our own; — that is — to be temperate, and chaſte, and juſt, — and peaceable, — and charitable

ritable — and kind to one another. — So that if man could ſuppoſe himſelf in a capacity even of capitulating with God, concerning the terms upon which he would ſubmit to his government; — and to chuſe the laws he would be bound to obſerve in teſtimony of his faith; — it were impoſſible for him to make any propoſals which, upon all accounts, ſhould be more advantageous to his intereſts, than thoſe very conditions to which we are already obliged; that is, to deny ourſelves ungodlineſs, to live ſoberly and righteouſly in this preſent life, and lay ſuch reſtraints upon our appetites as for the honor of human nature, — the improvement of our happineſs, — our health, — our peace, — our reputation and ſafety. When one conſiders this repreſentation of the temporal inducements of chriſtianity, — and compares it with the difficulties and diſcouragements which they encountered who firſt made profeſſion of a perſecuted and hated religion; — at the ſame time that it raiſes the idea of the fortitude and ſanctity of theſe holy men, of whom the world is not worthy, — it ſadly diminiſhes that of ourſelves, — which, though it has all the bleſſings of this life apparently on its ſide to ſupport it — yet can ſcarce be kept alive; — and if we may form a judgment from the little ſtock of religion which is left, — ſhould God ever exact the ſame trials, — unleſs we greatly alter for the better, — or there ſhould prove ſome ſecret charm in perſecution, which we know not of. — It is much to be doubted, if

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the Son of man ſhould make this proof, — of this generation, — whether there would be found faith upon the earth.

As this argument may convince us, — ſo let it ſhame us unto virtue, — that the admirable examples of thoſe holy men may not be left us, or commemorated by us to no end; — but rather that they may anſwer the pious purpoſe of their inſtitution, — to conform our lives to theirs, — that with them we may be partakers of a glorious inheritance, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

SERMON XXXVII.

PENANCES.

I JOHN, v. 3.

And his commandments are not grievous.

NO, — they are not grievous, my dear auditors. — Amongſt the many prejudices which at one time or other have been conceived againſt our holy religion, there is ſcarce any one which has done more diſhonour to chriſtianity, or which has been more oppoſite to the ſpirit of the goſpel, than this, in expreſs contradiction to the words of the text, "That the commandments of God *are* grievous," — That the way which leads to life is not only ſtrait, for that our Saviour tells us, and that with much tribulation we ſhall ſeek it; — but that chriſtians are bound to make the worſt of it, and tread it barefoot upon thorns and briers, — if ever they expect to arrive happily at their journey's end. — And in courſe, — during this diſaſtrous pilgrimage, it is our duty ſo to renounce the world, and abſtract ourſelves from it, as neither to interfere with its intereſts, or taſte any of the pleaſures or any of the enjoyments of this life. ——

Nor has this been confined merely to ſpeculation, but has frequently been extended to practice, as is plain, not only from the lives of many

legendary ſaints and hermits, — whoſe chief commendation ſeems to have been, "That they fled unnaturally from all commerce with their fellow-creatures, and then mortified, and piouſly half-ſtarved themſelves to death;" — but likewiſe from the many auſtere and fantaſtic orders which we ſee in the Romiſh church, which have all owed their origin and eſtabliſhment to the ſame idle and extravagant opinion.

Nor is it to be doubted, but the affectation of ſomething like it in our Methodiſts, when they deſcant upon the neceſſity of alienating themſelves from the world, and ſelling all that they have, — is not to be aſcribed to the ſame miſtaken enthuſiaſtic principle, which would caſt ſo black a ſhade upon religion, as if the kind Author of it had created us on purpoſe to go mourning all our lives long, in ſack-cloth and aſhes, — and ſent us into the world, as ſo many ſaint-errants, in queſt of adventures full of ſorrow and affliction.

Strange force of enthuſiaſm! — and yet not altogether unaccountable. — For what opinion was there ever ſo odd, or action ſo extravagant, which has not, at one time or other, been produced by ignorance, — conceit, — melancholy? — a mixture of devotion, with an ill concurrence of air and diet, opperating together in the ſame perſon. — When the minds of men happen to be thus unfortunately prepared, whatever groundleſs doctrine riſes up, and ſettles itſelf ſtrongly upon

upon their fancies, has generally the ill-luck to be interpreted as an illumination from the ſpirit of God; — and whatever ſtrange action they find in themſelves a ſtrong inclination to do, — that impulſe is concluded to be a call from heaven; and conſequently, — that they cannot err in executing it. —

If this, or ſome ſuch account, was not to be admitted, how is it poſſible to be conceived that chriſtianity, which breathed out nothing but peace and comfort to mankind, which profeſſedly took off the ſeverities of the Jewiſh law, and was given us in the ſpirit of meekneſs, to eaſe our ſhoulders of a burden which was too heavy for us: — that this religion, ſo kindly calculated for the eaſe and tranquillity of man, which enjoins nothing but what is ſuitable to his nature, ſhould be ſo miſunderſtood: — or that it ſhould ever be ſuppoſed, — that he who is infinitely happy, could envy us our enjoyments; or that a Being infinitely kind, would grudge a mournful paſſenger a little reſt and refreſhment, to ſupport his ſpirits through a weary pilgrimage; — or that he ſhould call him to an account hereafter, becauſe, in his way, he had haſtily ſnatched at ſome fugacious and innocent pleaſures, till he was ſuffered to take up his final repoſe. — This is no improbable account, and the many invitations we find in Scripture to a grateful enjoyment of the bleſſings and advantages of life, make it evident. — The apoſtle tells us in the text, —

That God's commandments are not grievous. — He has pleasure in the prosperity of his people, and wills not that they should turn tyrants and executioners upon their minds or bodies, and inflict pains and penalties on them to no end or purpose: — That he has proposed peace and plenty, joy, and victory, as the encouragement and portion of his servants; thereby instructing us, — that our virtue is not necessarily endangered by the fruition of outward things; — but that temporal blessings and advantages, instead of extinguishing, more naturally kindle our love and gratitude to God, before whom it is no way inconsistent both to worship and rejoice.

If this was not so, why, you'll say, does God seem to have made such provision for our happiness? — Why has he given us so many powers and faculties for enjoyment, and adapted so many objects to gratify and entertain them? — Some of which he has created so fair, — with such wonderful beauty, and has formed them so exquisitely for this end, — that they have power, for a time, to charm away the sense of pain, — to cheer up the dejected heart under poverty and sickness, and make it go and remember its miseries no more. — Can all this, you'll say, be reconciled to God's wisdom, which does nothing in vain; or can it be accounted for on any other supposition, but that the Author of our being, who has given us all things richly to enjoy, wills us

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a comfortable exiſtence even *here*, and ſeems moreover ſo evidently to have ordered things with a view to this, that the ways which lead to our future happineſs, when rightly underſtood, he has made to be ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths peace?

From this repreſentation of things we are led to this demonſtrative truth, then, that God never intended to debar man of pleaſures under certain limitations.

Travellers, on a buſineſs of the laſt and moſt important concern, may be allowed to pleaſe their eyes with the natural and artificial beauties of the country they are paſſing through, without reproach of forgetting the main errand they were ſent upon; — and if they are not led out of their road by variety of proſpects, edifices, and ruins, would it not be a ſenſeleſs piece of ſeverity to ſhut their eyes againſt ſuch gratifications? "For who has required ſuch ſervice at their hands?"

The humouring of certain appetites, where morality is not concerned, ſeems to be the means by which the Author of nature intended to ſweeten this journey of life, and bear us up under the many ſhocks and hard joſtlings, which we are ſure to meet with in our way. — And a man might, with as much reaſon, muffle up himſelf againſt ſunſhine and fair weather, — and at other times expoſe himſelf naked to the inclemencies

of cold and rain, as debar himſelf of the innocent delights of his nature, for affected reſerve and melancholy.

It is true, on the other hand, our paſſions are apt to grow upon us by indulgence, and become exorbitant, if they are not kept under exact diſcipline, that by way of caution and prevention, 'twere better at certain times, to affect ſome degree of needleſs reſerve, than hazard any ill conſequences from the other extreme.

But when almoſt the whole of religion is made to conſiſt in the pious fooleries of penances and ſufferings, as is practiſed in the church of Rome (did no other evil attend it), yet, ſince it is putting religion upon a wrong ſcent, placing it more in theſe than in inward purity and integrity of heart, one cannot guard too much againſt this, as well as all other ſuch abuſes of religion, as make it to conſiſt in ſomething which it ought not. — How ſuch mockery became a part of religion at firſt, or upon what motives they were imagined to be ſervices acceptable to God, is hard to give a better account of than what was hinted above; — namely, that men of melancholy and moroſe tempers, conceiving the Deity to be like themſelves, a gloomy, diſcontented, and ſorrowful being, — believed he delighted, as they did, in ſplenetic and mortifying actions, and therefore made their religious worſhip to conſiſt of chimeras as wild and barbarous as their own dreams and vapours.

What

What ignorance and enthuſiaſm at firſt introduced — now tyranny and impoſture continue to ſupport. — So that the political improvement of theſe deluſions to the purpoſes of wealth and power, is made one of the ſtrongeſt pillars which upholds the Romiſh religion; — which, with all its pretences to a more ſtrict mortification and ſanctity, — when you examine it minutely, is little elſe than a mere pecuniary contrivance. — And the trueſt definition you can give of popery — is, — that it is a ſyſtem put together and contrived to operate upon men's weakneſſes and paſſions — and thereby to pick their pockets, — and leave them in a fit condition for its arbitrary deſigns.

And indeed that church has not been wanting in gratitude for the good offices of this kind, which the doctrine of penances has done them; for, in conſideration of its ſervices, — they have raiſed it above the level of moral duties, — and have at length complimented it into the number of their ſacraments, and made it a neceſſary point of ſalvation.

By theſe and other tenets, no leſs politic and inquiſitional, — popery has found out the art of making men miſerable in ſpite of their ſenſes, and the plenty with which God has bleſſed them.

So that in many countries where popery reigns, — but eſpecially in that part of Italy where ſhe has raiſed her throne, — though, by the happineſs of its ſoil and climate, it is capable of pro-

ducing as great variety and abundance as any country upon earth; — yet ſo ſucceſsful have its ſpiritual directors been in the management and retail of theſe bleſſings, — that they have found means to allay, if not entirely to defeat, them all, by one pretence or other. — Some bitterneſs is officiouſly ſqueezed into every man's cup for his ſoul's health, till, at length, the whole intention of nature and providence is deſtroyed. — It is not ſurpriſing that where ſuch unnatural ſeverities are practiſed and heightened by other hardſhips, — the moſt fruitful land ſhould be barren, and wear a face of poverty and deſolation; — or that many thouſands, as have been obſerved, ſhould fly from the rigours of ſuch a government, and ſeek ſhelter rather amongſt rocks and deſerts, than lie at the mercy of ſo many unreaſonable taſk-makers, under whom they can hope for no other reward of their induſtry, — but rigorous ſlavery, made ſtill worſe by the tortures of unneceſſary mortifications. — *I ſay unneceſſary*, — becauſe where there *is* a virtuous and good end propoſed from any ſober inſtance of ſelf-denial and mortification, — God forbid we ſhould call them unneceſſary, or that we ſhould diſpute againſt a thing — from the abuſe to which it has been put; — and, therefore, what is ſaid in general upon this head, will be underſtood to reach no farther than where the practice is become a mixture of fraud and tyranny, but will no ways be interpreted to extend to thoſe ſelf-denials which the

the diſcipline of our holy church directs at this ſolemn ſeaſon; which have been introduced by reaſon and good ſenſe at firſt, and have ſince been applied to ſerve no purpoſes, — but thoſe of religion. — theſe, by reſtraining our appetites for a while, and withdrawing our thoughts from groſſer objects, — do, by a mechanical effect, diſpoſe us for cool and ſober reflections, incline us to turn our eyes inwards upon ourſelves, and conſider what we are, — and what we have been doing; — for what intent we were ſent into the world, and what kind of characters we were deſigned to act in it.

It is neceſſary that the mind of man, at ſome certain periods, ſhould be prepared to enter into this account; and without ſome ſuch diſcipline, to check the inſolence of unreſtrained appetites, and call home the conſcience, — the ſoul of man, capable as it is of brightneſs and perfection, would ſink down to the loweſt depths of darkneſs and brutality. — However true this is, — there ſtill appears no obligation to renounce the innocent delights of our beings, or to affect a ſullen diſtaſte againſt them. — Nor, in truth, — can even the ſuppoſition of it be well admitted: — for pleaſures ariſing from the free and natural exerciſe of the faculties of the mind and body, to talk them down, is like talking againſt the frame and mechaniſm of human nature, and would be no leſs ſenſeleſs than the diſputing againſt the burning

ing of fire, or falling downwards of a ſtone. — Beſides this, — man is ſo contrived, that he ſtands in need of frequent repairs; — both mind and body are apt to ſink and grow unactive under long and cloſe attention; — and, therefore, muſt be reſtored by proper recruits. — Some part of our time may doubtleſs innocently and lawfully be employed in actions merely diverting; — and whenever ſuch indulgencies become criminal, it is ſeldom the nature of the actions themſelves, — but the exceſs which makes them ſo.

But ſome one may here aſk, — By what rule are we to judge of exceſs in theſe caſes? — If the enjoyment of the ſame ſort of pleaſures may be either innocent or guilty, according to the uſe and abuſe of them, — how ſhall we be certified where the boundaries lie? — or be ſpeculative enough to know how far we may go with ſafety? — I anſwer, there are very few who are not caſuiſts enough to make a right judgment in this point. — For ſince one principal reaſon, why God may be ſuppoſed to allow pleaſure in this world, ſeems to be for the refreſhment and recruit of our ſouls and bodies, which like clocks, muſt be wound up at certain intervals, — every man underſtands ſo much of the frame and mechaniſm of himſelf, to know how and when to unbend himſelf with ſuch relaxations as are neceſſary to regain his natural vigour and cheerfulneſs, without which it is impoſſible he ſhould either be in a diſpo-

diſpoſition or capacity to diſcharge theſe ſeveral duties of his life. — Here then the partition becomes viſible.

Whenever we pay this tribute to our appetites, any further than is ſufficient for the purpoſes for which it was firſt granted, — the action proportionably loſes ſome ſhare of its innocence. — The ſurpluſage of what is unneceſſarily ſpent on ſuch occaſions, is ſo much of the little portion of our time negligently ſquandered, which, in prudence, we ſhould apply better; becauſe it was allotted us for more important uſes, and a different account will be required of it at our hands hereafter.

For this reaſon, does it not evidently follow, — that many actions and purſuits, which are irreproachable in their own natures, may be rendered blameable and vicious, from this ſingle conſideration, "That they have made us waſteful of the moments of this ſhort and uncertain fragment of life, which ſhould be almoſt one of our laſt prodigalities, ſince of them all the leaſt retrieveable." — Yet how often is diverſion, inſtead of amuſement and relaxation, made the art and buſineſs of life itſelf? — Look round, — what policy and contrivance is every day put in practice, for pre-engaging every day in the week, and parcelling out every hour of the day for one idleneſs or another, — for doing nothing, or ſomething worſe than nothing; — and that with ſo much ingenuity, as ſcarce to leave a minute upon their

their hands to reproach them. — Though we all complain of the ſhortneſs of life, — yet how many people ſeem quite overſtocked with the days and hours of it, and are continually ſending out into the highways and ſtreets of the city for gueſts to come and take it off their hands. — If ſame of the more diſtreſsful objects of this kind were to ſit down and write a bill of their time, though partial as that of the unjuſt ſteward, — when they found in reality, that the whole ſum of it, for many years, amounted to little more than this, — that they had roſe up to eat, — to drink, — to play, — and had laid down again, merely becauſe they were fit for nothing elſe: — when they looked back and beheld this fair ſpace, capable of ſuch heavenly improvements, — all ſcrawled over and defaced with a ſucceſſion of ſo many unmeaning cyphers, — good God! — how would they be aſhamed and confounded at the account.

With what reflections will they be able to ſupport themſelves in the decline of a life ſo miſerably caſt away, — ſhould it happen, as it ſometimes does, — that they have ſtood idle even unto the eleventh hour? — We have not always power, and are not always in a temper, to impoſe upon ourſelves. — When the edge of abpetite is worn down, and the ſpirits of youthful days are cooled, which hurried us on in a circle of pleaſure and impertinence, — then reaſon and reflection will have the weight which they deſerve;

ſerve ; — afflictions, or the bed of ſickneſs, will ſupply the place of conſcience ; —, and if they ſhould fail, — old age will overtake us at laſt, — and ſhew us the paſt purſuits of life — and force us to look upon them in their true point of view. — If there is any thing more to caſt a cloud upon ſo melancholy a proſpect as this ſhews us, — it is ſurely the difficulty and hazard of having all the work of the day to perform in the laſt hour ; — of making an atonement to God, when we have no ſacrifice to offer him, but the dregs and infirmities of thoſe days, when we could have no pleaſure in them.

How far God may be pleaſed to accept ſuch late and imperfect ſervices, is beyond the intention of this diſcourſe. — Whatever ſtreſs ſome may lay upon it, — a death-bed repentance is but a weak and ſlender plank to truſt our all upon. — Such as it is ; — to that, — and God's infinite mercies, we commit them, who will not employ that time and opportunity he has given to provide a better ſecurity.

That we may all make a right uſe of the time allotted us, — God grant through the merits of of his Son Jeſus Chriſt. Amen.

SERMON XXXVIII.

ON ENTHUSIASM.

ST. JOHN, XV. 5.

—— For without me, ye can do nothing.

OUR Saviour, in the former part of the verſe, having told his diſciples, — That he was the vine, and that they were only branches; — intimating, in what a degree their good fruits, as well as the ſucceſs of all their endeavours, were to depend upon his communications with them; — he cloſes the illuſtration with the inference from it, in the words of the text, — For without me, ye can do nothing. — In the 11th chapter to the Romans, where the manner is explained in which a chriſtian ſtands by faith, — there is a like illuſtration made uſe of, and probably with an eye to this — where St. Paul inſtructs us, — that a good man ſtands as the branch of a wild olive does, when it is grafted into a good olive-tree; — and that is, — it flouriſhes not through its own virtue, but in virtue of the root, — and ſuch a root as is naturally not its own.

It is very remarkable in that paſſage, — that the Apoſtle calls a bad man a wild olive-*tree*; — not barely a branch (as in the other caſe), but a tree, which, having a root of its own, ſupports itſelf, and ſtands in its own ſtrength, and brings forth

forth its own fruit. — And ſo does every bad man in reſpect of the wild and ſour fruit of a vicious and corrupt heart. — According to the reſemblance, — if the apoſtle intended it, — he is a tree, — has a root of his own, — and fruitfulneſs, ſuch as it is, with a power to bring it forth without help. But in reſpect of religion, and the moral improvements of virtue and goodneſs, — the apoſtle calls us, and reaſon tells us, we are no more than a branch; and all our fruitfulneſs, and all our ſupport, — depend ſo much upon the influence and communications of God, — that without him we can do nothing, — as our Saviour declares in the text. — There is ſcarce any point in our religion wherein men have run into ſuch violent extremes as in the ſenſes given to this, and ſuch-like declarations in Scripture, — of our ſufficiency being of God; — ſome underſtanding them ſo, as to leave no meaning at all in them; — others, — too much: — the one interpreting the gifts and influences of the ſpirit, ſo as to deſtroy the truth of all ſuch promiſes and declarations in the goſpel; — the other carrying their notions of them ſo high, as to deſtroy the reaſon of the goſpel itſelf, — and render the chriſtian religion, which conſiſts of ſober and conſiſtent doctrines, — the moſt intoxicated, — the moſt wild and unintelligible inſtitution that ever was in the world.

This being premiſed, I know not how I can more ſeaſonably engage your attention this day, than

than by a ſhort examination of each of theſe errors; — in doing which, as I ſhall take ſome pains to reduce both the extremes of them to reaſon, — it will neceſſarily lead me, at the ſame time, to mark the ſafe and true doctrine of our church, concerning the promiſed influences and operations of the ſpirit of God upon our hearts; — which, however depreciated through the firſt miſtake, — or boaſted of beyond meaſure through the ſecond, — muſt nevertheleſs be ſo limited and underſtood, — as, on one hand, to make the goſpel of Chriſt conſiſtent with itſelf, — and, on the other, to make it conſiſtent with reaſon and common ſenſe.

If we conſider the many expreſs declarations, wherein our Saviour tells his followers, before his crucifixion, — That God would ſend his ſpirit the comforter amongſt them, to ſupply his place in their hearts; — and, as in the text, — that without him, they could do nothing; — If we conceive them as ſpoken to his diſciples, with an immediate view to the emergencies they were under, from their *natural* incapacities of finiſhing the great work he had left them, and building upon that large foundation he had laid, — without ſome extraordinary help and guidance to carry them through, — no one can diſpute that evidence and confirmation which was after given of its truth; — as our Lord's diſciples were illiterate men, conſequently unſkilled in the arts and acquired ways of perſuaſion. — Unleſs this

want had been ſupplied, — the firſt obſtacle to their labours muſt have diſcouraged and put an end to them for ever. — As they had no language but their own, without the gift of tongues they could not have preached the goſpel except in Judæa; — and as they had no authority of their own, — without the ſupernatural one of ſigns and wonders, — they could not vouch for the truth of it beyond the limits where it was firſt tranſacted. — In this work doubtleſs all their ſufficiency and power of acting was immediately from God; — his holy ſpirit, as he had promiſed them, ſo it gave them a mouth and wiſdom which all their adverſaries were not able to gainſay or reſiſt. — So that without him, — without theſe extraordinary gifts, in the moſt literal ſenſe of the words, they *could* do nothing. — But beſides this plain application of the text to thoſe particular perſons and times, when God's ſpirit was poured down in that ſignal manner held ſacred to this day, — there is ſomething in them to be extended further, which chriſtians of all ages, and I hope, of all denominations, have ſtill a claim and truſt in, — and that is, the ordinary aſſiſtance and influences of the ſpirit of God in our hearts, for moral and virtuous improvements; — theſe, both in their natures as well as intentions, being altogether different from the others above-mentioned conferred upon the diſciples of our Lord. — The one were miraculous gifts, — in which the endowed perſon contributed nothing, which advanced human nature above

itſelf, and raiſed all its projectile ſprings above their fountains; enabling them to ſpeak and act ſuch things, and in ſuch manner, as was impoſſible for men not inſpired and preternaturally upheld. — In the other caſe the helps ſpoken of were the influences of God's ſpirit, which upheld us from falling below the dignity of our nature: — that divine aſſiſtance which graciouſly kept us from falling, and enabled us to perform the holy profeſſions of our religion. — Though theſe are equally called ſpiritual gifts, — they are not, as in the firſt caſe, the entire works of the ſpirit, — but the calm co-operations of it with our own endeavours; and are ordinarily what every ſincere and well-diſpoſed chriſtian has reaſon to pray for, and expect from the ſame fountain of ſtrength, — who has promiſed to give his holy ſpirit to them that aſk it.

From this point, which is the true doctrine of our church, — the two parties begin to divide both from it and each other, — each of them equally miſapplying theſe paſſages of Scripture, and wreſting them to extremes equally pernicious. ——

To begin with the firſt; of whom, ſhould you enquire the explanation and meaning of this or of other texts, — wherein the aſſiſtance of God's grace and holy ſpirit is implied as neceſſary to ſanctify our nature, and enable us to ſerve and pleaſe God? — They will anſwer, — that no doubt all our parts and abilities are the gifts of God, —

God, — who is the original author of our nature, — and, of conſequence, of all that belongs thereto. "That as by him we live, and move, and have our being," — we muſt in courſe depend upon him for all our actions whatſoever, — ſince we muſt depend upon him even for our life, and for every moment of its continuance. — That from this view of our ſtate and natural dependence, it is certain, and they will ſay, — We can do nothing without his help. — But then they will add, — that it concerns us no farther as *chriſtians*, than as we are *men*; — the ſanctity of our lives, the religious habits and improvements of our hearts, in no other ſenſe depending upon God, than the moſt indifferent of our actions, or the natnral exerciſe of any of the other powers he has given us. — Agreeably with this, — that the ſpiritual gifts ſpoken of in Scripture, are to be underſtood by way of accommodation, to ſignify the natural or acquired gifts of a man's mind; ſuch as memory, fancy, wit, and eloquence; which in a ſtrict and philoſophical ſenſe, may be called ſpiritual; — becauſe they tranſcend the mechanical powers of matter, — and proceed more or leſs from the rational ſoul, which is a ſpiritual ſubſtance.

Whether theſe ought, in propriety, to be called ſpiritual gifts, I ſhall not contend, as it ſeems a mere diſpute about words; — but it is enough that the interpretation cuts the knot, inſtead of untying it; and beſides, explains away all kind

of meaning in the above promiſes. — And the error of them ſeems to ariſe, in the firſt place, from not diſtinguiſhing that theſe ſpiritual gifts, — if they muſt be called ſo, — ſuch as memory, fancy, and wit, and other endowments of the mind, which are known by the name of natural parts, belong merely to us as men; — and whether the different degrees, by which we excel each other in them, ariſe from a natural difference of our ſouls, — or a happier diſpoſition of the organical parts of us, — they are ſuch, however, as God originally beſtows upon us, and with which, in a great meaſure, we are ſent into the world. But the moral gifts of the Holy Ghoſt — which are more commonly called the fruits of the ſpirit, — cannot be confined within this deſcription. — We come not into the world equipt with virtues, as we do with talents; — if we did, we ſhould come into the world with that which robbed virtue of its beſt title both to preſent commendation and future reward. — The gift of continency depends not, as theſe affirm, upon a mere coldneſs of the conſtitution, — or patience and humility from an inſenſibility of it; but they are virtues inſenſibly wrought in us by the endeavours of our own wills and concurrent influences of a gracious agent; and the religious improvements ariſing from thence, are ſo far from being the effects of nature, and a fit diſpoſition of the ſeveral parts and organical powers given us, — that the contrary is true; — namely, — that the ſtream of our affections

and

and appetites but too naturally carries us the other way. — For this, let any man lay his hand upon his heart, and reflect what has paſſed within him, in the ſeveral conflicts of meekneſs, — temperance, — chaſtity, and other ſelf-denials, — and he will need no better argument for his conviction. —

This hint leads to the true anſwer to the above miſinterpretation of the text, — That we depend upon God in no other ſenſe for our virtues, — than we neceſſarily do for every thing elſe; and that the fruits of the ſpirit are merely the determinations and efforts of our own reaſon, — and as much our own accompliſhments, as any other improvements are the effect of our own diligence and induſtry.

This account by the way, is oppoſite to the apoſtle's — who tell us, — It is God that worketh in us both to do and will, of his good pleaſure. — It is true, — though we are born ignorant, — we can make ourſelves ſkilful; — we can acquire arts and ſciences by our own application and ſtudy. — But the caſe is not the ſame in reſpect of goodneſs. — We can acquire arts and ſciences, becauſe we lie under no natural indiſpoſition or backwardneſs to that acquirement. — For nature, though it be corrupt, yet ſtill it is curious and buſy after knowledge. — But it does not appear, that to goodneſs and ſanctity of manners we have the ſame natural propenſity. — Luſts within, and temptations without, ſet up ſo ſtrong a confederacy againſt it, as we are never able to ſur-

mount by our own ſtrength. — However firmly we may think we ſtand, — the beſt of us are but upheld, and graciouſly kept upright; and whenever this divine aſſiſtance is withdrawn, — or ſuſpended, — all hiſtory, eſpecially the ſacred, is full of melancholy inſtances of what man is, when God leaves him to himſelf, — that he is even a thing of nought.

Whether it was from a conſcious experience of this truth in themſelves, — or ſome traditions handed from the Scripture account of it; — or that it was, in ſome meaſure, deducible from the principles of reaſon, — in the writings of ſome of the wiſeſt of the heathen philoſophers, we find the ſtrongeſt traces of the perſuaſion of God's aſſiſting men to virtue and probity of manners. — One of the greateſt maſters of reaſoning amongſt the ancients acknowledges, that nothing great and exalted can be atchieved, *ſine divino afflatu;* — and Seneca, to the ſame purpoſe, *nulla mens bona ſine Deo;* — that no ſoul can be good without divine aſſiſtance. — Now whatever comments may be put upon ſuch paſſages in their writings, — it is certain thoſe in Scripture can receive no other to be conſiſtent with themſelves, than what has been given. — And though, in vindication of human liberty, it is as certain, on the other hand, — that education, precepts, examples, pious inclinations, and practical diligence, are great and meritorious advances towards a religious ſtate; — yet the ſtate itſelf is got

got and finiſhed by God's grace; and the concurrence of his ſpirit upon tempers thus happily prediſpoſed, — and honeſtly making uſe of ſuch fit means: — and unleſs thus much is underſtood from them, — the ſeveral expreſſions in Scripture, where the offices of the Holy Ghoſt conducive to this end, are enumerated; — ſuch as cleanſing, guiding, renewing, comforting, ſtrengthening and eſtabliſhing us, — are a ſet of unintelligible words, which may amuſe, but can convey little light to the underſtanding.

This is all I have time left to ſay at preſent upon the firſt error of thoſe, who, by too looſe an interpretation of the gifts and fruits of the ſpirit, explain away the whole ſenſe and meaning of them, and thereby render not only the promiſes, but the comforts of them too, of none effect. — Concerning which error, I have only to add this by way of extenuation of it, — that I believe the great and unedifying rout made about ſanctification and regeneration, in the middle of the laſt century, — and the enthuſiaſtic extravagances into which the communications of the ſpirit have been carried by ſo many deluded or deluding people in this, are two of the great cauſes which have driven many a ſober man into the oppoſite extreme, againſt which I have argued. — Now if the dread of favouring too much of religion in their interpretations has done this ill ſervice, — let us inquire, on the other hand, whether the affectation of too *much* religion in

the other extreme, has not miſled others full as far from truth, and further from the reaſon and ſobriety of the goſpel, than the firſt.

I have already proved by Scripture arguments, that the influence of the holy ſpirit of God is neceſſary to render the imperfect ſacrifice of our obedience pleaſing to our Maker. — He hath promiſed to "perfect his ſtrength in our weakneſs." — With this aſſurance we ought to be ſatisfied; — eſpecially ſince our Saviour has thought proper to mortify all ſcrupulous inquiries into operations of this kind, by comparing them to the wind, "which bloweth where it "liſteth; and thou heareſt the ſound thereof, "but canſt not tell whence it cometh, or whi-"ther it goeth: — ſo is every one that is born "of the ſpirit." — Let humble gratitude acknowledge the effect, unprompted by an idle curioſity to explain the cauſe.

We are told, without this aſſiſtance, we can do nothing; — we are told, from the ſame authority, we can do all through Chriſt that ſtrengthens us. — We are commanded to "work out our "own ſalvation with fear and trembling." The reaſon immediately follows; "for it is God that "worketh in you, both to will and to do, of "his own good pleaſure." — From theſe, and many other repeated paſſages, it is evident, that the aſſiſtances of grace were not intended to deſtroy, but to co-operate with the endeavours of man, — and are derived from God in the ſame man-

manner as all natural powers. — Indeed, without this interpretation, how could the Almighty addreſs himſelf to man as a rational being? — how could his actions be his own? — how could he be conſidered as a blameable or rewardable creature?

From this account of the conſiſtent opinions of a ſober-minded chriſtian, let us take a view of the miſtaken enthuſiaſt. — See him oſtentatiouſly clothed with the outward garb of ſanctity, to attract the eyes of the vulgar. — See a cheerful demeanour, the natural reſult of an eaſy and ſelf-applauding heart, ſtudiouſly avoided as criminal. — See his countenance overſpread with a melancholy gloom and deſpondence; — as if religion, which is evidently calculated to make us happy in this life as well as the next, was the parent of ſullenneſs and diſcontent. — Hear him pouring forth his phariſaical ejaculations on his journey, or in the ſtreets. — Hear him boaſting of extraordinary communications with the God of all knowledge, and at the ſame time offending againſt the common rules of his own native language, and the plainer dictates of common ſenſe. — Hear him arrogantly thanking his God, that he is not as other men are; and, with more than papal uncharitableneſs, very liberally allotting the portion of the damned to every chriſtian whom he, partial judge, deems leſs perfect than himſelf — to every chriſtian who is walking on in the paths of duty with ſober vigilance, aſpiring

to

to perfection by progreſſive attainments, and ſeriouſly endeavouring through a rational faith in his Redeemer, to make his calling and election ſure.

There have been no ſects in the chriſtian world, however abſurd, which have not endeavoured to ſupport their opinions by arguments drawn from Scripture, miſinterpreted or miſapplied.

We had a melancholy inſtance of this in our own country, in the laſt century, — when the church of Chriſt, as well as the government, during that period of national confuſion, was torn aſunder into various ſects and factions; — when ſome men pretended to have Scripture precepts, parables, or prophecies to plead, in favour of the moſt impious abſurdities that falſehood could advance. The ſame ſpirit which prevailed amongſt the fanatics, ſeems to have gone forth among theſe modern enthuſiaſts. — Faith, the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a chriſtian, is defined by them not as a rational aſſent of the underſtanding, to truths which are eſtabliſhed by indiſputable authority, but as a violent perſuaſion of mind, that they are inſtantaneouſly become the children of God — that the whole ſcore of their ſins is for ever blotted out, without the payment of one tear of repentance. — Pleaſing doctrine this to the fears and paſſions of mankind! — promiſing fair to gain proſelytes of the vicious and impenitent.

Pardons and indulgencies are the great ſupport of papal power; — but theſe modern empirics in reli-

religion have improved upon the ſcheme, pretending to have diſcovered an infallible noſtrum for all incurables; — ſuch as will preſerve them for ever. — And notwithſtanding we have inſtances of notorious offenders among the warmeſt advocates for ſinleſs perfection, — the charm continues powerful. — Did theſe viſionary notions of an heated imagination tend only to amuſe the fancy, they might be treated with contempt; — but when they depreciate all moral attainments; — when the ſuggeſtions of a frantic brain are blaſphemouſly aſcribed to the holy ſpirit of God; — when faith and divine love are placed in oppoſition to practical virtues, they then become the objects of averſion. In one ſenſe, indeed, many of theſe deluded people demand our tendereſt compaſſion, — whoſe diſorder is in the head rather than in the heart; and who call for the aid of a phyſician who can cure the diſtempered ſtate of the body, rather than one who may ſooth the anxieties of the mind.

Indeed, in many caſes, they ſeem ſo much above the ſkill of either, — that unleſs God in his mercy rebuke this ſpirit of enthuſiaſm which is gone out amongſt us, no one can pretend to ſay how far it may go, or what miſchiefs it may do in theſe kingdoms. — Already it has taught us as much blaſphemous language; — and, if it goes on, by the ſamples given us in their journals, will fill us with as many legendary accounts of viſions and revelations, as we have formerly had from

from the church of Rome. And for any ſecurity we have againſt it, — when time ſhall ſerve, it may as effectually convert the profeſſors of it, even into popery itſelf, — conſiſtent with their own principles; — for they have nothing more to do than to ſay, that the ſpirit which inſpired them, has ſignified that the pope is inſpired as well as they, and conſequently is infallible. — After which I cannot ſee how they can poſſibly refrain going to maſs, conſiſtent with their own principles.

Thus much for theſe two oppoſite errors; — the examination of which has taken up ſo much time, — that I have little left to add, but to beg of God, by the aſſiſtance of his holy ſpirit, to preſerve us equally from both extremes, and enable us to form ſuch right and worthy apprehenſions of our holy religion, — that it may never ſuffer, through the coolneſs of our conceptions of it, on one hand, — or the immoderate heat of them, on the other; — but that we may at all times ſee it, as it is, and as it was deſigned by its bleſſed Founder, as the moſt rational, ſober, and conſiſtent inſtitution that could have been given to the ſons of men.

Now to God, &c.

SERMON XXXIX.

ETERNAL ADVANTAGES OF RELIGION.

ECCLESIASTES, XII. 13.

Let us hear the concluſion of the whole matter, — Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

THE wiſe man, in the beginning of this book, had propoſed it as a grand query to be diſcuſſed, — "To find out what was good for the "ſons of men, which they ſhould do under the "heavens, all the days of their lives:" — That is, what was the fitteſt employment, and the chief and proper buſineſs, which they ſhould apply themſelves to in this world. — And here in the text, after a fair diſcuſſion of the queſtion, he aſſerts it to be the buſineſs of religion, — the fearing God, and keeping his commandments. — This was the concluſion of the whole matter, and the natural reſult of all his debates and inquiries. — And I am perſuaded, the more obſervations we make upon the ſhort life of man, — the more we experience, and the longer trials we we have of the world, — and the ſeveral pretenſions it offers to our happineſs, — the more we ſhall be engaged to think, like him, — that we can never find what we look for in any other thing which we do under the heavens, except in

that of duty and obedience to God. — In the courſe of the wiſe man's examination of this point, — we find a great many beautiful reflections upon human affairs, all tending to illuſtrate the concluſion he draws; and as they are ſuch as are apt to offer themſelves to the thoughts of every ſerious and conſiderate man, — I cannot do better than renew the impreſſions, — by retouching the principal arguments of his diſcourſe — before I proceed to the general uſe and application of the whole.

In the former part of his book he had taken into his conſideration thoſe ſeveral ſtates of life to which men uſually apply themſelves for happineſs; — firſt, learning, — wiſdom; — next, — mirth, jollity, and pleaſure; — then power and greatneſs, — riches and poſſeſſions. — All of which are ſo far from anſwering the end for which they were at firſt purſued, — that by a great variety of arguments, — he proves them ſeverally to be ſo many "ſore travels which God had "given to the ſons of men to be exerciſed there-"with:" — and inſtead of being any, or all of them, our proper end and employment, or ſufficient to our happineſs, — he makes it plain, by a ſeries of obſervations upon the life of man, — that they are ever likely to end with others where they had done with him, — that is, in vanity and vexation of ſpirit.

Then he takes notice of the ſeveral accidents of life, which perpetually rob us of what little ſweets

the fruition of theſe objects might ſeem to promiſe us, — both with regard to our endeavours and our perſons in this world.

1ſt, With regard to our endeavours, — he ſhews that the moſt likely ways and means are not always effectual for the attaining of their end: — that, in general, — the utmoſt that human councils and prudence can provide for, is to take care, when they contend in a race, that they be ſwifter than thoſe who run againſt them; — or when they are to fight a battle, that they be ſtronger than thoſe whom they are to encounter. — And yet afterwards, in the ninth chapter, he obſerves, that the race is not to the ſwift, nor the battle to the ſtrong; — neither yet bread to the wiſe, — nor yet riches to men of underſtanding, nor favour to men of ſkill; — but time and chance happens to them all. — That there are ſecret workings in human affairs, which overrule all human contrivance, and counterplot the wiſeſt of our councils, in ſo ſtrange and unexpected a manner, as to caſt a damp upon our beſt ſchemes and warmeſt endeavours.

And then, for thoſe accidents to which our perſons are as liable as our labours, — he obſerves theſe three things; — firſt, the natural infirmities of our bodies, — which alternately lay us open to the ſad changes of pain and ſickneſs; which, in the fifth chapter, he ſtyles wrath and ſorrow; under which, when a man lies languiſhing, none of his worldly enjoyments will ſignify much.

much. — Like one that ſingeth ſongs with a heavy heart, neither mirth, — nor power, — nor riches, ſhall afford him eaſe, —— nor will all their force be able ſo to ſtay the ſtroke of nature, — "but that he ſhall be cut off in the "midſt of his days, and then all his thoughts periſh." —— Or elſe, — what is no uncommon ſpectacle, in the midſt of all his luxury, he may waſte away the greateſt part of his life, with much wearineſs and anguiſh; and with the long torture of an unrelenting diſeaſe, he may wiſh himſelf to go down into the grave, and to be ſet at liberty from all his poſſeſſions, and all his miſery, at the ſame time.

2dly, If it be ſuppoſed, — that by the ſtrength of ſpirits, and the natural cheerfulneſs of a man's temper, he ſhould eſcape theſe, "and live many "years, and rejoice in them all," — which is not the lot of many; — yet, "he muſt remem-"ber the days of darkneſs;" — that is, — they who devote themſelves to a perpetual round of mirth and pleaſure, cannot ſo manage matters as to avoid the thoughts of their *future ſtates*, and the anxiety about what ſhall become of them hereafter, when they are to depart out of this world; — that they cannot ſo crowd their heads, and fill up their time with other matters, — but that the remembrance of this will ſometimes be uppermoſt, — and thruſt itſelf upon their minds whenever they are retired and ſerious. — And as this will naturally preſent to them a dark proſ-

pect

pect of their future happineſs, — it muſt, at the ſame time, prove no ſmall damp and allay to what they would enjoy at preſent.

But, in the third place, ſuppoſe a man ſhould be able to avoid ſickneſs, — and to put the trouble of *theſe thoughts* likewiſe far from him, — yet there is ſomething elſe which he cannot poſſibly decline; — old age will unavoidably ſteal upon him, with all the infirmities of it, —— when (as he expreſſes it) " the grinders ſhall be few, and " appetite ceaſes; when thoſe who look out of " the windows ſhall be darkened, and the keepers " of the houſe ſhall tremble," — when a man ſhall become a burden to himſelf, and to his friends; — when, perhaps, thoſe of his neareſt relations, whom he hath moſt obliged by kindneſs, ſhall think it time for him to depart, to creep off the ſtage, and make room for the ſucceeding generations.

And then, after a little funeral pomp of " mourners going about the ſtreets," — a man ſhall be buried out of the way, and in a year or two be as much forgotten, as if he had never exiſted. — For there is no remembrance (ſays he) of the wiſe more than the fool; — ſeeing that which now is, in the days to come, ſhall be forgotten; every day producing ſomething which ſeems new and ſtrange, to take up men's talk and wonder, and to drown the memory of former perſons and actions. —

And I appeal to any rational man, whether theſe are not ſome of the moſt material reflections about human affairs, — which occur to every one who gives himſelf the leaſt leiſure to think about them? — Now, from all theſe premiſes put together, Solomon infers this ſhort concluſion in the text, — That to fear God, and keep his commandments, is the whole duty of man: — that, to be ſerious in the matter of religion, and careful about our future ſtate, is that which, after all our other experiments, will be found to be our chief happineſs, — our greateſt intereſt, — our greateſt wiſdom, — and that which moſt of all deſerves our care and application. — This muſt ever be the laſt reſult, and the upſhot of every wiſe man's obſervations upon all theſe tranſitory things, and upon the vanity of their ſeveral pretences to our well-being; — and we may depend upon it as an everlaſting truth, that we can never find what we ſeek for in any other courſe, or any other object, — but this one; and the more we know and think, and the more experience we have of the world, and of ourſelves, the more we are convinced of this truth, and led back by it to reſt our ſouls upon that God from whence we came. — Every conſideration upon the life of man tends to engage us to this point, — to be in earneſt in the concernment of religion; to love and fear God; — to provide for our true intereſt, — and do ourſelves the moſt effectual ſervice, —

by devoting ourſelves to him, — and always thinking of him, — as he is the true and final happineſs of a reaſonable and immortal ſpirit.

And indeed one would think it next to impoſſible, — did not the commonneſs of the thing take off from the wonder, — that a man who thinks at all, — ſhould let his whole life be a contradiction to ſuch obvious reflections.

The vanity and emptineſs of worldly goods and enjoyments, — the ſhortneſs and uncertainty of life, — the unalterable event hanging over our heads, — "that in a few days, we muſt all of us "go to that place from whence we ſhall not re-"turn;" — the certainty of this, — the uncertainty of the time when, — the immortality of the ſoul, — the doubtful and momentous iſſues of eternity, — the terrors of damnation, and the glorious things which are ſpoken of the city of God, are meditations ſo obvious, and ſo naturally check and block up a man's way, — are ſo very intereſting, and, above all, ſo unavoidable, — that it is aſtoniſhing how it was poſſible, at any time, for mortal man to have his head full of any thing elſe! —— And yet, was the ſame perſon to take a view of the ſtate of the world, — how ſlight an obſervation would convince him, that the wonder lay, in fact, on the other ſide; — and that as wiſely as we all diſcourſe and philoſophiſe *de contemptu mundi & fugâ ſæculi* — yet for one who really acts in the world — conſiſtent with his own reflections upon it, — that there are

multitudes who ſeem to take aim at nothing higher; — and, as empty a thing as it is, — are ſo dazzled with, as to think it meet to build tabernacles of reſt upon it, —— and ſay, "it is "good to be here." — Whether as an able inquirer into this paradox gueſſes, — whether it is, that men do not heartily believe ſuch a thing as a future ſtate of happineſs and miſery, — or if they do, — that they do not actually and ſeriouſly conſider it, — but ſuffer it to lie dormant and unactive within them, and ſo are as little affected with it, as if in truth they believed it not; — or whether they look upon it through that end of the perſpective which repreſents as afar off, — and ſo are more forcibly drawn by the nearer though the leſſer load-ſtone; — whether theſe, or whatever other cauſe may be aſſigned for it — the obſervation is inconteſtible, that the bulk of mankind, in paſſing through this vale of miſery, — uſe it "not as a well" to refreſh and allay, — but fully to quench and ſatisfy their thirſt; — minding or (as the Apoſtle ſays) reliſhing earthly things, —— making them the end and ſumtotal of their deſires and wiſhes, —— and, in one word —— loving this world — juſt as they are commanded to love God; — that is, — "with all "their heart, with all their ſoul," — with all their mind and ſtrength. — But this is not the ſtrangeſt part of this paradox. — A man ſhall not only lean and reſt upon the world with his whole ſtreſs, — but, in many inſtances, ſhall live notoriouſly bad and

and vicious; — when he is reproved, he ſhall ſeem convinced; — when he is obſerved, —— he ſhall be aſhamed; — when he purſues his ſin, —— he will do it in the dark; — and when he has done it, ſhall even be diſſatisfied with himſelf: —— yet ſtill, this ſhall produce no alteration in his conduct. — Tell him he ſhall one day die; — or bring the event ſtill nearer, and ſhew, that, according to the courſe of nature, he cannot poſſibly live many years, — he will ſigh, perhaps, —— and tell you he is convinced of that as much as reaſon and experience can make him: —— proceed and urge to him, — that after death comes judgment, and that he will certainly there be dealt with by a juſt God according to his actions; — he will thank God he is no deiſt, — and tell you, with the ſame grave face, — he is thoroughly convinced of that too; — and as he believes, — no doubt he trembles too: — and yet after all, with all this conviction upon his mind, you will ſee him ſtill perſevere in the ſame courſe, — and commit his ſin with as certain an event and reſolution, as if he knew no argument againſt it. —— Theſe notices of things, however terrible and true, paſs through his underſtanding as an eagle through the air, that leaves no path behind.

So that, upon the whole, inſtead of abounding with occaſions to ſet us ſeriouſly on thinking, the world might diſpenſe with many more calls of this kind; — and were they ſeven times as many as they are, — conſidering what inſufficient uſe

we make of thoſe we have, all I fear would be little enough to bring theſe things to our remembrance as often, and engage us to lay them to our hearts with that affectionate concern, which the weight and intereſt of them requires at our hands. — Sooner or later, the moſt inconſiderate of us all ſhall find, with Solomon, — that to do this effectually, is the whole of man.

And I cannot conclude this diſcourſe upon his words better than with a ſhort and earneſt exhortation, that the ſolemnity of this ſeaſon, — and the meditations to which it is devoted, may lead you up to the true knowledge and practice of the ſame point of fearing God and keeping his commandments, — and convince you, as it did him, of the indiſpenſable neceſſity of making that the buſineſs of a man's life which is the chief end of his being, — the eternal happineſs and ſalvation of his ſoul.

Which may God grant, for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt. Amen.

SERMON XL.

ASA — A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

2 CHRONICLES, XV. 14.

And they ſware unto the Lord with a loud voice, and with ſhouting, and with trumpets, and with cornets. — And all the men of Judah rejoiced at the oath.

IT will be neceſſary to give a particular account of what was the occaſion, as well as the nature of the oath which the men of Judah ſware unto the Lord; — which will explain not only the reaſons why it became a matter of ſo much joy to them, but likewiſe admit of an application ſuitable to the purpoſes of this ſolemn aſſembly.

Abijah, and Aſa his ſon, were ſucceſſive kings of Judah. — The firſt came to the crown at the cloſe of a long, and, in the end, a very unſucceſsful war, which had gradually waſted the ſtrength and riches of his kingdom.

He was a prince endowed with the talents which the emergencies of his country required, and ſeemed born to make Judah a victorious, as well as a happy people. — The conduct and great ſucceſs of his arms againſt Jeroboam, had well eſtabliſhed the firſt; — but his kingdom, which had been ſo many years the ſeat of a war, had been ſo waſted and bewildered, that his reign, good as it was, was too ſhort to accompliſh the latter. —

He died, and left the work unfiniſhed for his ſon. — Aſa ſucceeded, in the room of Abijah his father, with the trueſt notions of religion and government that could be fetched either from reaſon or experience. — His reaſon told him, that God ſhould be worſhipped in ſimplicity and ſingleneſs of heart; — therefore he took away the altars of the ſtrange gods, and broke down their images. — His experience told him, that the moſt ſucceſsful wars, inſtead of invigorating, more generally drained away the vitals of government, — and, at the beſt ended but in a brighter and more oſtentatious kind of poverty and deſolation: — therefore he laid aſide his ſword, and ſtudied the arts of ruling Judah with peace. — Conſcience would not ſuffer Aſa to ſacrifice his ſubjects to private views of ambition, and wiſdom forbad he ſhould ſuffer them to offer up themſelves to the pretence of public ones; — ſince enlargement of empire, by the deſtruction of its people (the natural and only valuable ſource of ſtrength and riches), was a diſhoneſt and miſerable exchange. — And however well the glory of a conqueſt might appear in the eyes of a common beholder, yet, when bought at that coſtly rate, a father to his country would behold the triumphs which attended it, and weep, as it paſſed by him. — Amidſt all the glare and jollity of the day, the parent's eyes would fix attentively upon his child; — he would diſcern him drooping under the weight of his attire, without ſtrength or vigour, his

his former beauty and comelineſs gone off: — he would behold the coat of many colours ſtained with blood, and cry, — Alas! they have decked thee with a parent's pride, but not with a parent's care and foreſight.

With ſuch affectionate ſentiments of government, and juſt principles of religion, Aſa began his reign. — A reign marked out with new æras, and a ſucceſſion of happier occurrences than what had diſtinguiſhed former days.

The juſt and gentle ſpirit of the prince inſenſibly ſtole into the breaſts of the people. — The men of Judah turned their ſwords into ploughſhares, and their ſpears into pruning-hooks. — By induſtry and virtuous labour they acquired what by ſpoil and rapine they might have fought after long in vain. — The traces of their late troubles ſoon began to wear out. — The cities, which had become ruinous and deſolate (the prey of famine and the ſword), were now rebuilt, fortified, and made populous. — Peace, ſecurity, wealth, and proſperity, ſeemed to compoſe the whole hiſtory of Aſa's reign. — O Judah! what could then have been done more than what was done to make thy people happy? —

What one bleſſing was withheld, that thou ſhouldſt ever withhold thy thankfulneſs? —

That thou didſt not continually turn thy eyes towards heaven with an habitual ſenſe of God's mercies, and devoutly praiſe him for ſetting Aſa over you? —

Were

Were not the public bleſſings, and the private enjoyments, which every man of Judah derived from them, ſuch as to make the continuance of them deſirable? — and what other way was there to effect it, than to ſwear unto the Lord, with all your hearts and ſouls, to perform the covenant made with your fathers? — to ſecure that favour and intereſt with the almighty Being, without which the wiſdom of this world is fooliſhneſs, and the beſt connected ſyſtems of human policy are ſpeculative and airy projects, without foundation or ſubſtance. — The hiſtory of their own exploits and eſtabliſhment, ſince they had become a nation, was a ſtrong confirmation of this doctrine.

But too free and uninterrupted a poſſeſſion of God Almighty's bleſſings ſometimes (though it ſeems ſtrange to ſuppoſe it) even tempts men to forget him, either from a certain depravity and ingratitude of nature, not to be wrought upon by goodneſs, — or that they are made by it too paſſionately fond of the preſent hour, and too thoughtleſs of its great Author, whoſe kind providence brought it about. — This ſeemed to have been the caſe with the men of Judah: — for notwithſtanding all that God had done for them, in placing Abijah and Aſa his ſon over them, and inſpiring them with hearts and talents proper to retrieve the errors of the foregoing reign, and bring back peace and plenty to the dwellings of Judah; — yet there appears no record of any ſolemn and religious acknowledgment to God for ſuch

ſuch ſignal favours. — The people ſat down in a thankleſs ſecurity, each man under his vine, to eat and drink, and roſe up to play; — more ſolicitous to enjoy their bleſſings, than to deſerve them.

But this ſcene of tranquillity was not to ſubſiſt without ſome change; — and it ſeemed as if Providence at length had ſuffered the ſtream to be interrupted, to make them conſider whence it flowed, and how neceſſary it had been all along to their ſupport. — The Ethiopians, ever ſince the beginning of Abijah's reign, until the tenth year of Aſa's, had been at peace, or, at leaſt, whatever ſecret enmity they bore, had made no open attacks upon the kingdom of Judah. — And indeed the bad meaſures which Rehoboam had taken, in the latter part of the reign which immediately preceded theirs, ſeemed to have ſaved the Ethiopians the trouble. — For Rehoboam, though in the former part of his reign he dealt wiſely: yet when he had eſtabliſhed his kingdom, and ſtrengthened himſelf, — he forſook the laws of the Lord; — he forſook the counſel which the old men gave him, and took counſel with the young men, which were brought up with him, and ſtood before him. — Such ill-adviſed meaſures, in all probability, had given the enemies of Judah ſuch deciſive advantages over her, that they had ſat down contented, and for many years enjoyed the fruits of their acquiſitions. — But the friendſhip of princes is ſeldom made up of better materials than thoſe which are every day to be ſeen in private life,

life, — in which ſincerity and affection are not at all conſidered as ingredients. — Change of time and circumſtances produces a change of councils and behaviour. — Judah, in length of time, had become a freſh temptation, and was worth fighting for. — Her riches and plenty might firſt make her enemies covet, and then the remembrance of how cheap and eaſy a prey ſhe had formerly been, might make them not doubt of obtaining.

By theſe apparent motives (or whether God, who ſometimes over-rules the heart of man, was pleaſed to turn them by ſecret ones, to the purpoſes of his wiſdom), the ambition of the Ethiopians revived; — with an hoſt of men numerous as the ſand upon the ſea-ſhore in multitude, they had left their country, and were coming forwards to invade them. — What can Judah propoſe to do in ſo terrifying a criſis? — where can ſhe betake herſelf for refuge? — on one hand, her religion and laws are too precious to be given up, or truſted to the hands of a ſtranger; — and, on the other hand, how can ſo ſmall a kingdom, juſt recovering ſtrength, ſurrounded by an army of a thouſand thouſand men, beſides chariots and horſes, be able to withſtand ſo powerful a ſhock? — But here it appeared that thoſe, who, in their proſperity, can forget God, do yet remember him in the day of danger and diſtreſs; — and can begin with comfort to depend upon his providence, when with comfort they can depend upon nothing elſe.

elſe. — For when Zerah, the Ethiopian, was come unto the valley of Zephatha at Maretha, Aſa, and all the men of Judah and Benjamin, went out againſt him ; — and as they went, they cried mightily unto God. — And Aſa prayed for his people, and he ſaid, — " O Lord ! it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power : — help us, O Lord our God ! for we reſt in thee, and in thy name we go againſt this multitude. — O Lord, thou art our God, let not man prevail againſt thee." — Succeſs almoſt ſeemed a debt due to the piety of the prince, and the contrition of his people. — So God ſmote the Ethiopians, and they could not recover themſelves : — for they were ſcattered, and utterly deſtroyed, — before the Lord and before his hoſt. And as they returned to Jeruſalem from purſuing, — behold the ſpirit of God came upon Aſariah, the ſon of Oded. — And he went out to meet Aſa, and he ſaid unto him, — Hear ye me, Aſa, and all Judah and Benjamin ; — the Lord is with you, whilſt you are with him ; — and if you ſeek him, he will be found of you, but if ye forſake him, he will forſake you. — Nothing could more powerfully call home the conſcience than ſo timely an expoſtulation. — The men of Judah and Benjamin, ſtruck with a ſenſe of their late deliverance, and the many other felicities they had enjoyed ſince Aſa was king over them, they gathered themſelves together at Jeruſalem,

ruſalem, in the third month in the fifteenth year of Aſa's reign ; — and they entered into a covenant to ſeek the Lord God of their fathers, with all their heart, and with all their ſoul : — and they ſware unto the Lord with a loud voice, and with ſhouting, and with trumpets, and with cornets, and all Judah rejoiced at the oath.

One may obſerve a kind of luxuriety in the deſcription, which the holy hiſtorian gives of the tranſport of the men of Judah upon this occaſion. — And ſure, if ever matter of joy was ſo reaſonably founded, as to excuſe any exceſſes in the expreſſions of it, — this was one : — for without it, — the condition of Judah, though otherwiſe the happieſt, would have been, of all nations under heaven, the moſt miſerable.

Let us ſuppoſe a moment, inſtead of being repulſed, that the enterpriſe of the Ethiopians had proſpered againſt them, — like other grievous diſtempers, where the vitals are firſt attacked, — Aſa, their king, would have been ſought after and have been made the firſt ſacrifice. — He muſt either have fallen by the ſword of battle, or execution ; or, what is worſe, he muſt have ſurvived the ruin of his country by flight, — and worn out the remainder of his days in ſorrow, for the afflictions which were come upon him. — In ſome remote corner of the world, the good king would have heard the particulars of Judah's deſtruction. — He would have been told how the country,

try, which had become dear to him by his paternal care, was now utterly laid waſte, and all his labour loſt; — how the fences which protected it were torn up, and the tender plant within, which he had ſo long ſheltered, was cruelly trodden under foot and devoured. — He would hear how Zerah, the Ethiopian, when he had overthrown the kingdom, thought himſelf bound in conſcience to overthrow the religion of it too, and eſtabliſh his own idolatrous one in its ſtead. — That in purſuance of this, the holy religion, which Aſa had reformed, had begun every where to be evil ſpoken of, and evil entreated:

That it was firſt baniſhed from the courts of the king's houſe, and the midſt of Jeruſalem, — and then fled for ſafety out of the way into the wilderneſs, and found no city to dwell in: — That Zerah had rebuilt the altars of the ſtrange gods, — which Aſa's piety had broken down, and ſet up their images:

That his commandment was *urgent* that all ſhould fall down and worſhip the idol he had made; — That, to complete the tale of their miſeries, there was no proſpect of deliverance for any but the worſt of his ſubjects; — thoſe who, in his reign, had either leaned in their hearts towards theſe idolatries, — or whoſe principles and morals were ſuch, that all religions ſuited them alike. — But that the honeſt and conſcientious men of Judah, unable to behold ſuch abomina-

tions,

tions, hung down every man his head like a bulruſh, and put ſack-cloth and aſhes under him.

This picture of Judah's deſolation might be ſome reſemblance of what every of Aſa's ſubjects would probably form to himſelf, the day he ſolemnized an exemption from it. — And the tranſport was natural, — To ſwear unto the Lord with a loud voice, and with ſhouting, and with trumpets, and with cornets: — to rejoice at the oath which ſecured their future peace, and celebrate it with all external marks of gladneſs.

I have at length gone through the ſtory, which gave the occaſion to this religious act which is recorded of the men of Judah in the text.

I believe there is not one, in ſacred Scripture, that bids fairer for a parallel to our own times, or that would admit of an application more ſuitable to the ſolemnity of this day.

But men are apt to be ſtruck with likeneſſes in ſo different a manner, from the different points of view in which they ſtand, as well as their diverſity of judgments, that it is generally a very unacceptable piece of officiouſneſs to fix any certain degrees of approach.

In this caſe, it ſeems ſufficient, — that thoſe who will diſcern the leaſt reſemblance, will diſcern enough to make them ſeriouſly comply with the devotion of the day; — and that thoſe who are affected with it in a ſtronger manner, and ſee the bleſſing of a proteſtant king in its faireſt light, with

all the mercies which made way for it, will have ſtill more abundant reaſon to adore that good Being, which has all along protected it from the enemies which have riſen up to do it violence; — but more eſpecially, in a late inſtance, by turning down the councils of the froward headlong, — and confounding the devices of the crafty, — ſo that their hands could not perform their enterpriſe. — Though this event, for many reaſons, will ever be told amongſt the felicities of theſe days; — yet for none more ſo, — than that it has given us a freſh mark of the continuation of God Almighty's favour to us: — a part of that great complicated bleſſing for which we are gathered together to return him thanks.

Let us, therefore, I beſeech you, endeavour to do it in the way which becomes wiſe men, and which is likely to be moſt acceptable; — and that is, — to purſue the intentions of his providence, in giving us the occaſion — to become better men, and, by an holy and an honeſt converſation, make ourſelves capable of enjoying what God has done for us. — In vain ſhall we celebrate the day with a loud voice, and with ſhouting, and with trumpets, if we do not do it likewiſe with the internal and more certain marks of ſincerity, a reformation and purity in our manners. — It is impoſſible a ſinful people can either be grateful to God, or properly loyal to their prince. — They cannot be grateful to the one, becauſe they live not under a ſenſe of his mercies; — nor can

they be loyal to the other, becauſe they daily offend in two of the tendereſt points which concern his welfare. By firſt diſengaging the providence of God from taking to our part, and then giving a heart to our adverſaries to lift their hands againſt us, who muſt know, that, if we forſake God, God will forſake us. — Their hopes, their deſigns, their wickedneſs againſt us, can only be built upon ours towards God.

For if they did not think we did evil, they durſt not hope we could periſh.

Ceaſe, therefore, to do evil; — for by following righteouſneſs, you will make the hearts of your enemies faint, they will turn their backs againſt your indignation, and their weapons will fall from their hands.

Which may God grant, through the merits and mediation of his Son Jeſus Chriſt, to whom be all honour, &c. Amen.

SERMON XLI.

FOLLOW PEACE.

HEBREWS, XII. 14.

Follow peace with all men, and holineſs, without which no man ſhall ſee the Lord.

THE great end and deſign of our holy religion, next to the main view of reconciling us to God, was to reconcile us to each other; — by teaching us to ſubdue all thoſe unfriendly diſpoſitions in our nature, which unfit us for happineſs, and the ſocial enjoyment of the many bleſſings which God has enabled us to partake of in this world, miſerable as it is in many reſpects. — Could chriſtianity perſuade the profeſſors of it into this temper, and engage us, as its doctrine requires, to go on and exalt our natures, and, after the ſubduction of the moſt unfriendly of our paſſions, to plant, in the room of them, all thoſe (more natural to the ſoil) humane and benevolent inclinations, which in imitation of the perfections of God, ſhould diſpoſe us to extend our love and goodneſs to our fellow-creatures, according to the extent of our abilities; — in like manner, as the goodneſs of God extends itſelf over all the works of the creation: — could this be accompliſhed, — the world would be worth living in: — and

might be conſidered by us as a foretaſte of what we ſhould enter upon hereafter.

But ſuch a ſyſtem, you'll ſay, is merely viſionary: — and, conſidering man as a creature ſo beſet with ſelfiſhneſs, and other fretful paſſions that propenſity prompts him to, though it is to be wiſhed, it is not to be expected. — But our religion enjoins us to approach as near this fair pattern as we can; and, if it be poſſible, as much as lieth in us, to live peaceably with all men; — where the term, — if poſſible, I own, implies it may not only be difficult, but ſometimes impoſſible. — Thus the words of the text, — Follow peace, — may by ſome be thought to imply, — that this deſirable bleſſing may ſometimes fly from us: — but ſtill we are required to follow it, and not ceaſe the purſuit, till we have uſed all warrantable methods to regain and ſettle it: — becauſe, adds the apoſtle, without this frame of mind, no man ſhall ſee the Lord. For heaven is the region, as well as the recompence, of peace and benevolence; and ſuch as do not deſire and promote it here, are not qualified to enjoy it hereafter.

For this cauſe in Scripture language, — peace is always ſpoke of as the great and comprehenſive bleſſing, which included in it all manner of happineſs; — and to wiſh peace to any houſe or perſon, was, in one word, to wiſh them all that was good and deſirable. — Becauſe happineſs conſiſts

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in the inward complacency and ſatisfaction of the mind; and he who has ſuch a diſpoſition of ſoul, as to acquieſce and reſt contented with all the events of providence, can want nothing this world can give him. — Agreeable to this, that ſhort but moſt comprehenſive hymn, ſung by angels at our Saviour's birth, declaratory of the joy and happy ends of his incarnation, — after glory, in the firſt, to God, — the next note which ſounded was, Peace upon earth, and good-will to men. It was a public wiſh of happineſs to mankind, and implied a ſolemn charge to purſue the means that would ever lead to it. — And, in truth, the good tidings of the goſpel are nothing elſe but a grand meſſage and embaſſy of peace, to let us know, that our peace is made in heaven.

The prophet Iſaiah ſtyles our ſaviour the Prince of Peace, long before he came into the world; — and to anſwer the title, he made choice to enter into it at a time when all nations were at peace with each other; which was in the days of Auguſtus, — when the temple of Janus was ſhut, and all the alarms of war were huſhed and ſilenced throughout the world. — At his birth, the hoſt of heaven deſcended, and proclaimed peace on earth, as the beſt ſtate and temper the world could be in to receive and welcome the Author of it. — His future converſation and doctrine, here upon earth, was every way agreeable with his peaceable entrance upon it; the whole courſe

of his life being but one great example of meekneſs, peace, and patience. — At his death, it was the only legacy he bequeathed to his followers. My peace I give unto you. — How far this has taken place, or been actually enjoyed, — is not my intention to enlarge upon, any further than juſt to obſerve how precious a bequeſt it was from the many miſeries and calamities which have, and ever will, enſue from the want of it. — If we look into the larger circle of the world, — what deſolations, diſſolutions of government, and invaſions of property! — what rapine, plunder, and profanation of the moſt ſacred rights of mankind, are the certain unhappy effects of it! — fields dyed in blood, — the cries of orphans and widows, bereft of their beſt help, too fully inſtruct us. — Look into private life, — behold how good and pleaſant a thing it is to live together in unity; — it is like the precious ointment poured upon the head of Aaron, that run down to his ſkirts; — importing, that this balm of life is felt and enjoyed, not only by governors of kingdoms, but is derived down to the loweſt rank of life, and taſted in the moſt private receſſes; — all, from the king to the peaſant, are refreſhed with its bleſſings, without which we can find no comfort in any thing this world can give. — It is this bleſſing gives every one to ſit quietly under his vine, and reap the fruits of his labour and induſtry; — in one word, — which beſpeaks who is the beſtower of it — it

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is that only which keeps up the harmony and order of the world, and preſerves every thing in it from ruin and confuſion.

There is one ſaying of our Saviour's recorded by St. Matthew, which, at firſt ſight, ſeems to carry ſome oppoſition to this doctrine; — I came not to ſend peace on earth, but a ſword. — But this reaches no farther than the bare words, not entering ſo deep as to affect the ſenſe, or imply any contradiction; — intimating only, — that the preaching of the goſpel will prove the event, through ſundry unhappy cauſes, ſuch as prejudices, the corruption of men's hearts, a paſſion for idolatry and ſuperſtition, the occaſion of much variance and diviſion even amongſt neareſt relations; — yea, and oft-times of bodily death, and many calamities and perſecutions, which actually enſued upon the firſt preachers and followers of it. — Or the words may be underſtood, — as a beautiful deſcription of the inward conteſts and oppoſition which chriſtianity would occaſion in the heart of man, from its oppoſitions to the violent paſſions of our nature, — which would engage us in a perpetual warfare. — This was not only a ſword, — a diviſion betwixt neareſt kindred; — but it was dividing a man againſt himſelf; — ſetting up an oppoſition to an intereſt long eſtabiſhed, — ſtrong by nature, — more ſo by uncontrouled cuſtom. — This is verified every hour in the ſtruggles for maſtery betwixt the principles of the world, the fleſh and the devil; —

which ſet up ſo ſtrong a confederacy, that there is need of all the helps which reaſon and chriſtianity can offer to bring them down.

But this contention is not that againſt which ſuch exhortations in the goſpel are levelled; — for the Scripture muſt be interpreted by Scripture, and be made conſiſtent with itſelf. — And we find the diſtinguiſhing marks and doctrines, by which all men were to know who were Chriſt's diſciples, — was that benevolent frame of mind towards all our fellow creatures, which, by itſelf, is a ſufficient ſecurity for the particular ſocial duty here recommended; — ſo far from meditations of war; — for love thinketh no evil to his neighbour; — ſo far from doing any, it harbours not the leaſt thought of it; — but on the contrary, rejoices with them that rejoice, and weeps with them that weep.

This debt chriſtianity has highly exalted; though it is a debt that we were ſenſible of before, and acknowleged to be owed to human nature, — which, as we all partake of, — ſo ought we to pay it in a ſuitable reſpect. — For, as men, we are allied together in the natural bond of brotherhood, and are members one of another. — We have the ſame Father in heaven, who made us and takes care of us all. — Our earthly extraction too is nearer alike, than the pride of the world cares to be reminded of: — for Adam was the father of us all, and Eve the mother of all living. — The prince and the beggar ſprung from the

the ſame ſtocks, as wide aſunder as the branches are. — So that, in this view, the moſt upſtart family may vie antiquity, and compare families with the greateſt monarchs. — We are all formed too of the ſame mould, and muſt equally return to the ſame duſt. — So that, to love our neighbour, and live quietly with him, is to live at peace with ourſelves. — He is but ſelf-multiplied, and enlarged into another form; and to be unkind or cruel to him, is but, as Solomon obſerves of the unmerciful, to be cruel to our own fleſh. — As a farther motive and engagement to this peaceable commerce with each other, — God has placed us all in one another's power by turns, — in a condition of mutual need and dependence. There is no man ſo liberally ſtocked with earthly bleſſings, as to be able to live without another man's aid. — God, in his wiſdom, has ſo diſpenſed his gifts, in various kinds and meaſures, as to render us helpful, and make a ſocial intercourſe indiſpenſable. — The prince depends on the labour and induſtry of the peaſant; — and the wealth and honour of the greateſt perſons are fed and ſupported from the ſame ſource.

This the Apoſtle hath elegantly ſet forth to us by the familiar reſemblance of the natural body; — wherein there are many members, and all have not the ſame office; but the different faculties and operations of each, are for the uſe and benefit of the whole. — The eye ſees not for itſelf, but for the other members; — and is

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ſet up as a light to direct them: — The feet ſerve to ſupport and carry about the other parts; and the hands act and labour for them all. It is the ſame in ſtates, and kingdoms, wherein there are many members, yet each in their ſeveral functions and employments; — which, if peaceably diſcharged, are for the harmony of the whole ſtate. — Some are eyes and guides to the blind; — others feet to the lame and impotent; — ſome to ſupply the place of the head, to aſſiſt with council and direction; — others the hand, to be uſeful by their labour and induſtry. — To make this link of dependence ſtill ſtronger, — there is a great portion of mutability in all human affairs, to make benignity of temper not only our duty, but our intereſt and wiſdom. — There is no condition in life ſo fixed and permanent as to be out of danger, or the reach of change; — and we all may depend upon it, that we ſhall take our turns of wanting and deſiring. — By how many unforeſeen cauſes may riches take wing! — The crowns of princes may be ſhaken, and the greateſt that ever awed the world have experienced what the turn of the wheel can do. That which hath happened to one man, may befall another; and, therefore, that excellent rule of our Saviour's ought to govern us in all our actions, — Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do to you, do you alſo to them likewiſe. — Time and chance happen to all; — and the moſt affluent may be ſtript of all, and find his worldly comforts like ſo

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many withered leaves dropping from him. — Sure nothing can better become us, than hearts ſo full of our dependence as to overflow with mercy, and pity, and good-will towards mankind. To exhort us to this is, in other words, to exhort us to follow peace with all men: — the firſt is the root, — this the fair fruit and happy product of it.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, in the bowels of mercy, let us put away anger, and malice, and evil ſpeaking; — let us fly all clamour and ſtrife; — let us be kindly affected one to another, — following peace with all men, and holineſs, that we may ſee the Lord.

Which God of his infinite mercy grant, through the merits of his Son, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

SERMON XLII.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

ST. JOHN, v. 39.

Search the Scriptures.

THAT things of the moſt ineſtimable uſe and value, for want of due application and ſtudy laid out upon them, may be paſſed by unregarded, nay, even looked upon with coldneſs and averſion, is a truth too evident to need enlarging on. — Nor is it leſs certain that prejudices, contracted by an unhappy education, will ſometimes ſo ſtop up all the paſſages to our hearts, that the moſt amiable objects can never find acceſs, or bribe us by all their charms into juſtice and impartiality. — It would be paſſing the tendereſt reflection upon the age we live in, to ſay it is owing to one of theſe, that thoſe ineſtimable books, the Sacred Writings, meet ſo often with a diſreliſh (what makes the accuſation almoſt incredible) amongſt perſons who ſet up for men of taſte and delicacy; who pretend to be charmed with what they call beauties and nature in claſſical authors, and in other things would bluſh not to be reckoned amongſt ſound and impartial critics. — But ſo far has negligence and prepoſſeſſion ſtopped their ears againſt the voice of the

the charmer, that they turn over thoſe awful ſacred pages with inattention and an unbecoming indifference, unaffected amidſt ten thouſand ſublime and noble paſſages, which, by the rules of ſound criticiſm and reaſon, may be demonſtrated to be truly eloquent and beautiful.

Indeed the opinion of falſe Greek and barbarous language in the old and New Teſtament, had, for ſome ages, been a ſtumbling-block to another ſet of men, who were profeſſedly great readers and admirers of the ancients. — The Sacred Writings were, by theſe perſons, rudely attacked on all ſides: expreſſions which came not within the compaſs of their learning, were branded with barbariſm and ſoleciſm; words which ſcarce ſignified any thing but the ignorance of thoſe who laid ſuch groundleſs charges on them. — Preſumptuous man! — Shall he, who is but duſt and aſhes, dare to find fault with the words of that Being, who firſt inſpired man with language, and taught his mouth to utter; — who opened the lips of the dumb, and made the infant eloquent! — Theſe perſons, as they attacked the inſpired writings on the foot of critics and men of learning, accordingly have been treated as ſuch: — and though a ſhorter way might have been gone to work, which was, — that as their accuſations reached no farther than the bare words and phraſeology of the Bible, they, in no wiſe, affected the ſentiments and ſoundneſs of the doctrines, which were conveyed with as much clear-

neſs and perſpicuity to mankind, as they could have been, had the language been written with the utmoſt elegance and grammatical nicety. And even though the charge of barbarous idioms could be made out; — yet the cauſe of chriſtianity was thereby no ways affected, but remained juſt in the ſtate they found it. — Yet, unhappily for them, they even miſcarried in their favourite point; — there being few, if any at all, of the Scripture expreſſions, which may not be juſtified by numbers of parallel modes of ſpeaking, made uſe of amongſt the pureſt and moſt authentic Greek authors. — This, an able hand amongſt us, not many years ago, has ſufficiently made out, and thereby baffled and expoſed all their preſumptions and ridiculous aſſertions. — Theſe perſons, bad and deceitful as they were, are yet far outgone by a third ſet of men. — I wiſh we had not too many inſtances of them, who, like foul ſtomachs, that turn the ſweeteſt food to bitterneſs, upon all occaſions endeavour to make merry with ſacred Scripture, and turn every thing they meet with therein into banter and burleſque. — But as men of this ſtamp, by their exceſs of wickedneſs and weakneſs together have entirely diſarmed us from arguing with them as reaſonable creatures, it is not only making them too conſiderable, but likewiſe to no purpoſe to ſpend much time about them, they being, in the language of the Apoſtle, creatures of no underſtanding, ſpeaking evil of things they know not, and ſhall utterly periſh

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in their own corruption. — Of theſe two laſt, the one is diſqualified for being argued with, and the other has no occaſion for it; they being already ſilenced. — Yet thoſe that were firſt mentioned, may not altogether be thought unworthy of our endeavours; — being perſons, as was hinted above, who, though their taſtes are ſo far vitiated that they cannot reliſh the Sacred Scriptures, yet have imaginations capable of being raiſed by the fancied excellencies of claſſical writers. — And indeed theſe perſons claim from us ſome degree of pity, when, through the unſkilfulneſs of preceptors in their youth, or ſome other unhappy circumſtance in their education, they have been taught to form falſe and wretched notions of good writing. — When this is the caſe, it is no wonder they ſhould be more touched and affected with the dreſſed-up trifles and empty conceits of poets and rhetoricians, than they are with that true ſublimity and grandeur of ſentiment which glow throughout every page of the inſpired writings. — By way of information, ſuch ſhould be inſtructed: —

There are two ſorts of eloquence, the one indeed ſcarce deſerves the name of it, which conſiſts chiefly in laboured and poliſhed periods, an over-curious and artificial arrangement of figures, tinſel'd over with a gaudy embelliſhment of words, which glitter, but convey little or no light to the underſtanding. — This kind of writing is for the moſt part much affected and admired by

the people of weak judgment and vicious taſte, but is a piece of affectation and formality the ſacred writers are utter ſtrangers to. — It is a vain and boyiſh eloquence; and as it has always been eſteemed below the great geniuſes of all ages, ſo much more ſo, with reſpect to thoſe writers who were actuated by the ſpirit of infinite wiſdom, and therefore wrote with that force and majeſty with which never man writ. — The other ſort of eloquence is quite the reverſe to this, and which may be ſaid to be the true characteriſtic of the holy Scriptures; where the excellence does not ariſe from a laboured and far-fetched elocution, but from a ſurpriſing mixture of ſimplicity and majeſty, which is a double character, ſo difficult to be united, that it is ſeldom to be met with in compoſitions merely human. — We ſee nothing in holy writ of affectation and ſuperfluous ornament. — As the infinite wiſe Being has condeſcended to ſtoop to our language, thereby to convey to us the light of revelation, ſo has he been pleaſed graciouſly to accommodate it to us with the moſt natural and graceful plainneſs it would admit of. — Now, it is obſervable that the moſt excellent prophane authors, whether Greek or Latin, loſe moſt of their graces whenever we find them literally tranſlated. — Homer's famed repreſentation of Jupiter, in his firſt book; — his cried-up deſcription of a tempeſt; — his relation of Neptune's ſhaking the earth, and opening it to its centre; — his deſcription of Pallas's horſes;

horſes; with numbers of other long-ſince admired paſſages, — flag, and almoſt vaniſh away, in the vulgar Latin tranſlation.

Let any one but take the pains to read the common Latin interpretation of Virgil, Theocritus, or even of Pindar, and one may venture to affirm he will be able to trace out but few remains of the graces which charmed him ſo much in the original. — The natural concluſion from hence is, that in the claſſical authors, the expreſſion, the ſweetneſs of the numbers, occaſioned by a muſical placing of words, conſtitute a great part of their beauties; — whereas, in the Sacred Writings, they conſiſt more in the greatneſs of the things themſelves, than in the words and expreſſions. — The ideas and conceptions are ſo great and lofty in their own nature, that they neceſſarily appear magnificent in the moſt artleſs dreſs. — Look but into the Bible, and we ſee them ſhine through the moſt ſimple and literal tranſlations. — That glorious deſcription which Moſes gives of the creation of the heavens and the earth, which Longinus, the beſt critic the eaſtern would ever produced, was ſo juſtly taken with, has not loſt the leaſt whit of its intrinſic worth; and though it has undergone ſo many tranſlations, yet triumphs over all, and breaks forth with as much force and vehemence as in the original. — Of this ſtamp are numbers of paſſages throughout the Scriptures; — inſtance, that celebrated deſcription of a tempeſt in the hundred and ſeventh

pſalm; thoſe beautiful reflections of holy Job, upon the ſhortneſs of life, and inſtability of human affairs, ſo judiciouſly appointed by our church in her office for the burial of the dead; — that lively deſcription of a horſe of war, in the thirty-ninth chapter of Job, in which, from the 19th to the 26th verſe, there is ſcare a word which does not merit a particular explication to diſplay the beauties of. — I might add to theſe, thoſe tender and pathetic expoſtulations with the children of Iſrael, which run throughout all the prophets, which the moſt uncritical reader can ſcarce help being affected with.

And now, O inhabitants of Jeruſalem, and men of Judah, judge I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard: — What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done? — wherefore, when I expected that it ſhould bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes: — and yet, ye ſay, the way of the Lord is unequal. — Hear now, O houſe of Iſrael, — is not my way equal? — are not your ways unequal? — have I any pleaſure at all that the wicked ſhould die, and not that he ſhould return from his ways and live? — I have nouriſhed and brought up children, and they have rebelled againſt me. — The ox knows his owner, and the aſs his maſter's crib; — but Iſrael doth not know, my people doth not conſider. — There is nothing in all the eloquence of the heathen world comparable to the vivacity and tenderneſs of theſe reproaches; — there is ſomething

thing in them ſo thoroughly affecting, and ſo noble and ſublime withal, that one might challenge the writings of the moſt celebrated orators of antiquity to produce any thing like them. — Theſe obſervations upon the ſuperiority of the inſpired penmen to heathen ones, in that which regards the compoſition more conſpicuouſly, hold good when they are conſidered upon the foot of hiſtorians. — Not to mention that prophane hiſtories give an account only of human achievements and temporal events, which, for the moſt part, are ſo full of uncertainty and contradictions, that we are at a loſs where to ſeek for truth; — but that the ſacred hiſtory is the hiſtory of God himſelf, — the hiſtory of his omnipotence and infinite wiſdom, his univerſal providence, his juſtice and mercy, and all his other attributes, diſplayed under a thouſand different forms, by a ſeries of the moſt various and wonderful events that ever happened to any nation, or language: — not to inſiſt upon this viſible ſuperiority in ſacred hiſtory, — there is yet another undoubted excellence the prophane hiſtorians ſeldom arrive at, which is almoſt the diſtinguiſhing character of the ſacred ones; namely, that unaffected, artleſs manner of relating hiſtorical facts, — which is ſo intirely of a piece with every other part of the holy writings. — What I mean will be beſt made out by a few inſtances. — In the hiſtory of Joſeph (which certainly is told with the greateſt variety of beautiful and affecting circumſtances), when Joſeph makes

himſelf known, and weeps aloud upon the neck of his dear brother Benjamin, that all the houſe of Pharaoh heard him; at that inſtant, none of his brethren are introduced as uttering aught, either to expreſs their preſent joy, or palliate their former injuries to him. — On all ſides, there immediately enſues a deep and ſolemn ſilence; — a ſilence infinitely more eloquent and expreſſive, than any thing elſe could have been ſubſtituted in its place. Had Thucydides, Herodotus, Livy, or any of the celebrated claſſical hiſtorians, been employed in writing this hiſtory, when they came to this point, they would, doubtleſs, have exhauſted all their fund of eloquence in furniſhing Joſeph's brethren with laboured and ſtudied harangues; which, however fine they might have been in themſelves, would nevertheleſs have been unnatural, and altogether improper on the occaſion. — For when ſuch a variety of contrary paſſions broke in upon them, — what tongue was able to utter their hurried and diſtracted thoughts? — When remorſe, ſurpriſe, ſhame, joy, and gratitude ſtruggled together in their boſoms, how unelo-quently would their lips have performed their duty? — how unfaithfully their tongues have ſpoken the language of their hearts? — In this caſe, ſilence was truly eloquent and natural, and tears expreſſed what oratory was incapable of.

If ever theſe perſons I have been addreſſing myſelf to, can be perſuaded to follow the advice in the text, of ſearching the Scriptures, — the work

work of their ſalvation will be begun upon its true foundation. — For, firſt, they will inſenſibly be led to admire the beautiful propriety of their language: — when a favourable opinion is conceived of this, next, they will more cloſely attend to the goodneſs of the moral, and the purity and ſoundneſs of the doctrines. — The pleaſure of reading will ſtill be increaſed, by that near concern which they will find themſelves to have in thoſe many important truths, which they will ſee ſo clearly demonſtrated in the Bible, that grand charter of our eternal happineſs. — It is the fate of mankind, too often, to ſeem inſenſible of what they may enjoy at the eaſieſt rate. — What might not our neighbouring Romiſh countries, who groan under the yoke of popiſh impoſitions and prieſtcraft, what might not thoſe poor miſguided creatures give, for the happineſs which we know not how to value, — of being born in a country where a church is eſtabliſhed by our laws, and encouraged by our princes; — which not only allows the free ſtudy of the Scriptures, but even exhorts and invites us to it; — a church that is a ſtranger to the tricks and artifice of having the Bible in an unknown tongue, to give the greater latitude to the deſigns of the clergy, in impoſing their own trumpery, and foiſting in whatever may beſt ſerve to aggrandize themſelves, or enſlave the wretches committed to their truſt? — In ſhort, our religion was not given us to raiſe our imaginations with ornaments of words, or ſtrokes of

eloquence; but to purify our hearts, and lead us into the paths of righteouſneſs. — However, not to defend ourſelves, — when the attack is principally levelled at this point, — might give occaſion to our adverſaries to triumph, and charge us either with negligence or inability. — It is well known how willing the enemies of our religion are to ſeek occaſions againſt us; — how ready to magnify every mote in our eyes to the bigneſs of a beam; how eager, upon the leaſt default, to inſult and cry out, — There, there! ſo would we have it: — not, perhaps, that we are ſo much the ſubject of malice and averſion, but that the licentious age ſeems bent upon bringing chriſtianity into diſcredit at any rate; and rather than miſs the aim, would ſtrike through the ſides of thoſe that are ſent to teach it. — Thank God, the truth of our holy religion is eſtabliſhed with ſuch ſtrong evidence, that it reſts upon a foundation never to be overthrown, either by the open aſſaults or cunning devices of wicked and deſigning men. — The part we have to act, is to be ſteady, ſober, and vigilant; to be ready to every good work; to reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all long-ſuffering; to give occaſion of offence to no man; that, with well-doing, we may put to ſilence the ignorance of fooliſh men.

I ſhall cloſe all with that excellent collect of our church: —

Bleſſed Lord, who haſt cauſed all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning, — grant that

that we may in ſuchwiſe hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digeſt them, that, by patience and comfort of thy holy word, we may embrace, and ever hold faſt the bleſſed hope of everlaſting life, which thou haſt given us in thy Son, our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt.

Now to God the Father, &c.

SERMON XLIII.

PSALM XCV. 6, 7.

O come let us worſhip and fall down before him: — for he is the Lord our God. —

IN this pſalm we find holy David taken up with the pious contemplation of God's infinite power, majeſty, and greatneſs: — he conſiders him as the ſovereign Lord of the whole earth, the maker and ſupporter of all things; — that by him the heavens were created, and all the hoſt of them; that the earth was wiſely faſhioned by his hands; — he has founded it upon the the ſeas, and eſtabliſhed it upon the floods: — that we likewiſe, the people of his paſture, were raiſed up by the ſame creating hand, from nothing, to the dignity of rational creatures, made with reſpect to our reaſon and underſtanding, after his own moſt perfect image.

It was natural to imagine that ſuch a contemplation would light up a flame of devotion in any grateful man's breaſt; and accordingly we find it break forth in the words of the text, in a kind of religious rapture:

O come let us worſhip and fall down before him: — for he is the Lord our God.

Sure never exhortation to prayer and worſhip can be better enforced than upon this principle, — that

— that God is the cauſe and creator of all things; — that each individual being is upheld in the ſtation it was firſt placed, by the ſame hand which firſt formed it; — that all the bleſſings and advantages, which are neceſſary to the happineſs and welfare of beings on earth, are only to be derived from the ſame fountain: — and that the only way to do it, is to ſecure an intereſt in his favour, by a grateful expreſſion of our ſenſe for the benefits we have received, and a humble dependence upon him for thoſe we expect and ſtand in want of. — Whom have we in heaven, ſays the Pſalmiſt, but thee, O God, to look unto or depend on? — to whom ſhall we pour out our complaints, and ſpeak of all our wants and neceſſities, but to thy goodneſs which is ever willing to confer upon us whatever becomes us to aſk, and thee to grant; — becauſe thou haſt promiſed to be nigh unto all that call upon thee, — yea, unto all ſuch as call upon thee faithfully; — that thou wilt fulfil the deſire of them that fear thee, that thou wilt alſo hear their cry, and help them.

Of all duties, prayer certainly is the ſweeteſt and moſt eaſy. — There are ſome duties which may ſeem to occaſion a troubleſome oppoſition to the natural workings of fleſh and blood; — ſuch as the forgiveneſs of injuries, and the love of our enemies; — others which will force us unavoidably into a perpetual ſtruggle with our paſſions, — which war againſt the ſoul; — ſuch as chaſtity, — temperance, — humility. — There are

other virtues, which ſeem to bid us forget our preſent intereſt for a while, — ſuch as charity and generoſity; — others that teach us to forget it at all times, and wholly to fix our affections on things above, and in no circumſtance to act like men that look for a continuing city here, but upon one to come, whoſe builder and maker is God. — But this duty of prayer and thankſgiving to God — has no ſuch oppoſitions to encounter; — it takes no bullock out of thy field, — no horſe out of thy ſtable, — nor he-goat out of thy fold; — it coſteth no wearineſs of bones, no untimely watchings; — it requireth no ſtrength of parts, or painful ſtudy, but juſt to know and have a true ſenſe of our dependence, and of the mercies by which we are upheld: — and with this, in every place and poſture of body, a good man may lift up his ſoul unto the Lord his God.

Indeed as to the frequency of putting this duty formally in practice, as the precept muſt neceſſarily have varied according to the different ſtations in which God has placed us; — ſo he has been pleaſed to determine nothing preciſely concerning it: — for, perhaps, it would be unreaſonable to expect that the day-labourer, or he that ſupports a numerous family by the ſweat of his brow, ſhould ſpend as much of his time in devotion, as the man of leiſure and unbounded wealth. — This, however, in the general may hold good, that we are bound to pay this tribute to God, as often

often as his providence has put an opportunity into our hands of ſo doing; — provided that no plea, drawn from the neceſſary attentions to the affairs of the world, which many men's ſituations oblige them to, may be ſuppoſed to extend to an exemption from paying their morning and evening ſacrifice to God. — For it ſeems to be the leaſt that can be done to anſwer the demand of our duty in this point, ſucceſſively to open and ſhut up the day in prayer and thankſgiving: — ſince there is not a morning thou riſeſt, or a night thou lieſt down, but thou art indebted for it to the watchful providence of Almighty God. —— David and Daniel, whoſe names are recorded in Scripture for future example: — the firſt, though a mighty king, embarraſſed with wars abroad, and unnatural diſturbances at home; a ſituation, one would think, would allow little time for any thing but his own and his kingdom's ſafety — yet found he leiſure to pray *ſeven times* a day: — the latter, the counſellor and firſt miniſter of ſtate to the great Nebuchadnezzar; and, though perpetually fatigued with the affairs of a mighty kingdom, and the government of the whole province of Babylon, which was committed to his adminiſtration; — though near the perſon of an idolatrous king, and amidſt the temptations of a luxurious court, —— yet never neglected he his God; but, as we read, — he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks before him.

A frequent

A frequent correſpondence with heaven, by prayer and devotion, is the greateſt nouriſhment and ſupport of ſpiritual life: — it keeps the ſenſe of a God warm and lively within us, —— which ſecures our diſpoſition, and ſets ſuch guards over us, that hardly will a temptation prevail againſt us. —— Who can entertain a baſe or an impure thought, or think of executing it, who is inceſſantly converſing with his God? — or not deſpiſe every temptation this lower world can offer him, when by his conſtant addreſſes before the throne of God's majeſty, he brings the glorious proſpect of heaven perpetually before his eyes?

I cannot help here taking notice of the doctrine of thoſe who would reſolve all devotion into the inner man, and think that there is nothing more requiſite to expreſs our reverence to God, but purity and integrity of heart, —— unaccompanied either with words or actions. — To this opinion it may be juſtly anſwered, that, in the preſent ſtate we are in, we find ſuch a ſtrong ſympathy and union between our ſouls and bodies, that the one cannot be touched or ſenſibly affected, without producing ſome correſponding emotion in the other. — Nature has aſſigned a different look, tone of voice, and geſture peculiar to every paſſion and affection we are ſubject to; and, therefore to argue againſt this ſtrict correſpondence which is held between our ſouls and bodies, — is diſputing againſt the frame and mechaniſm of human nature. — We

are

are not angels, but men cloathed with their bodies, and, in ſome meaſure, governed by our imaginations, that we have need of all theſe external helps which nature has made the interpreters of our thoughts. — And, no doubt, though a virtuous and a good life are more acceptable in the ſight of God, than either prayer or thankſgiving; — for behold, to obey is better than ſacrifice, and to hearken, than the fat of rams; — nevertheleſs, as the one ought to be done, ſo the other ought not, by any means, to be left undone. — As God is to be obeyed, — ſo he is to be worſhipped alſo. — For, although inward holineſs and integrity of heart is the ultimate end of the divine diſpenſations; —— yet external religion is a certain means of promoting it. —— Each of them has its juſt bounds; — and therefore as we would not be ſo carnal as merely to reſt contented with the one, — ſo neither can we pretend to be ſo ſpiritual as to neglect the other.

And though God is all-wiſe, and therefore underſtands our thoughts afar off, — and knows the exact degrees of our love and reverence to him, though we ſhould withhold thoſe outward marks of it; — yet God himſelf has been graciouſly pleaſed to command us to pray to him; — that we might beg the aſſiſtance of his grace to work with us againſt our own infirmities; — that we might acknowledge him to be, what he is, the ſupreme Lord of the whole world; — that we might teſtify the ſenſe we have of all his mercies

mercies and loving kindneſs to us, — and confeſs that he has the propriety of every thing we enjoy, — that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulneſs thereof.

Thus much of this duty of prayer in general. — From every individual it may be reaſonably expected, from a bare reflection upon his own ſtation, his perſonal wants, and the daily bleſſings which he has received in particular; — but, for thoſe bleſſings beſtowed upon the whole ſpecies in common, — reaſon ſeems further to require, that a joint return ſhould be made by as many of the ſpecies as can conveniently aſſemble together for this religious purpoſe. — From hence ariſes, likewiſe, the reaſonablenefs of public worſhip, and ſacred places ſet apart for that purpoſe; without which, it would be very difficult to preſerve that ſenſe of God and religion upon the minds of men, which is ſo neceſſary to their well-being, conſidered only as a civil ſociety, and with regard to the purpoſes of this life, and the influence which a juſt ſenſe of it muſt have upon their actions. — Beſides, men who are united in ſocieties, can have no other cement to unite them likewiſe in religious ties, as well as in manners of worſhip and points of faith, but the inſtitution of ſolemn times and public places deſtined for that uſe.

And it is not to be queſtioned, that if the time, as well as place for ſerving God, were once conſidered as indifferent, and left ſo far to every

man's choice as to have no calls to public prayer, however a ſenſe of religion might be preſerved a while by a few ſpeculative men, yet that the bulk of mankind would loſe all knowledge of it, and in time live without God in the world. — Not that private prayer is the leſs our duty, the contrary of which is proved above; and our Saviour ſays, that when we pray to God in ſecret, we ſhall be rewarded openly; — but that prayers which are publicly offered up in God's houſe, tend more to the glory of God, and the benefit of ourſelves: —— for this reaſon, that they are preſumed to be performed with greater attention and ſerioufneſs, and therefore moſt likely to be heard with a more favourable acceptance. — And for this one might appeal to every man's breaſt, whether he has not been affected with the moſt elevated pitch of devotion, when he gave thanks in the great congregation of the ſaints, and praiſed God amongſt much people? —— Of this united worſhip there is a glorious deſcription which St. John gives us, in the Revelations, where he ſuppoſes the whole univerſe joining together, in their ſeveral capacities, to give glory in this manner to their common Lord. — Every creature which was in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and ſuch as were in the ſeas, and all that were in them, heard I, crying, — Bleſſing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that ſitteth upon the throne.

But here it may be aſked, that if public worſhip tends

tends ſo much to promote the glory of God, — and is what is ſo indiſpenſably the duty and benefit of every chriſtian ſtate, —— how came it to paſs, that our bleſſed Saviour left no command to his followers, throughout the goſpel, to ſet up public places of worſhip, and keep them ſacred for that purpoſe? —— It may be anſwered, — that the neceſſity of ſetting apart places for divine worſhip, and the holineſs of them when thus ſet apart, ſeemed already to have been ſo well eſtabliſhed by former revelation, as not to need any expreſs precept upon that ſubject: — for though the particular appointment of the temple, and the confinement of worſhip to that place alone, were only temporary parts of the Jewiſh covenant; yet the neceſſity and duty of having places ſomewhere ſolemnly dedicated to God carried a moral reaſon with it, and therefore was not aboliſhed with the ceremonial part of the law. — Our Saviour came not to deſtroy, but to fulfil the law; — and therefore the moral precepts of it, which promoted a due regard to the divine Majeſty, remained in as full force as ever. — And accordingly we find it atteſted, both by chriſtian and heathen writers, that ſo ſoon as the ſecond century, when the number of believers was much increaſed, and the circumſtances of rich converts enabled them to do it, — that they began to erect edifices for divine worſhip; — and though, under the frowns and oppreſſion of the civil power, they every Sabbath aſſembled themſelves

ſelves therein, that with one hand and one lip they might declare whoſe they were, and whom they ſerved, and as the ſervants of one Lord, might offer up their joint prayers and petitions.

I wiſh there was no reaſon to lament an abatement of this religious zeal amongſt chriſtians of later days. — Though the piety of our forefathers ſeems, in a great meaſure, to have deprived us of the merit of building churches for the ſervice of God, there can be no ſuch plea for not frequenting them in a regular and ſolemn manner. — How often do people abſent themſelves (when in the utmoſt diſtreſs how to diſpoſe of themſelves) from church, even upon thoſe days which are ſet apart for nothing elſe but the worſhip of God; — when, to trifle that day away, or apply any portion of it to ſecular concerns, is a ſacrilege almoſt in the literal ſenſe of the word.

From this duty of public prayer ariſes another, which I cannot help ſpeaking of, it being ſo dependent upon it; — I mean a ſerious, devout, and reſpectful behaviour, when we are performing this ſolemn duty in the houſe of God. — This is ſurely the leaſt that can be neceſſary in the immediate preſence of the Sovereign of the world, upon whoſe acceptance of our addreſſes all our preſent and future happineſs depends.

External behaviour is the reſult of inward reverence, and is therefore part of our duty to God, whom we are to worſhip in body as well as ſpirit.

And as no one ſhould be wanting in outward reſpect and decorum before an earthly prince or ſuperior, much leſs ſhould we be ſo before him, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain.

Notwithſtanding the obviouſneſs of this branch of duty, — it ſeems often to be little underſtood; — and whoever will take a general ſurvey of church behaviour, will often meet with ſcenes of ſad variety. — What a vein of indolence and indevotion ſometimes ſeems to run throughout whole congregations! — what ill-timed pains do ſome take in putting on an air of gaiety and indifference in the moſt intereſting parts of this duty, — even when they are making confeſſion of their ſins, as if they were aſhamed to be thought ſerious with their God! — Surely, to addreſs ourſelves to his infinite Majeſty after a negligent and diſpaſſionate manner, beſides the immediate indignity offered, it is a ſad ſign we little conſider the bleſſings we aſk for, and far leſs deſerve them. — Beſides, what is a prayer, unleſs our heart and affections go along with it? — It is not ſo much as the ſhadow of devotion: and little better than the papiſts telling their beads, — or honouring God with their lips, when their hearts are far from him. — The conſideration that a perſon is come to proſtrate himſelf before the throne of high heaven, and in that place which is particularly diſtinguiſhed by his preſence, is ſufficient inducement for any one to watch over his imagination, and guard againſt the leaſt appearance of levity and diſreſpect.

An inward ſincerity will of courſe influence the outward deportment; but where the one is wanting, there is great reaſon to ſuſpect the abſence of the other. — I own it is poſſible, and often happens, that this eternal garb of religion may be worn, when there is little within of a piece with it; — but I believe the converſe of the propoſition can never happen to be true, that a truly religious frame of mind ſhould exiſt without ſome outward mark of it. — The mind will ſhine through the veil of fleſh which covers it, and naturally expreſs its religious diſpoſitions; — and, if it poſſeſſes the power of godlineſs, — will have the external form of it too.

May God grant us to be defective in neither, — but that we may ſo praiſe and magnify God on earth, — that when he cometh, at the laſt day, with ten thouſand of his ſaints in heaven, to judge the world, we may be partakers of their eternal inheritance. Amen.

SERMON XLIV.

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE JUSTIFIED TO MAN.

PSALM LXXIII. 12, 13.

Behold theſe are the ungodly who proſper in the world, they increaſe in riches.

Verily I have cleanſed my heart in vain, and waſhed my hands in innocency.

THIS complaint of the Pſalmiſt's concerning the promiſcuous diſtribution of God's bleſſings to the juſt and unjuſt, — that the ſun ſhould ſhine without diſtinction upon the good and the bad, — and rains deſcend upon the righteous and unrighteous man, — is a ſubject that has afforded much matter for inquiry, and at one time or other has raiſed doubts to diſhearten and perplex the minds of men. If the ſovereign Lord of all the earth does look on, whence ſo much diſorder in the face of things? — why is it permitted, that wiſe and good men ſhould be left often a prey to ſo many miſeries and diſtreſſes of life, — whilſt the guilty and fooliſh triumph in their offences, and even the tabernacles of robbers proſper?

To this it is anſwered, — that therefore there is a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments to take place after this life, wherein all theſe inequalities

ſities ſhall be made even, where the circumſtances of every man's caſe ſhall be conſidered, and where God ſhall be juſtified in all his ways, and every mouth ſhall be ſtopt.

If this was not ſo, — if the ungodly were to proſper in the world, and have riches in poſſeſſion, — and no diſtinction to be made hereafter, — to what purpoſe would it have been to have maintained our integrity? — Lo! then, indeed, ſhould I have cleanſed my heart in vain, and waſhed my hands in innocency.

It is farther ſaid, and what is a more direct anſwer to the point, —— that when God created man, that he might make him capable of receiving happineſs at his hands hereafter, — he endowed him with liberty and freedom of choice, without which he could not have been a creature accountable for his actions; — that it is merely from the bad uſe he makes of theſe gifts, — that all thoſe inſtances of irregularity do reſult, upon which the complaint is here grounded, — which could no ways be prevented, but by the total ſubverſion of human liberty; — that ſhould God make bare his arm, and interpoſe in every injuſtice that is committed, — mankind might be ſaid to do what was right, — but, at the ſame time, to loſe the merit of it, ſince they would act under force and neceſſity, and not from the determinations of their own mind; — that upon this ſuppoſition, — a man could with no more reaſon expect to go to heaven for acts of temperance,

juſtice, and humanity, than for the ordinary impulſes of hunger and thirſt, which nature directed; — that God has dealt with man upon better terms; — he has firſt endowed him with liberty and free-will; —— he has ſet life and death, good and evil, before him; — that he has given him faculties to find out what will be the conſequences of either way of acting, and then left him to take which courſe his reaſon and direction ſhall point out.

I ſhall deſiſt from enlarging any further upon either of the foregoing arguments in vindication of God's providence, which are urged ſo often with ſo much force and conviction, as to leave no room for a reaſonable reply; — ſince the miſeries which befal the good, and the ſeeming happineſs of the wicked, could not be otherwiſe in ſuch a free ſtate and condition as this in which we are placed.

In all charges of this kind we generally take two things for granted; — 1ſt, That in the inſtances we give, we know certainly the good from the bad; — and, 2dly, The reſpective ſtate of their enjoyments or ſufferings.

I ſhall therefore, in the remaining part of my diſcourſe, take up your time with a ſhort inquiry into the difficulties of coming not only at the true characters of men, —— but likewiſe of knowing either the degrees of their real happineſs or miſery in this life.

The firſt of theſe will teach us candour in

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our judgment of others: — the ſecond, to which I ſhall confine myſelf, will teach us humility in our reaſonings upon the ways of God.

For though the miſeries of the good, and the proſperity of the wicked, are not in general to be denied; — yet I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, that the particular inſtances we are apt to produce, when we cry out in the words of the Pſalmiſt, Lo! theſe are the ungodly, — theſe proſper, and are happy in the world: — I ſay, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, that we are ſo ignorant of the articles of the charge, — and the evidence we go upon to make them good is ſo lame and defective, — as to be ſufficient by itſelf to check all propenſity to expoſtulate with God's providence, allowing there was no other way of clearing up the matter reconcileably to his attributes.

And, firſt, — what certain and infallible marks have we of the goodneſs or badneſs of the bulk of mankind?

If we truſt to fame and reports, — if they are good, how do we know but they may proceed from partial friendſhip or flattery? —— when bad, from envy or malice, from ill-natured ſurmiſes and conſtruction of things? — and, on both ſides, from ſmall matters aggrandized through miſtake, — and ſometimes through the unſkilful relation of even truth itſelf? — From ſome, or all of which cauſes, it happens, that the characters of men, like the hiſtories of the Egyptians, are to be received and read with caution; — they are

generally dreſſed out and disfigured with ſo many dreams and fables, that every ordinary reader ſhall not be able to diſtinguiſh truth from falſehood. — But allowing theſe reflections to be too ſevere in this matter, — that no ſuch thing as envy ever leſſened a man's character, or malice blackened it; — yet the characters of men are not eaſily penetrated, as they depend often upon the retired, unſeen parts of a man's life. — The beſt and trueſt piety is moſt ſecret, and the worſt of actions, for different reaſons, will be ſo too. — Some men are modeſt, and ſeem to take pains to hide their virtues; and from a natural diſtance and reſerve in their tempers, ſcarce ſuffer their good qualities to be known: — others, on the contrary, put in practice a thouſand little arts to counterfeit virtues which they have not, — the better to conceal thoſe vices which they really have; — and this under fair ſhows of ſanctity, good-nature, generoſity or ſome virtue or other, — too ſpecious to be ſeen through, — too amiable and diſintereſted to be ſuſpected. — Theſe hints may be ſufficient to ſhew how hard it is to come at the matter of fact: — but one may go a ſtep further, — and ſay, that even that, in many caſes, could we come to the knowledge of it, it is not ſufficient by itſelf to pronounce a man either good or bad. — There are numbers of circumſtances, which attend every action of a man's life, which can never come to the knowledge of the world, — yet ought to be known,

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and well weighed, before ſentence with any juſtice can be paſſed upon him. — A man may have different views, and a different ſenſe of things from what his judges have; and what he underſtands and feels, and what paſſes within him, may be a ſecret treaſured up deeply there for ever. — A man, through bodily infirmity, or ſome complexional defect, which perhaps is not in his power to correct, — may be ſubject to inadvertencies, — to ſtarts and unhappy turns of temper; he may lay open to ſnares he is not always aware of, or, though ignorance and want of information and proper helps, he may labour in the dark; — in all which caſes he may do many things which are wrong in themſelves, and yet be innocent; — at leaſt an object rather to be pitied than cenſured with ſeverity and ill-will. — Theſe are difficulties which ſtand in every one's way in the forming a judgment of the characters of others. — But, for once, let us ſuppoſe them all to be got over, ſo that we could ſee the bottom of every man's heart; — let us allow that the word rogue or honeſt man was wrote ſo legibly in every man's face, that no one could poſſibly miſtake it; — yet ſtill the happineſs of both the one and the other, which is the only fact that can bring the charge home, is what we have ſo little certain knowledge of, — that, bating ſome flagrant inſtances, whenever we venture to pronounce upon it, our deciſions are little more than random gueſſes. — For who can ſearch the heart of man? —— it is treacherous

erous even to ourſelves, and much more likely to impoſe upon others. — Even in laughter (if you will believe Solomon) the heart is ſorrowful: —— "the mind ſits drooping, whilſt the countenance is gay" — and even he, who is the object of envy to thoſe who look no further than the ſurface of his eſtate, — may appear at the ſame time worthy of compaſſion to thoſe who know his private receſſes. Beſides this, a man's unhappineſs is not to be aſcertained ſo much from what is known to have befallen him, —— as from his particular turn and caſt of mind, and capacity of bearing it. —— Poverty, exile, loſs of fame or friends, the death of children, the deareſt of all pledges of a man's happineſs, make not equal impreſſions upon every temper. — You will ſee one man undergo, with ſcarce the expence of a ſigh, — what another, in the bitterneſs of his ſoul would go mourning for all his life long; — nay, a haſty word, or an unkind look, to a ſoft and tender nature, will ſtrike deeper than a ſword to the hardened and ſenſeleſs. — If theſe reflections hold true with regard to misfortunes, — they are the ſame with regard to enjoyments: — we are formed differently, — have different taſtes and perceptions of things; — by the force of habit, education, or a particular caſt of mind, — it happens that neither the uſe or poſſeſſion of the ſame enjoyments and advantages produce the ſame happineſs and contentment; — but that it differs in every man

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almoſt according to his temper and complexion: — ſo that the ſelf-ſame happy accidents in life, which ſhall give raptures to the choleric or ſanguine man, ſhall be received with indifference by the cold and phlegmatic; — and ſo oddly perplexed are the accounts of both human happineſs and miſery in this world, — that trifles, light as air, ſhall be able to make the hearts of ſome men ſing for joy; — at the ſame time that others, with real bleſſings and advantages, without the power of uſing them, have their hearts heavy and diſcontented.

Alas! if the principles of contentment are not within us, the height of ſtation and worldly grandeur will as ſoon add a cubit to a man's ſtature as to his happineſs.

This will ſuggeſt to us how little a way we have gone towards the proof of any man's happineſs, — in barely ſaying, — Lo! this man proſpers in the world, — and this man has riches in poſſeſſion.

When a man has got much above us, we take it for granted, — that he ſees ſome glorious proſpects, and feels ſome mighty pleaſures from his height; — whereas could we get up to him, it is great odds whether we ſhould find any thing to make us tolerable amends for the pains and trouble of climbing up ſo high. — Nothing, perhaps, but more dangers and more troubles ſtill: — and ſuch a giddineſs of head beſides, as to make a wiſe man wiſh he was well down again upon

upon the level. — To calculate, therefore, the happineſs of mankind by their ſtations and honours, is the moſt deceitful of all rules; — great, no doubt, is the happineſs which a moderate fortune and moderate deſires, with a conſciouſneſs of virtue, will ſecure a man. — Many are the ſilent pleaſures of the honeſt peaſant, who riſes cheerfully to his labour: — look into his dwelling, — where the ſcene of every man's happineſs chiefly lies; — he has the ſame domeſtic endearments, — as much joy and comfort in his children, — and as flattering hopes of their doing well, — to enliven his hours and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the moſt affluent ſtation. — And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and ſufferings were to be balanced with thoſe of his betters, — that the upſhot would prove to be little more than this, — that the rich man had the more meat, — but the poor man the better ſtomach; — the one had more luxury, — more able phyſicians to attend and ſet him to rights; — the other, more health and ſoundneſs in his bones, and leſs occaſion for their help; that, after theſe two articles betwixt them were balanced, — in all other things they ſtood upon a level: — that the ſun ſhines as warm, — the air blows as freſh, and the earth breathes as fragrant, upon the one as the other; — and that they have an equal ſhare in all the beauties and real benefits of nature. — Theſe hints may be ſufficient to ſhew what I propoſed from

them, — the difficulties which attend us in judging truly either of the happineſs or the miſery of the bulk of mankind, — the evidence being ſtill more defective in this caſe (as the matter of fact is hard to come at) — than even in that of judging of their true characters; of both which, in general, we have ſuch imperfect knowledge, as will teach us candour in our determinations upon each other.

But the main purport of this diſcourſe, is, to teach us humility in our reaſonings upon the ways of the Almighty.

That things are dealt unequally in this world, is one of the ſtrongeſt natural arguments for a future ſtate, — and therefore is not to be overthrown: nevertheleſs, — I am perſuaded the charge is far from being as great as at firſt ſight it may appear; — or if it is, — that our views of things are ſo narrow and confined, that it is not in our power to make it good.

But ſuppoſe it otherwiſe, — that the happineſs and proſperity of bad men were as great as our general complaints make them, — and, what is not the caſe, — that we were not able to clear up the matter, or anſwer it reconcileably with God's juſtice and providence, — what ſhall we infer? — Why, the moſt becoming concluſion is, — that it is one inſtance more, out of many others, of our ignorance: — why ſhould this, or any other religious difficulty he cannot comprehend, — why ſhould it alarm him more than ten thouſand

ſand other difficulties which every day elude his moſt exact and attentive ſearch? — Does not the the meaneſt flower in the field, or the ſmalleſt blade of graſs, baffle the underſtanding of the moſt penetrating mind? — Can the deepeſt inquiries after nature tell us, upon what particular ſize and motion of parts the various colours and taſtes of vegetables depend; — why one ſhrub is laxative, — another aſtringent; — why arſenic or hellebore ſhould lay waſte this noble frame of ours, — or opium lock up all the inroads to our ſenſes, and plunder us, in ſo mercileſs a manner, of reaſon and underſtanding? — Nay, have not the moſt obvious things that come in our way, dark ſides, which the quickeſt ſight cannot penetrate into; and do not the cleareſt and moſt exalted underſtandings find themſelves puzzled, and at a loſs in every particle of matter?

Go then, — proud man! — and when thy head turns giddy with opinions of thy own wiſdom, that thou wouldſt correct the meaſures of the Almighty, — go then, — take a full view of thyſelf in this glaſs: — conſider thy own faculties, how narrow and imperfect; — how much they are chequered with truth and falſehood; — how little arrives at thy knowledge, and how darkly and confuſedly thou diſcerneſt even that little as in a glaſs: — conſider the beginnings and endings of things, the greateſt and the ſmalleſt, how they all conſpire to baffle thee;

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— and which way ever thou proſecuteſt thy inquiries, — what freſh ſubjects of amazement, — and what freſh reaſons to believe there are more yet behind which thou canſt never comprehend. — Conſider, — theſe are but part of his ways: — how little a portion is heard of him! — Canſt thou, by ſearching, find out God? — wouldſt thou know the Almighty to perfection? — 'Tis as high as heaven, what canſt thou do? — 'tis deeper than hell, how canſt thou know it?

Could we but ſee the myſterious workings of Providence, and were we able to comprehend the whole plan of his infinite wiſdom and goodneſs, which poſſibly may be the caſe in the final conſummation of all things: — thoſe events, which we are now ſo perplexed to account for, would probably exalt and magnify his wiſdom, and make us cry out with the Apoſtle, in that rapturous exclamation, — O! the depth of the riches both of the goodneſs and wiſdom of God! — how unſearchable are his ways, and his paths paſt finding out!

Now to God, &c.

SERMON XLV.

THE INGRATITUDE OF ISRAEL.

2 KINGS, XVII. 7.

For so it was, — that the children of Israel had sinned against the Lord their God, who had brought them up out of the land of Egypt. —

THE words of the text account for the cause of a sad calamity, which is related, in the foregoing verses, to have befallen a great number of Israelites, who were surprised in the capital city of Samaria, by Hosea king of Assyria, and cruelly carried away by him out of their own country, and placed on the desolate frontiers of Halah, and in Haber, by the river Gozan, and in the city of the Medes, and there confined to end their days in sorrow and captivity. — Upon which the sacred historian, instead of accounting for so sad an event merely from political springs and causes; such for instance, as the superior strength and policy of the enemy, or an unseasonable provocation given, — or that proper measures of defence were neglected; — he traces it up, in one word, to its true cause: — For so it was, says he, that the children of Israel had sinned against the Lord their God, who had brought them up out of the land of Egypt. — It was surely a sufficient foundation to dread

some

ſome evil, — that they had ſinned againſt that that Being who had an unqueſtionable right to their obedience. — But what an aggravation was it — that they had not only ſinned ſimply againſt the truth, but againſt the God of mercies, who had brought them forth out of the land of Egypt; — who not only created, upheld, and favoured them with ſo many advantages in common with the reſt of their fellow-creatures, but who had been particularly kind to them in their misfortunes; — who, when they were in the houſe of bondage, in the moſt hopeleſs condition, without a proſpect of any natural means of redreſs, had compaſſionately heard their cry, and took pity upon the afflictions of a diſtreſſed people, — and by a chain of miracles, delivered them from ſervitude and oppreſſion: — miracles of ſo ſtupendous a nature, that I take delight to offer them, as often as I have an opportunity, to your devouteſt contemplations. — This, you would think as high and as complicated an aggravation of their ſins as could be urged. — This was not all; — for beſides God's goodneſs in firſt favouring their miraculous eſcape, a ſeries of ſucceſſes not to be accounted for from ſecond cauſes and the natural courſe of events, had crowned their heads in ſo remarkable a manner, as to afford an evident proof, not only of his general concern for their welfare, but of his particular providence and attachment to them above all people upon earth. In the wilderneſs he led

them like ſheep, and kept them as the apple of his eye: — he ſuffered no man to do them wrong, but reproved even kings for their ſake. — When they entered into the promiſed land, — no force was able to ſtand before them; — when in poſſeſſion of it, — no army was able to drive them out; — and, in a word, nature, for a time, was driven backwards to ſerve them, and even the Sun itſelf had ſtood ſtill in the midſt of heaven to ſecure their victories.

A people with ſo many teſtimonies of God's favour, who had not profited thereby, ſo as to become a virtuous people, muſt have been utterly corrupt; — and ſo they were. — And it is likely from the many ſpecimens they had given, in Moſes's time, of a diſpoſition to forget God's benefits, and upon every trial to rebel againſt him, — he foreſaw they would certainly prove a thankleſs and unthinking people, extremely inclined to go aſtray and do evil; — and therefore, if any thing was likely to bring them back to themſelves, and to conſider the evils of their miſdoings, — it muſt be the dread of ſome temporal calamity, which, he prophetically threatened, would one day or other befal them: — hoping, no doubt, — that if no principle of gratitude could make them an obedient people, — at leaſt they might be wrought upon by the terror of being reduced back again by the ſame all powerful hand to their firſt diſtreſſed condition: — which, in the end, did actually overtake them. — For at length, when neither

neither the alternatives of promiſes or threatenings, — when neither rewards or corrections, — comforts or afflictions, could ſoften them: — when continual inſtructions, — warnings, — invitations; — reproofs, — miracles, — prophets and holy guides, had no effect, but, inſtead of making them grow better, apparently made them grow worſe, — God's patience at length withdrew, — and he ſuffered them to reap the wages of their folly, by letting them fall into the ſtate of bondage from whence he had firſt raiſed them; — and that not only in that partial inſtance of thoſe in Samaria, who were taken by Hoſea, — but, I mean, in that more general inſtance of their overthrow by the army of the Chaldeans; — wherein he ſuffered the whole nation to be led away, and carried captive into Nineveh and Babylon. — We may be aſſured that the hiſtory of God Almighty's juſt dealings with this froward and thoughtleſs people — was not wrote for nothing; — but that it was given as a loud call and warning of obedience and gratitude, for all races of men to whom the light of revelation ſhould hereafter reach; — and therefore I have made choice of this ſubject, as it ſeems likely to furniſh ſome reflections ſeaſonable for the beginning of this week, — which ſhould be devoted to ſuch meditations as may prepare and fit us for the ſolemn faſt which we are ſhortly to obſerve, and whoſe pious intention will not be anſwered by a bare aſſembling ourſelves together, without making ſome religious and national remarks ſuitable to the occaſion. — Doubt-

leſs, there is no nation which ever had ſo many extraordinary reaſons and ſupernatural motives to become thankful and virtuous as the Jews had: — which, beſides the daily bleſſings of God's providence to them, has not received ſufficient bleſſings and mercies at the hand of God, ſo as to engage their beſt ſervices, and the warmeſt returns of gratitude they can pay.

There has been a time, may be, when they have been delivered from ſome grievous calamity, — from the rage of peſtilence or famine, — from the edge and fury of the ſword, — from the fate and fall of kingdoms round them: — they may have been preſerved by providential diſcoveries of plots and deſigns againſt the well-being of their ſtates, or by critical turns and revolutions in their favour, when beginning to ſink. — By ſome ſignal interpoſition of God's providence, they may have reſcued their liberties, and all that was dear to them, from the jaws of ſome tyrant; — or may have preſerved their religion pure and uncorrupted, when all other comforts failed them. — If other countries have reaſon to be thankful to God for any one of theſe mercies, — much more has this of ours, — which, at one time or other, has received them all; — inſomuch that our hiſtory, for this laſt hundred years, has ſcarce been any thing but the hiſtory of our deliverances and God's bleſſings; — and theſe in ſo complicated a chain, ſuch as were ſcarce ever vouchſafed to any people beſides, except the Jews; — and with regard to them, though inferior in the ſtupendous

ſtupendous manner of their working, — yet no way ſo — in the extenſive goodneſs of their effects, and the infinite benevolence and power which muſt have wrought them for us.

Here then let us ſtop to look back a moment, and inquire what great effects all this has had upon our ſins, and how far worthy we have lived of what we have received,

A ſtranger, when he heard that this iſland had been ſo favoured by heaven, — ſo happy in our laws and religion, — ſo flouriſhing in our trade, — and ſo bleſſed in our ſituation, — and ſo viſibly protected in all of them by providence, — would conclude, that our morals had kept pace with theſe bleſſings, and would expect that, as we were the moſt favoured by God Almighty, we muſt be the moſt virtuous and religious people upon earth.

Would to God, there was any other reaſon to incline one to ſuch a belief! — would to God, that the appearance of religion was more frequent! for that would neceſſarily imply the reality of it ſomewhere, and moſt probably in the greateſt and moſt reſpectable characters of the nation. — Such was the ſituation of this country, till a licentious king introduced a licentious age. — The court of Charles the Second firſt brake in upon, and, I fear, has almoſt demoliſhed the out-works of religion, of modeſty, and of ſober manners, — ſo that, inſtead of any real marks of religion amongſt us, you ſee thouſands who are tired with

carrying the maſk of it, — and have thrown it aſide as a uſeleſs incumbrance.

But this licentiouſneſs, he'll ſay, may be chiefly owing to a long courſe of proſperity, which is apt to corrupt men's minds. — God has ſince tried you with afflictions; — you have had lately a bloody and expenſive war; — God has ſent, moreover, a peſtilence amongſt your cattle, which has cut off the flock from the fold, and left no herd in the ſtalls; — beſides, — you have juſt felt two dreadful ſhocks in your metropolis of a moſt terrifying nature —— which, if God's providence had not checked and reſtrained within ſome bounds, might have overthrown your capital, and your kingdom with it.

Surely, he'll ſay, — all theſe warnings muſt have awakened the conſciences of the moſt unthinking part of you, and forced the inhabitants of your land, from ſuch admonitions, to have learned righteouſneſs. — I own, this is the natural effect, and, one ſhould hope, ſhould always be the improvement from ſuch calamities; — for we often find, that numbers of people, who in their proſperity ſeemed to forget God — do yet remember him in the days of trouble and diſtreſs; — yet, conſider this nationally, we ſee no ſuch effect from it, as in fact one would expect from ſpeculation.

For inſtance, with all the devaſtation and bloodſhed which the war has occaſioned, — how many converts has it made either to virtue or frugality?

lity? — The peſtilence amongſt our cattle, though it has diſtreſſed, and utterly undone, ſo many thouſands; yet what one viſible alteration has it made in the courſe of our lives?

And though one would imagine that the neceſſary drains of taxes for the one, and the loſs of rent and property for the other, — ſhould, in ſome meaſure, have withdrawn the means of gratifying our paſſions as we have done; — yet what appearance is there amongſt us that it is ſo; — what one faſhionable folly or extravagance has been checked? — Are not the ſame expences of equipage, and furniture, and dreſs, — the ſame order of diverſions, perpetually returning, and as great luxury and epicuriſm of entertainments, as in the moſt proſperous condition? — So that, though the head is ſick, and the whole heart is faint, we all affect to look well in the face, either as if nothing had happened, or we were aſhamed to acknowledge the force and natural effects of the chaſtiſements of God. — And if, from the effects which war and peſtilence have had, — we may form a judgment of the moral effects which this laſt terror is likely to produce, it is to be feared, however we might be ſtartled at firſt, — that the impreſſions will ſcarce laſt longer than the inſtantaneous ſhock which occaſioned them: — And I make no doubt, — ſhould a man have courage to declare his opinion, — "That he believed it was an indication of God's anger upon a corrupt generation," — that it

would be great odds but he would be pitied for his weakneſs, or openly laughed at for his ſuperſtition. — Or if, after ſuch a declaration, — he was thought worth ſetting right in his miſtakes, — he would be informed, — that religion had nothing to do in explications of this kind: — that all ſuch violent vibrations of the earth were owing to ſubterraneous caverns falling down of themſelves, or being blown up by nitrous, and ſulphureous vapours rarified by heat; — and that it was idle to bring in the Deity to untie the knot, when it can be reſolved eaſily into natural cauſes. — Vain unthinking mortals! — As if natural cauſes were any thing elſe in the hands of God, — but inſtruments which he can turn to work the purpoſes of his will, either to reward or puniſh, as ſeems fitting to his infinite wiſdom.

Thus no man repenteth him of his wickedneſs, ſaying, — What have I done? — but every one turneth to his courſe, as a horſe ruſheth into the battle. — To conclude, however we may underrate it now, it is a maxim of eternal truth, — which both reaſonings and all accounts from hiſtory confirm, — that the wickedneſs and corruption of a people will ſooner or later always bring on temporal miſchiefs and calamities. — And can it be otherwiſe? — for a vicious nation not only carries the ſeeds of deſtruction within, from the natural workings and courſe of things, — but it lays itſelf open to the whole force and injury of accidents from without; — and I do venture

to

to ſay, — there never was a nation or people fallen into troubles or decay, — but one might juſtly leave the ſame remark upon them which the ſacred hiſtorian makes in the text upon the misfortunes of the Iſraelites, — for ſo it was, — that they had ſinned againſt the Lord their God.

Let us, therefore, conſtantly bear in mind that concluſion of the ſacred writer, which I ſhall give you in his own beautiful and awful language:

" But the Lord, who brought you up out of the land of Egypt, with great power and a ſtretch'd-out arm, him ſhall ye fear, and him ſhall ye worſhip, — and to him ſhall ye do ſacrifice: — And the ſtatutes, and the ordinances, and the commandments he wrote for you, ye ſhall obſerve to do for evermore. — the Lord your God ye ſhall fear, — and he ſhall deliver you out of the hand of all your enemies."

Now to God the Father, &c.

LETTERS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE,

TO HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS.

R. W. Satchwell Del. J. W. Pinell Sculp.

But I sat over it with tears, &c.

vide Letter 2.

LETTERS

BY

LAURENCE STERNE, A. M.

TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

WHEN I was asked to whom I should dedicate these Volumes, I carelessly answered, to no one — Why not? (replied the person who put the question to me.) Because most Dedications look like begging a protection to the book. Perhaps a worse interpretation may be given to it. No, no! already so much obliged, I cannot, will not, put another tax upon the generosity of any friend of Mr. Sterne's, or mine. I went home to my lodgings, and gratitude warmed my heart to such a pitch, that I vowed they should be dedicated to the man my father so much admired — who, with an unprejudiced eye, read, and approved his works, and moreover loved the man — 'Tis to Mr. Garrick, then, that I dedicate these Genuine Letters.

Can I forget the sweet * Epitaph which proved Mr. Garrick's friendship, and opinion of him? 'Twas

* Shall Pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd, titled fool to praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where Genius, Wit, and Humour, sleep with *Sterne?*

D. G.

'Twas a tribute to friendſhip — and as a tribute of my gratitude I dedicate theſe Volumes to a man of underſtanding and feeling — Receive this, as it is meant — May you dear Sir, approve of theſe Letters, as much as Mr. Sterne admired you — but Mr. Garrick, with all his urbanity, can never carry the point half ſo far, for Mr. Sterne was an enthuſiaſt, if it is poſſible to be one, in favour of Mr. Garrick.

This may appear a very ſimple Dedication, but Mr. Garrick will judge by his own ſenſibility, that I can feel more than I can expreſs, and I believe he will give me credit for all my grateful acknowledgments.

I am, with every ſentiment of gratitude and eſteem,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged
humble Servant,

LYDIA STERNE DE MEDALLE.

London,
June, 1775.

PREFACE.

IN publiſhing theſe Letters, the Editor does but comply with her mother's requeſt, which was, that if any Letters were publiſhed under Mr. Sterne's name, thoſe ſhe had in her poſſeſſion (as well as thoſe that her father's friends would be kind enough to ſend her) ſhould be likewiſe publiſh'd — She depends much on the candour of the Public for the favourable reception of them, — their being genuine*, ſhe thinks and hopes, will render them not unacceptable — She has already experienced much benevolence and generoſity from her late father's friends — the remembrance of which will ever warm her heart with gratitude!

* Beſides the Letters printed by Mrs. Medalle, thoſe written by Mr. Sterne to Eliza, and a few others, are added to the preſent Edition.

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LETTER I*.

TO MISS L ——.

YES! I will ſteal from the world, and not a babbling tongue ſhall tell where I am — Echo ſhall not ſo much as whiſper my hiding place — ſuffer thy imagination to paint it as a little ſun-gilt cottage, on the ſide of a romantic hill — doſt thou think I will leave love and friendſhip behind me? No! they ſhall be my companions in ſolitude, for they will ſit down and riſe up with me in the amiable form of my L——. We will be as merry and as innocent as our firſt parents in Paradiſe, before the arch fiend entered that undeſcribable ſcene.

The kindeſt affections will have room to ſhoot and expand in our retirement, and produce ſuch fruit as madneſs, and envy, and ambition, have always killed in the bud. — Let the human tempeſt and hurricane rage at a diſtance, the deſolation is beyond the horizon of peace. — My L. has ſeen a polyanthus blow in December — ſome friendly wall has ſheltered it from the biting wind. — No planetary influence ſhall reach us, but that

* This, and the three ſubſequent letters, were written by Mr. Sterne to his wife, while ſhe reſided in Staffordſhire, before their marriage.

which preſides and cheriſhes the ſweeteſt flowers. God preſerve us! how delightful this proſpect in idea! We will build and we will plant in our own way — ſimplicity ſhall not be tortured by art — we will learn of nature how to live — ſhe ſhall be our alchymiſt to mingle all the good of life into one ſalubrious draught. — The gloomy family of care and diſtruſt ſhall be baniſhed from our dwelling, guarded by thy kind and tutelar deity — we will ſing our choral ſongs of gratitude, and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage.

Adieu, my L. Return to one who languiſhes for thy ſociety,

L. STERNE.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

You bid me tell you, my dear L. how I bore your departure for S ——, and whether the valley where D'Eſtella ſtands, retains ſtill its looks — or, if I think the roſes or jeſſamines ſmell as ſweet, as when you left it. — Alas! every thing has now loſt its reliſh and look! The hour you left D'Eſtella, I took to my bed. — I was worn out with fevers of all kinds, but moſt by that fever of the heart with which thou knoweſt well I have been waſting theſe two years — and ſhall continue waſting till you quit S ——. The good

Miſs

Miſs S ——, from the forebodings of the beſt of hearts, thinking I was ill, inſiſted upon my going to her. — What can be the cauſe, my dear L., that I never have been able to ſee the face of this mutual friend, but I feel myſelf rent to pieces? She made me ſtay an hour with her, and in that ſhort ſpace, I burſt into tears a dozen different times — and in ſuch affectionate guſts of paſſion, that ſhe was conſtrained to leave the room, — and ſympathize in her dreſſing-room. — I have been weeping for you both, ſaid ſhe, in a tone of the ſweeteſt pity — for poor L.'s heart, I have long known it — her anguiſh is as ſharp as yours — her heart as tender — her conſtancy as great — her virtues as heroic — Heaven brought you not together to be tormented. I could only anſwer her with a kind look, and a heavy ſigh — and returned home to your lodgings (which I have hired till your return) to reſign myſelf to miſery — Fanny had prepared me a ſupper — ſhe is all attention to me — but I ſat over it with tears; a bitter ſauce, my L., but I could eat it with no other — for the moment ſhe began to ſpread my little table, my heart fainted within me. — One ſolitary plate, one knife, one fork, one glaſs! — I gave a thouſand penſive penetrating looks at the chair thou hadſt ſo often graced, in thoſe quiet and ſentimental repaſts — then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief, and clapped it acroſs my face, and wept like a child. — I do ſo this very moment, my L.; for,

as

as I take up my pen, my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the paper, as I trace the word L ——. O thou! blessed in thyself, and in thy virtues — blessed to all that know thee — to me most so, because more do I know of thee than all thy sex. — This is the philtre my L., by which thou hast charmed me, and by which thou wilt hold me, thine, whilst virtue and faith hold this world together. — This, my friend, is the plain and simple magic, by which I told Miss —— I have won a place in that heart of thine, on which I depend so satisfied, that time or distance, or change of every thing which might alarm the hearts of little men, create no uneasy suspence in mine. — Wast thou to stay in S —— these seven years, thy friend, though he would grieve, scorns to doubt, or to be doubted — 'tis the only exception where security is not the parent of danger. — I told you poor Fanny was all attention to me since your departure — contrives every day bringing in the name of L. She told me last night (upon giving me some hartshorn), she had observed my illness began the very day of your departure for S ——; that I had never held up my head, had seldom, or scarce ever smiled, had fled from all society — that she verily believed I was broken-hearted, for she had never entered the room, or passed by the door, but she heard me sigh heavily — that I neither eat, or slept, or took pleasure in any thing as before; — judge then my L., can the valley look

look ſo well — or the roſes and jeſſamines ſmell ſo ſweet as heretofore? Ah me! — but adieu — the veſper bell calls me from thee to my God!

L. STERNE.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

BEFORE now my L. has lodged an indictment againſt me in the high court of Friendſhip — I plead guilty to the charge, and entirely ſubmit to the mercy of that amiable tribunal. — Let this mitigate my puniſhment, if it will not expiate my tranſgreſſion — do not ſay that I ſhall offend again in the ſame manner, though a too eaſy pardon ſometimes occaſions a repetition of the ſame fault. — A Miſer ſays, though I do no good with my money to-day, to-morrow ſhall be marked with ſome deed of beneficence. — The Libertine ſays, let me enjoy this week in forbidden and luxurious pleaſures, and the next I will dedicate to ſerious thought and reflection. — The Gameſter ſays, let me have one more chance with the dice, and I will never touch them more. — The Knave of every profeſſion wiſhes to obtain but independency, and he will become an honeſt man. — The female coquette triumphs in tormenting her inamorato, for fear, after marriage, he ſhould not pity her.

The

The apparition of the fifth inſtant (for letters may almoſt be called ſo) proved more welcome, as I did not expect it. Oh! my L. thou art kind indeed to make an apology for me, and thou never wilt aſſuredly repent of one act of kindneſs — for being thy debtor, I will pay thee with intereſt. — Why does my L. complain of the deſertion of friends? — Where does the human being live that will not join in this complaint? — It is a common obſervation, and perhaps too true, that married people ſeldom extend their regards beyond their own fire-ſide. — There is ſuch a thing as parſimony in eſteem, as well as money — yet as one coſts nothing, it might be beſtowed with more liberality. — We cannot gather grapes from thorns, ſo we muſt not expect kind attachments from perſons who are wholly folded up in ſelfiſh ſchemes. I do not know whether I moſt deſpiſe, or pity ſuch characters — nature never made an unkind creature — ill uſage, and bad habits, have deformed a fair and lovely creation.

My L.! — thou art ſurrounded by all the melancholy gloom of winter; wert thou alone, the retirement would be agreeable. —— Diſappointed ambition might envy ſuch a retreat, and diſappointed love would ſeek it out. — Crowded towns, and buſy ſocieties, may delight the unthinking and the gay — but ſolitude is the beſt nurſe of wiſdom. — Methinks I ſee my contemplative girl now in the garden, watching the gradual approaches of ſpring. — Doſt not thou mark

with

with delight the firſt vernal buds? the ſnow-drop, and primroſe, theſe early and welcome viſitors, ſpring beneath thy feet. — Flora and Pomona already conſider thee as their handmaid; and in a little time will load thee with their ſweeteſt bleſſing. — The feathered race are all thy own, and with them, untaught harmony will ſoon begin to cheer thy morning and evening walks. — Sweet as this may be, return — return — the birds of Yorkſhire will tune their pipes, and ſing as melodiouſly as thoſe of Staffordſhire.

Adieu, my beloved L. thine too much for my *peace*.

L. STERNE.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE offended her whom I ſo tenderly love! — what could tempt me to it! but if a beggar was to knock at thy gate, wouldſt thou not open the door and be melted with compaſſion? — I know thou wouldſt, for Pity has erected a temple in thy boſom. — Sweeteſt, and beſt of all human paſſions! let thy web of tenderneſs cover the penſive form of affliction, and ſoften the darkeſt ſhades of miſery! — I have re-conſidered this apology, and, alas! what will it accompliſh? Arguments, however finely ſpun, can

never change the nature of things — very true — ſo a truce with them.

I have loſt a very valuable friend by a ſad accident, and what is worſe, he has left a widow and five young children to lament this ſudden ſtroke. — If real uſefulneſs and integrity of heart could have ſecured him from this, his friends would not now be mourning his untimely fate — Theſe dark and ſeemingly cruel diſpenſations of Providence, often make the beſt of human hearts complain. — Who can paint the diſtreſs of an affectionate mother, made a widow in a moment, weeping in bitterneſs over a numerous, helpleſs, and fatherleſs offspring! — God! theſe are thy chaſtiſements, and require (hard taſk!) a pious acquieſcence.

Forgive me this digreſſion, and allow me to drop a tear over a departed friend; and, what is more excellent, an honeſt man. My L.! thou wilt feel all that kindneſs can inſpire in the death of ——. The event was ſudden, and thy gentle ſpirit would be more alarmed on that account. — But, my L., thou haſt leſs to lament, as old age was creeping on, and her period of doing good, and being uſeful, was nearly over. — At ſixty years of age the tenement gets faſt out of repair, and the lodger with anxiety thinks of a diſcharge. — In ſuch a ſituation the poet might well ſay,

"The ſoul uneaſy, &c."

My L. talks of leaving the country — may a kind angel guide thy ſteps hither! — Solitude at length grows tireſome. — Thou ſayeſt thou wilt

quit the place with regret — I think ſo too. — Does not ſomething uneaſy mingle with the very reflection of leaving it? — It is like parting with an old friend, whoſe temper and company one has long been acquainted with. — I think I ſee you looking twenty times a day at the houſe — almoſt counting every brick and pane of glaſs, and telling them at the ſame time with a ſigh, you are going to leave them. — Oh happy modification of matter! they will remain inſenſible of thy loſs. — But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden? — The recollection of ſo many pleaſing walks muſt have endeared it to you. The trees, the ſhrubs, the flowers, which thou reared with thy own hands — will they not droop and fade away ſooner upon thy departure? — Who will be thy ſucceſſor to nurſe them in thy abſence? — Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle-tree. — If trees, and ſhrubs, and flowers, could compoſe an elegy, I ſhould expect a very plaintive one upon this ſubject.

Adieu, adieu! Believe me ever, ever thine,

L. STERNE.

LETTER V.

TO MRS. F ——.

DEAR MADAM, York, Tueſday, Nov. 19, 1759.

YOUR kind inquiries after my health, deſerve my beſt thanks. — What can give one more pleaſure than the good wiſhes of thoſe we value? — I am ſorry you give ſo bad an account of your own health, but hope you will find benefit from tar-water — it has been of infinite ſervice to me. — I ſuppoſe, my good lady, by what you ſay in your letter, "that I am buſy writing "an extraordinary book," that your intelligence comes from York — the fountain-head of all chit-chat news — and — no matter. — Now for your deſire of knowing the reaſon of my turning author? why truly I am tired of employing my brains for other people's advantage. — 'Tis a fooliſh ſacrifice I have made for ſome years to an ungrateful perſon. — I depend much upon the candour of the publick, but I ſhall not pick out a jury to try the merit of my book amongſt ********, and — till you read my Triſtram, do not, like ſome people condemn it. — Laugh I am ſure you will at ſome paſſages. — I have hired a ſmall houſe in the Minſter Yard for my wife and daughter — the latter is to begin dancing, &c. if I cannot leave her a fortune, I will at leaſt give her an education.

—— As

—— As I ſhall publiſh my works very ſoon, I ſhall be in town by March, and ſhall have the pleaſure of meeting with you. —— All your friends are well, and ever hold you in the ſame eſtimation that your ſincere friend does.

Adieu, dear lady, believe me, with every wiſh for your happineſs, your moſt faithful, &c.

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER VI.

TO DR. ******.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 30. 1760.

— *De mortuis nil niſi bonum*, is a maxim which you have ſo often of late urged in converſation, and in your letters (but in your laſt eſpecially), with ſuch ſerioufneſs, and ſeverity againſt me, as the ſuppoſed tranſgreſſor of the rule; — that you have made me at length as ſerious and ſevere as yourſelf: — but that the humours you have ſtirred up might not work too potently within me, I have waited four days to cool myſelf, before I would ſet pen to paper to anſwer you, "*de mortuis nil niſi bonum.*" I declare I have conſidered the wiſdom and foundation of it over and over again, as diſpaſſionately and charitably as a good Chriſtian can, and, after all, I can find nothing in it, or make more of it than a nonſenſical lullaby of ſome nurſe, put into Latin by ſome pedant, to be chanted by

ſome hypocrite to the end of the world, for the conſolation of departing lechers. — 'Tis, I own, Latin; and I think that is all the weight it has — for, in plain Engliſh, 'tis a looſe and futile poſition below a diſpute — "*you are not to ſpeak any thing of the dead but what is good.*" Why ſo? — Who ſays ſo? — neither reaſon nor ſcripture. — Inſpired authors have done otherwiſe — and reaſon and common ſenſe tell me, that if the characters of paſt ages and men are to be drawn at all, they are to be drawn like themſelves; that is, with their excellencies, and with their foibles — and it is as much a piece of juſtice to the world, and to virtue too, to do the one, as the other. — The ruling paſſion, *et les egaremens du cœur*, are the very things which mark and diſtinguiſh a man's character; — in which I would as ſoon leave out a man's head as his hobby-horſe. — However, if like the poor devil of a painter, we muſt conform to this pious canon, *de mortuis*, *&c.* which I own has a ſpice of piety in the *ſound* of it, and be obliged to paint both our angels and our devils out of the ſame pot — I then infer that our Sydenhams, and Sangrados, our Lucretias, and Meſſalinas, our Sommers, and our Bolingbrokes — are alike entitled to ſtatues, and all the hiſtorians or ſatiriſts who have ſaid otherwiſe ſince they departed this life, from Salluſt to S —— e, are guilty of the crimes you charge me with, "cowardice and injuſtice."

But

But why cowardice? "becauſe 'tis not courage to attack a dead man who can't defend himſelf." — But why do you doctors of the faculty attack ſuch a one with your inciſion knife? Oh! for the good of the living. — 'Tis my plea. — But I have ſomething more to ſay in my behalf — and it is this — I am not guilty of the charge — tho' defenſible. I have not cut up Doctor Kunaſtrokius at all. — I have juſt ſcratch'd him — and that ſcarce ſkin deep. — I do him firſt all honour — ſpeak of Kunaſtrokius as a great man — (be he whom he will) and then moſt diſtantly hint at a droll foible in his character — and that not firſt reported (to the few who can even underſtand the hint) by me — but known before by every chamber-maid and footman within the bills of mortality — but Kunaſtrokius, you ſay, was a great man — 'tis that very circumſtance which makes the pleaſantry — for I could name at this inſtant a ſcore of honeſt gentlemen who might have done the very thing which Kunaſtrokius did, and ſeen no joke in it at all — as to the failing of Kunaſtrokius, which you ſay can only be imputed to his friends as a misfortune — I ſee nothing like a misfortune in it to any friend or relation of Kunaſtrokius, that Kunaſtrokius upon occaſion ſhould ſit with *** **** and ******* — I have put theſe ſtars not *to hurt your worſhip's delicacy.* — If Kunaſtrokius after all is too ſacred a character to be even ſmiled at (which is all I have done), he has had better luck than his

his betters: In the ſame page (without imputation of cowardice) I have ſaid as much of a man of twice his wiſdom — and that is Solomon, of whom I have made the ſame remark, "That they were both great men — and like all mortal men had each their ruling paſſion."

— The conſolation you give me, "That my book, however, will be read enough to anſwer my deſign of raiſing a tax upon the public" — is very unconſolatory — to ſay nothing how very mortifying! by h——n! an author is worſe treated than a common ***** at this rate — "*You will get a penny by your ſins, and that's enough.*" — Upon this chapter let me comment. — That I propoſed laying the world under contribution when I ſet pen to paper, — is what I own, and I ſuppoſe I may be allow'd to have that view in my head in common with every other writer, to make my labour of advantage to myſelf.

Do you not do the ſame? but I beg I may add, that whatever views I had of that kind, I had other views — the firſt of which was, the hopes of doing the world good, by ridiculing what I thought deſerving of it — or of diſſervice to ſound learning, &c. — how I have ſucceeded, my book muſt ſhew — and this I leave entirely to the world — but not to that little world *of your acquaintance*, whoſe opinion and ſentiments you call the general opinion of the beſt judges *without exception*, who all affirm (you ſay) that

my book cannot be put into the hands of any woman of *character*. (I hope you except widows, doctor — for they are not *all* ſo ſqueamiſh, but I am told they are all really of my party, in return for ſome good offices done their intereſts in the 274th page of my firſt volume.) But for the chaſte married, and chaſte unmarried part of the ſex — they muſt not read my book! Heaven forbid the ſtock of chaſtity ſhould be leſſend by the Life and Opinions of Triſtram Shandy — yes, his Opinions — it would certainly debauch 'em! God take them under his protection in this fiery trial, and ſend us plenty of Duennas to watch the workings of their humours, till they have ſafely got through the whole work. — If this will not be ſufficient, may we have plenty of Sangrados to pour in plenty of cold water, till this terrible fermentation is over — as for the *nummum in loculo*, which you mention to me a ſecond time, I fear you think me very poor, or in debt — I thank God, though I don't abound — that I have enough for a clean ſhirt every day — and a mutton chop — and my contentment, with this, has thus far (and I hope ever will) put me above ſtooping an inch for it, even for ——'s eſtate. — Curſe on it, I like it not to that degree, nor envy (*you may be ſure*) any man who kneels in the dirt for it — ſo that howſoever I may fall ſhort of the ends propoſed in commencing author — I enter this *proteſt*, firſt, that my end was *honeſt*; and, ſecondly, that I wrote not to be *fed*,

but to be *famous*. I am much obliged to Mr. Garrick for his very favourable opinion — but why, dear Sir, had he done better in finding fault with it than in commending it? to humble me! an author is not ſo ſoon humbled as you imagine — no, but to make the book better by caſtrations — that is ſtill *ſub judice*, and I can aſſure you upon this chapter, that the very paſſages and deſcriptions you propoſe that I ſhould ſacrifice in my ſecond edition, are what are beſt reliſhed by men of wit, and ſome others whom I eſteem as ſound critics — ſo that, upon the whole, I am ſtill kept up, if not above fear, at leaſt above deſpair, and have ſeen enough to ſhew me the folly of an attempt of caſtrating my book to the prudiſh humours of particulars. I believe the ſhort cut would be to publiſh this letter at the beginning of the third volume, as an apology for the firſt and ſecond. I was ſorry to find a cenſure upon the inſincerity of ſome of my friends — I have no reaſon myſelf to reproach any one man — my friends have continued in the ſame opinions of my books which they firſt gave me of them — many indeed have thought better of 'em, by conſidering them more, few worſe.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER VII.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

[*About April* 1760.]

DEAR SIR, Thurſday, 11 o'clock — Night.

'Twas for all the world like a cut acroſs my finger with a ſharp penknife. I ſaw the blood — gave it a ſuck — wrapt it up — and thought no more about it.

But there is more goes to the healing of a wound than this comes to: — a wound (unleſs it is a wound not worth talking of, but by the bye, mine is) muſt give you ſome pain after. — Nature will take her own way with it — it muſt ferment — it muſt digeſt.

The ſtory you told me of Triſtram's pretended tutor, this morning — My letter by right ſhould have ſet out with this ſentence, and then the ſimile would not have kept you a moment in ſuſpenſe.

This vile ſtory, I ſay — though I then ſaw both how, and where it wounded — I felt little from it at firſt — or, to ſpeak more honeſtly (though it ruins my ſimile), I felt a great deal of pain from it, but affected an air uſual on ſuch accidents, of leſs feeling than I had.

I have now got home to my lodgings, ſince the play (you aſtoniſhed me in it), and have

been unwrapping this ſelf ſame wound of mine, and ſhaking my head over it this half hour.

What the devil! — is there no one learned blockhead throughout the many ſchools of miſ-applied ſcience in the Chriſtian World, to make a *tutor* of for my Triſtram? — *ex quovis ligno non fit* — Are we ſo run out of ſtock, that there is no one lumber-headed, muddle-headed, mortar-headed, pudding-headed *chap* amongſt our doctors? — Is there no one ſingle wight of much reading and no learning, amongſt the many children in my *mother*'s nurſery, who bid high for this charge — but I muſt diſable my judgment by chooſing a Warburton? Vengeance! have I ſo little concern for the honour of my hero! — Am I a wretch ſo void of ſenſe, ſo bereft of feeling for the figure he is to make in ſtory, that I ſhould chuſe a preceptor to rob him of all the immortality I intended him? O! dear Mr. Garrick.

Malice is ingenious — unleſs where the exceſs of it outwits itſelf — I have two comforts in this ſtroke of it; the firſt is, that this one is partly of this kind; and ſecondly, that it is one of the number of thoſe which ſo unfairly brought poor Yorick to his grave. — The report might draw blood of the author of Triſtram Shandy — but could not harm ſuch a man as the author of the Divine Legation — God bleſs him! though (by the bye, and

and according to the natural courſe of deſcents) the bleſſing ſhould come from him to me.

Pray have you no intereſt, lateral or collateral, to get me introduced to his Lordſhip?

Why do you aſk?

My dear Sir, I have no claim to ſuch an honour, but what ariſes from the honour and reſpect which, in the progreſs of my work, will be ſhewn the world I owe to ſo great a man.

Whilſt I am talking of owing — I wiſh, my dear Sir, that any body would tell you, how much I am indebted to you. I am determined never to do it myſelf, or ſay more upon the ſubject than this, that I am yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER VIII.

TO S —— C ——, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, May, 1760.

I RETURN you ten thouſand thanks for the favour of your letter — and the account you give me of my wife and girl. — I ſaw Mr. Ch——y to night at Ranelagh, who tells me you have inoculated my friend Bobby. — I heartily wiſh him well through, and hope in God all goes right,

On

On Monday we ſet out with a * grand retinue of Lord Rockingham's (in whoſe ſuite I move) for Windſor — they have contracted for fourteen hundred pounds for the dinner, to ſome general undertaker, of which the K. has bargained to pay one third. Lord George Sackville was laſt Saturday at the opera, ſome ſay with great effrontery, — others, with great dejection.

I have little news to add. — There is a ſhilling pamphlet † wrote againſt Triſtram. — I wiſh they would write a hundred ſuch.

Mrs. Sterne ſays her purſe is light: will you, dear Sir, be ſo good as to pay her ten guineas, and I will reckon with you, when I have the pleaſure of meeting you. — My beſt compliments to Mrs. C. and all friends. — Believe me, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful

LAU. STERNE.

* Prince Ferdinand, the Marquis of Rockingham, and Earl Temple, were inſtalled Knights of the Garter, on Tueſday, May 6th, 1760, at Windſor.

† "The Clockmaker's Outcry againſt the author of "Triſtram Shandy." 8vo.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, May, 1760.

I THIS moment received the favour of your kind letter — the letter in the Ladies' Magazine *, about me, was wrote by the noted Dr. Hill, who wrote the Inſpector, and undertakes that magazine — the people of York are very uncharitable to ſuppoſe any man ſo groſs a beaſt as to pen ſuch a character of himſelf. — In this great town, no ſoul ever ſuſpected it, for a thouſand reaſons — could they ſuppoſe I ſhould be ſuch a fool as to fall foul upon Dr. Warburton, my beſt friend, by repreſenting him ſo weak a man — or by telling ſuch a lie of him — as his giving me a purſe, to buy off his tutorſhip for Triſtram! — or I ſhould be fool enough to own I had taken his purſe for that purpoſe!

You muſt know there is a quarrel between Dr. Hill and Dr. M——y, who was the phyſician meant at Mr. Charles Stanhope's, and Dr. Hill has changed the place on purpoſe to give M——y a lick. — Now that converſation (though perhaps true), yet happened at another

* The Royal Female Magazine, for April, 1760.

place,

place *, and with another phyſician; which I have contradicted in this city, for the honour of my friend M——y: all which ſhews the abſurdity of York credulity and nonſenſe. Beſides, the account is full of falſehoods — firſt, with regard to the place

* As the truth of this anecdote is not denied, it may gratify curioſity to communicate it in Dr. Hill's own words. — "At "the laſt dinner that the late loſt amiable Charles Stanhope "gave to genius, Yorick was preſent. The good old man "was vexed to ſee a pedantic medicine-monger take the lead, "and prevent that pleaſantry which good wit and good wine "might have occaſioned, by a diſcourſe in the unintelligible "language of his profeſſion, concerning the difference be- "tween the phrenitis and the paraphrenitis, and the concomi- "tant categories of the mediaſtinum and pleura.

"Good-humoured Yorick ſaw the ſenſe of the maſter of the "feaſt, and fell into the cant and jargon of phyſic, as if he had "been one of Radcliffe's travellers. 'The vulgar practice,' "ſays he, 'favours too much of mechanical principles; the "venerable ancients were all empirics, and the profeſſion will "never regain its ancient credit, till practice falls into the old "track again. I am myſelf an inſtance; I caught cold by lean- "ing on a damp cuſhion, and, after ſneezing and ſniveling a "fortnight, it fell upon my breaſt: They blooded me, bliſ- "tered me, and gave me robs and bobs, and lohocks and "eclegmata; but I grew worſe; for I was treated accord- "ing to the exact rules of the College. In ſhort, from an in- "flammation it came to an ADHESION, and all was over with "me. They adviſed me to Briſtol, that I might not do them "the ſcandal of dying under their hands; and the Briſtol "people for the ſame reaſon conſigned me over to Liſbon. "But what do I? why I conſidered an adheſion is, in plain "Engliſh, only a ſticking of two things together, and that "force enough would pull them aſunder. I bought a good "aſh pole, and began leaping over all the walls and ditches

"in

place of my birth, which was at Clonmel, in Ireland — the ſtory of a hundred pounds to Mrs. W——*, not true, or of a *penſion promiſed*; the merit of which I diſclaimed — and indeed there are ſo many other things ſo untrue, and unlikely to come from me, that the worſt enemy I have here never had a ſuſpicion — and, to end all, Dr. Hill owns the paper.

I ſhall be down before May is out — I preach before the judges on Sunday — my Sermons come out on Thurſday after — and I purpoſe, the Monday, at furtheſt, after that, to ſet out for York — I have bought a pair of horſes for that purpoſe — my beſt reſpects to your Lady ——

I am, Dear Sir,
Your moſt obliged and faithful
L. STERNE.

P.S. I beg pardon for this haſty ſcrawl, having juſt come from a concert where the D. of

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" in the country. From the height of the pole I uſed to " come ſouſe down upon my feet, like an aſs, when he tram- " ples upon a bull-dog, but it did not do. At laſt — when " I had raiſed myſelf, perpendicularly over a wall, I uſed " to fall exactly acroſs the ridge of it upon the ſide oppoſite " to the adheſion. This tore it off at once, and I am as you " ſee. 'Come, fill a glaſs to the memory of the empiric me- " dicine.' If he had been aſked elſewhere about this diſor- " der (for he really had a conſumptive diſorder), he would " have anſwered, that he was cured by Huxham's decoction " of the bark, and elixir of vitriol."

* The Widow of Mr. Sterne's predeceſſor in the living of Coxwould.

York

York performed. — I have received great notice from him, and laſt week had the honour of ſupping with him.

LETTER X.

TO DR. WARBURTON, BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

MY LORD, York, June 9, 1760.

NOT knowing where to ſend two ſets of my Sermons, I could think of no better expedient than to order them into Mr. Berrenger's hands, who has promiſed me that he will wait upon your Lordſhip with them, the firſt moment he hears you are in town. The trueſt and humbleſt thanks I return to your Lordſhip, for the generoſity of your protection, and advice to me; by making a good uſe of the one, I will hope to deſerve the other: I wiſh your Lordſhip all the health and happineſs in this world, for I am

Your Lordſhip's
Moſt obliged and
Moſt grateful Servant,
L. STERNE.

P.S. I am juſt ſitting down to go on with Triſtram, &c. — the ſcribblers uſe me ill, but they have uſed my betters much worſe, for which may God forgive them.

LETTER XI.

TO THE REV. MR. STERNE.

REVEREND SIR, Prior-Park, June 15, 1760.

I HAVE your favour of the 9th inſtant, and am glad to underſtand you are got ſafe home, and employed again in your proper ſtudies and amuſements. You have it in your power to make that, which is an amuſement to yourſelf and others, uſeful to both: at leaſt you ſhould, above all things, beware of its becoming hurtful to either, by any violations of decency and good manners: but I have already taken ſuch repeated liberties of adviſing you on that head, that to ſay more would be needleſs, or perhaps unacceptable.

Whoever is, in any way, well received by the public, is ſure to be annoyed by that peſt of the public, *profligate ſcribblers*. This is the common lot of ſucceſsful adventurers; — but ſuch have often a worſe evil to ſtruggle with, I mean the over officiouſneſs of their indiſcreet friends. There are two Odes *, as they are called, printed by Dodſley. Whoever was the author, he appears to be a monſter of impiety and lewdneſs

* Intitled, "Two Lyric Epiſtles: One to my Couſin "Shandy, on his coming to Town; and the other to the Crown Gentlewomen, the Miſſes of * * * *." 4to.

— yet,

— yet, ſuch is the malignity of the ſcribblers, ſome have given them to your friend Hall; — and others, which is ſtill more impoſſible, to yourſelf; though the firſt Ode has the inſolence to place you both in a mean and a ridiculous light. But this might ariſe from a tale equally groundleſs and malignant, that you had ſhewn them to your acquaintances in MS. before they were given to the public. Nor was their being printed by Dodſley the likelieſt means of diſcrediting the calumny.

About this time, another, under the maſk of friendſhip, pretended to draw your character, which was ſince publiſhed in a *Female Magazine* (for dulneſs, who often has as great a hand as the devil, in deforming God's works of the creation, has *made them*, it ſeems, *male* and *female*), and from thence it was transferred into a *Chronicle* *. Pray have you read it, or do you know its author?

But of all theſe things, I dare ſay Mr. Garrick, whoſe prudence is equal to his honeſty or his talents, has remonſtrated to you with the freedom of a friend. He knows the inconſtancy of what is called the Public, towards all, even the beſt intentioned, of thoſe who contribute to its pleaſure or amuſement. He (as every man of honour and diſcretion would) has availed himſelf of the public favour, to regulate the taſte, and, in his proper ſtation, to reform the manners of

* The London Chronicle, May 6, 1760.

the

the fashionable world; — while, by a well-judged œconomy, he has provided against the temptations of a mean and servile dependency on the follies and vices of the great.

In a word, be assured, there is no one more sincerely wishes your welfare and happiness, than,

Reverend Sir,

W. G.

LETTER XII.

TO MY WITTY WIDOW, MRS. F——.

MADAM, Coxwould, Aug. 3, 1760.

When a man's brains are as dry as a squeez'd Orange, — and he feels he has no more conceit in him than a Mallet, 'tis in vain to think of sitting down, and writing a letter to a lady of your wit, unless in the honest John-Trot-Style of *yours of the 15th instant came safe to hand, &c.* which, by the bye, looks like a letter of business; and you know very well, from the first letter I had the honour to write to you, I am a man of no business at all. This vile plight I found my genius in was the reason I have told Mr. ——, I would not write to you till the next post — hoping by that time to get some small recruit, at least of vivacity, if not wit, to set out with; — but upon second

thoughts, thinking a bad letter in ſeaſon — to be better than a good one out of it — this ſcrawl is the conſequence, which if you will burn the moment you get it — I promiſe to ſend you a fine ſet eſſay in the ſtile of your female epiſtolizers, cut and trim'd at all points. — God defend me from ſuch, who never yet knew what it was to ſay or write one premeditated word in my whole life — for this reaſon I ſend you this with pleaſure becauſe wrote with the careleſs irregularity of an eaſy heart. —— Who told you, Garrick wrote the medley for Beard? — 'Twas wrote in his houſe, however, and before I left town. — I deny it — I was not loſt two days before I left town. — I was loſt all the time I was there, and never found till I got to this Shandy-caſtle of mine. — Next winter I intend to ſojourn amongſt you with more decorum, and will neither be loſt or found any where.

Now I wiſh to God, I was at your elbow — I have juſt finiſhed one volume of Shandy, and I want to read it to ſome one who I know can taſte and reliſh humour — this by the way, is a little impudent in me — for I take the thing for granted, which their high mightineſſes the world have yet to determine — but I mean no ſuch thing — I could wiſh only to have your opinion — ſhall I, in truth, give you mine? — I dare not — but I will; provided you keep it to yourſelf — know then, that I think there is more laughable humour, — with an equal degree of

Cervantic

Cervantic ſatire — if not more than in the laſt — but we are bad judges of the merit of our children.

I return you a thouſand thanks for your friendly congratulations upon my habitation — and I will take care, you ſhall never wiſh me but well, for I am, Madam,

With great eſteem and truth,

You moſt obliged,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I have wrote this ſo vilely and ſo precipitately, I fear you muſt carry it to a decypherer — I beg you'll do me the honour to write — otherwiſe you draw *me* in, inſtead of Mr. —— drawing *you* into a ſcrape — for I ſhould ſorrow to have a *taſte* of ſo agreeable a correſpondent — and *no more*.

Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

TO S—— C——, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, Chriſtmas Day, 1760.

I HAVE been in ſuch a continual hurry ſince the moment I arrived here — what with my books, and what with viſitors and viſitings, that it was not in my power ſooner to ſit down and acknowledge the favour of your obliging letter: and to thank you for the moſt friendly motives which led you to write it: I am not much in pain upon what gives my kind friends at Stil-

lington ſo much on the chapter of *Noſes* — becauſe, as the principal ſatire throughout that part is levelled at thoſe learned blockheads who, in all ages, have waſted their time and much learning upon points as fooliſh — it ſhifts off the idea of what you fear, to another point — and 'tis thought here very good — 'twill paſs muſter — I mean not with all — no — no! I ſhall be attacked and pelted, either from cellars or garrets, write what I will — and beſides, muſt expect to have a party againſt me of many hundreds — who either do not — or will not laugh. — 'Tis enough if I divide the world; — at leaſt I will reſt contented with it. — I wiſh you was here to ſee what changes of looks and political reaſoning have taken place in every company and coffee-houſe ſince laſt year; we ſhall be ſoon Pruſſians, and Anti-Pruſſians, B——s and Anti-B——s, and thoſe diſtinctions will juſt do as well as Whig and Tory — and for ought I know ſerve the ſame ends. — The King ſeems reſolved to bring all things back to their original principles, and to ſtop the torrent of corruption and lazineſs. — He riſes every morning at ſix to do buſineſs — rides out at eight to a minute, returns at nine to give himſelf up to his people. — By perſiſting, 'tis thought he will oblige his miniſters and dependants to diſpatch affairs with him many hours ſooner than of late — and 'tis much to be queſtioned whether they will not be enabled to wait upon him ſooner by being freed from long levees of their own, and applications; which

which will in all likelihood be transferred from them directly to himself — the present system being to remove that phalanx of great people, which stood betwixt the throne and the subjects, and suffer them to have immediate access without the intervention of a cabal — (this is the language of others): however, the King gives every thing himself, knows every thing, and weighs every thing maturely, and then is inflexible — this puts old stagers off their game — how it will end we are all in the dark.

'Tis feared the war is quite over in Germany; never was known such havoc amongst troops — I was told yesterday by a colonel from Germany, that out of two battalions of nine hundred men, to which he belonged, but seventy-one are left! — Prince Ferdinand has sent word, 'tis said, that he must have forty thousand men directly to take the field — and with provisions for them too, for he can but subsist them for a fortnight — I hope this will find you all got to York — I beg my compliments to the amiable Mrs. Croft, &c. &c.

Tho' I purposed going first to Golden-Square, yet fate has thus long disposed of me — so I have never been able to set a foot towards that quarter.

I am, dear Sir,

Your's affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR SIR, [*About Jan.* 1761.]

I HAVE juſt time to acknowledge the favour of yours, but not to get the two prints you mention — which ſhall be ſent you by next poſt — I have bought them, and lent them to Miſs Gilbert, but will aſſuredly ſend for them and encloſe them to you: — I will take care to get your pictures well copied, and at a moderate price. And if I can be of further uſe, I beſeech you to employ me; and from time to time will ſend you an account of whatever may be worth tranſmitting. The ſtream now ſets in ſtrong againſt the German war. Loud complaints of —— —— —— making a trade of the war, &c. &c. much expected from Ld. Granby's evidence to theſe matters, who is expected every hour: the King wins every day upon the people, ſhews himſelf much at the play (but at no opera), rides out with his brothers every morning, half an hour after ſeven, till nine — returns with them, ſpends an hour with them at breakfaſt and chat — and then ſits down to buſineſs. I never dined at home once ſince I arrived — am fourteen dinners deep engaged juſt now, and fear matters will be worſe with me in that point than better. —— As to the main

main points in view, at which you hint — all I can ſay is, that I ſee my way, and unleſs Old Nick throws the dice — ſhall in due time come off winner. —— Triſtram will be out the twentieth — There is a great rout about him before he enters the ſtage — whether this will be of uſe or no, I can't ſay — ſome wits of the firſt magnitude here, both as to wit and ſtation, engage me ſucceſs — time will ſhew —

Adieu.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, [*March*, 1761.]

SINCE I had the favour of your obliging letter, nothing has happened, or been ſaid one day, which has not been contradicted the next; ſo having little certain to write, I have forebore writing at all, in hopes every day of ſomething worth filling up a letter. We had the greateſt expectations yeſterday that ever were raiſed of a pitched battle in the Houſe of Commons, wherein Mr. Pitt was to have entered and thrown down the gauntlet, in defence of the German war. — There never was ſo full a houſe — the gallery full to the top — I was there all the day — when lo! a political fit of the gout ſeized the great combatant — he entered not the liſts — Beckford got

up, and begged the houſe, as he ſaw not his right honourable friend there, to put off the debate — it could not be done, ſo Beckford roſe up, and made a moſt long, paſſionate, incoherent ſpeech, in defence of the Germanic war — but very ſevere upon the unfrugal manner it was carried on — in which he addreſſed himſelf principally to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and laid him on terribly. It ſeems the chancery of Hanover had laid out 350,000 pounds on account, and brought in our treaſury debtor — and the grand debate was, for an honeſt examination of the particulars of this extravagant account, and for vouchers to authenticate it. — Legge anſwered Beckford very rationally and coolly. — Lord N. ſpoke long — Sir F. Daſhwood maintained the German war was moſt pernicious — Mr. C——, of Surry, ſpoke well againſt the account, with ſome others. — L. Barrington at laſt got up, and ſpoke half an hour with great plainneſs and temper — explained a great many hidden ſprings relating to theſe accounts, in favour of the late King, and told two or three converſations which had paſſed between the King and himſelf, relative to theſe expences — which caſt great honour upon the King's character. This was with regard to the money the King had ſecretly furniſhed out of his pocket to leſſen the account of the Hanover-ſcore brought us to diſcharge.

Beckford and Barrington abuſed all who ſought for peace, and joined in the cry for it; and Beckford

ford added, that the reaſons of wiſhing a peace now, were the ſame as the peace of Utrecht — that the people behind the curtain could not both maintain the war and their places too, ſo were for making another ſacrifice of the nation to their own intereſts — After all — the cry for a peace is ſo general, that it will certainly end in one. Now for myſelf. —

One half of the town abuſe my book as bitterly, as the other half cry it up to the ſkies — the beſt is, they abuſe and buy it, and at ſuch a rate, that we are going on with a ſecond edition as faſt as poſſible.

I am going down for a day or two with Mr. Spencer to Wimbleton; on Wedneſday there is to be a grand aſſembly at Lady N——. I have enquired every where about Stephen's affair, and can hear nothing. — My friend, Mr. Charles Townſhend, will be now ſecretary of war * — he bid me wiſh him joy of it, though not in poſſeſſion — I will aſk him — and depend, my moſt worthy friend, that you ſhall not be ignorant of what I learn from him. — Believe me ever, ever,

Yours,

L. S.

* He was appointed Secretary at war the 24th of March 1761.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR SIR, [*April*, 1761.]

A STRAIN which I got in my wriſt by a terrible fall, prevented my acknowledging the favour of your obliging letter. I went yeſterday morning to breakfaſt with Mr. V——, who is a kind of right hand man to the ſecretary, on purpoſe to enquire about the propriety, or feaſibility, of doing what you wiſh me — and he has told me an anecdote, which had you been here, would, I think, have made it wiſer to have deferred ſpeaking about the affair a month hence than now; it is this — You muſt know that the numbers of officers who have left their regiments in Germany, for the pleaſures of the town, have been long a topic for merriment; as you ſee them in St. James's Coffee-houſe, and the park, every hour, enquiring open mouth, how things go on in Germany, and what news — when they ſhould have been there to have furniſhed news themſelves; — but the worſt part has been, that many of them have left their brother officers on their duty, and in all the fatigues of it, and have come with no end but to make friends, to be put unfairly over the *heads of thoſe* who were left riſking *their lives*. — In this attempt there have been

ſome but too ſucceſsful, which has juſtly raiſed ill-blood and complaints from the officers who ſtaid behind — the upſhot has been, that they have every ſoul been ordered off, and woe be to him, ('tis ſaid) who ſhall be found liſtening! Now juſt to mention our friend's caſe whilſt this cry is on foot, I think would be doing more hurt than good: but if you think otherwiſe, I will go with all my heart, and mention it to Mr. Townſhend, for to do more I am too inconſiderable a perſon to pretend to. — You made me and my friends here very merry with the accounts current at York, of my being forbid the court — but they do not conſider what a conſiderable perſon they make of me, when they ſuppoſe either my going, or my not going there, is a point that ever enters the King's head — and for thoſe about him, I have the honour either to ſtand ſo perſonally well known to them, or to be ſo well repreſented by thoſe of the firſt rank, as to fear no accident of that kind.

I thank God (B——s excepted) I have never yet made a friend or connection I have forfeited, or done aught to forfeit — but, on the contrary, my true character is better underſtood, and where I had one friend laſt year, who did me honour, I have three now. — If my enemies knew, that by this rage of abuſe and ill-will, they were effectually ſerving the intereſts both of myſelf and works, they would be more quiet — but it has been the fate of my betters, who have found, that the way to fame, is like the way to heaven, through much tribu-

tribulation — and till I ſhall have the honour to be as much mal-treated as Rabelais and Swift were, I muſt continue humble; for I have not filled up the meaſure of half their *perſecutions*.

The court is turning topſy-turvy. Lord Bute, le premier* — Lord Talbot, to be groom of the chambers † in the room of the D. of R——d— Lord Hallifax to Ireland ‡ — Sir F. Daſhwood in Talbot's place — Pitt ſeems unmoved — a peace inevitable — Stocks riſe — the peers this moment kiſſing hands, &c. &c. (this week may be chriſtened the kiſs-hands week) for a hundred changes will happen in conſequence of theſe. Pray preſent my compliments to Mrs. C. and all friends, and believe me, with the greateſt fidelity,

Your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

P. S. Is it not ſtrange that Lord Talbot ſhould have power to remove the Duke of R——d?

Pray when you have read this, ſend the news to Mrs. Sterne.

* Lord Bute was appointed Secretary of State on the 26th of March 1761.

† Lord Talbot was appointed Steward of the houſehold on the ſame day.

‡ Lord Halifax was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on the 20th of March 1761.

LETTER XVII.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

DEAR H——, Coxwould, July 28, 1761.

I SYMPATHISED for, or with you, on the detail you give me of your late agitations — and would willingly have taken my horſe, and trotted to the oracle to have enquired into the etymology of all your ſufferings, had I not been aſſured, that all that evacuation of bilious matter with all that abdominal motion attending it (both which are equal to a month's purgation and exerciſe) will have left you better than it found you — Need one go to D——, to be told that all kind of mild (mark, I am going to talk more fooliſhly than your apothecary), opening, ſaponacious, dirty-ſhirt, ſud-waſhing liquors are proper for you, and conſequently all ſtyptical potations, death and deſtruction — if you had not ſhut up your gallducts by theſe, the glauber-ſalts could not have hurt — as it was, 'twas like a match to the gunpowder, by raiſing a freſh combuſtion, as all phyſic does at firſt, ſo that you have been let off — nitre, brimſtone, and charcoal (which is blackneſs itſelf), all at one blaſt — 'twas well the piece did not burſt, for I think it underwent great violence, and as it is proof, will, I hope, do much ſervice in this militating world — Pan-

— Panty * is miſtaken, I quarrel with no one. — There was that coxcomb of —— in the houſe, who loſt temper with me for no reaſon upon earth but that I could not fall down and worſhip a brazen image of learning and eloquence, which he ſet up, to the perſecution of all true believers — I ſat down upon *his altar*, and whiſtled in the time of his divine ſervice — and broke down his carved work, and kicked his incenſe pot to the D——, ſo he retreated, *ſed non ſine felle in corde ſuo.* — I have wrote a clerum; whether I ſhall take my doctor's degrees or no — I am much in doubt, but I trow not. — I go on with Triſtram — I have bought ſeven hundred books at a purchaſe dog cheap — and many good — and I have been a week getting them ſet up in my beſt room here — why do not you tranſport yours to town, but I talk like a fool. — This will juſt catch you at your ſpaw — I wiſh you *incolumem apud Londinum* — do you go there for good and all — or ill? — I am, dear couſin,

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

* The Reverend Mr. R—— L——.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR H——, Coxwould [*about August*], 1761.

I REJOICE you are in London — reſt you there in peace: — here 'tis the devil. You was a good prophet. — I wiſh myſelf back again, as you told me I ſhould — but not becauſe a thin, death-doing, peſtiferous, north-eaſt wind blows in a line directly from Crazy-caſtle turret full upon me in this cuckoldy retreat (for I value the north-eaſt wind and all its powers not a ſtraw), — but the tranſition from rapid motion to abſolute reſt was too violent. — I ſhould have walked about the ſtreets of York ten days, as a proper medium to have paſſed through, before I entered upon my reſt. — I ſtaid but a moment, and I have been here but a few, to ſatisfy me I have not managed my miſeries like a wiſe man — and if God, for my conſolation under them, had not poured forth the ſpirit of Shandeiſm into me, which will not ſuffer me to think two moments upon any grave ſubject, I would elſe, juſt now lie down and die — die — and yet, in half an hour's time, I'll lay a guinea, I ſhall be as merry as a monkey — and as miſchievous too, and forget it all — ſo that this is but a copy of the preſent train running croſs my brain. — And ſo you think

think this curſed ſtupid — but that, my dear H., depends much upon the quotâ horâ of your ſhabby clock, if the pointer of it is in any quarter between ten in the morning or four in the afternoon — I give it up — or if the day is obſcured by dark engendering clouds of either wet or dry weather, I am ſtill loſt — but who knows but it may be five — and the day as fine a day as ever ſhone upon the earth ſince the deſtruction of Sodom, — and peradventure your honour may have got a good hearty dinner to day, and eat and drank your intellectuals into a placiduliſh and a blanduliſh amalgama — to bear nonſenſe, ſo much for that.

'Tis as cold and churliſh juſt now, as (if God had not pleaſed it to be ſo) it ought to have been in bleak December, and therefore I am glad you are where you are, and where (I repeat it again) I wiſh I was alſo — Curſe of poverty and abſence from thoſe we love! — they are two great evils which embitter all things — and yet with the firſt I am not haunted much. — As to matrimony, I ſhould be a beaſt to rail at it, for my wife is eaſy — but the world is not — and had I ſtaid from her a ſecond longer, it would have been a burning ſhame — elſe ſhe declares herſelf happier without me — but not in anger is this declaration made — but in pure ſober good ſenſe, built on ſound experience — ſhe hopes you will be able to ſtrike a bargain for me before this time twelvemonth, to lead a bear round Europe:

and from this hope from you, I verily believe it is, that you are ſo high in her favour at preſent — She ſwears you are a fellow of wit, though humorous; a funny, jolly ſoul, though ſomewhat ſplenetic; and (bating the love of women) as honeſt as *gold* — how do you like the ſimile! — Oh, Lord! now are you going to Ranelagh to-night, and I am ſitting ſorrowful as the prophet was, when the voice cried out to him and ſaid, "What doſt thou here, Elijah?" — 'Tis well the ſpirit does not make the ſame at Coxwould — for unleſs for the few ſheep left me to take care of, in this wilderneſs, I might as well, nay better, be at Mecca — When we find we can, by a ſhifting of places, run away from ourſelves, what think you of a jaunt there, before we finally pay a viſit to the *vale of Jehoſaphat?* — As ill a fame as we have, I truſt I ſhall one day or other ſee you face to face — ſo tell the two colonels, if they love good company, to live righteouſly and ſoberly, as *you do*, and then they will have no doubts or dangers within or without them — preſent my beſt and warmeſt wiſhes to them, and adviſe the eldeſt to prop up his ſpirits, and get a rich dowager before the concluſion of the peace — why will not the advice ſuit both, *par nobile fratrum?*

To morrow morning (if Heaven permit) I begin the fifth volume * of Shandy — I care not a

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

curſe for the critics — I'll load my vehicle with what goods *he* ſends me, and they may take 'em off my hands, or let them alone — I am very valorous — and 'tis in proportion as we retire from the world, and ſee it in its true dimenſions, that we deſpiſe it — no bad rant! — God above bleſs you! You know I am

Your affectionate Couſin,

LAURENCE STERNE.

What few remain of the Demoniacs, greet — and write me a letter, if you are able, as fooliſh as this.

LETTER XIX.

TO LADY ——.

Coxwould, Sept. 21. 1761.

I RETURN to my new habitation, fully determined to write as hard as can be, and thank you moſt cordially, my dear lady, for your letter of congratulation upon my Lord Fauconberg's having preſented me with the curacy of this place — though your congratulation comes ſomewhat of the lateſt, as I have been poſſeſſed of it ſome time. — I hope I have been of ſome ſervice to his Lordſhip, and he has ſufficiently requited me. — 'Tis ſeventy guineas a-year in my pocket, though worth a hundred — but it

T. Stothard del.ᵗ. W. Skelton sculp.ᵗ

Letter XIX, Page 211.

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it obliges me to have a curate to officiate at Sutton and Stillington. — 'Tis within a mile of his Lordſhip's ſeat and park. 'Tis a very agreeable ride out in the chaiſe I purchaſed for my wife. — Lyd has a poney which ſhe delights in. — Whilſt they take theſe diverſions, I am ſcribbling away at my Triſtram. Theſe two volumes are, I think, the beſt. — I ſhall write as long as I live, 'tis, in fact, my hobby-horſe: and ſo much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthuſiaſt. — My Ldyia helps to copy for me — and my wife knits, and liſtens as I read her chapters. — The coronation of his Majeſty (whom God preſerve!) has coſt me the value of an ox, which is to be roaſted whole in the middle of the town, and my pariſhioners will, I ſuppoſe, be very merry upon the occaſion. — You will then be in town — and feaſt your eyes with a ſight, which 'tis to be hoped will not be in either of our powers to ſee again — for in point of age we have about twenty years the ſtart of his Majeſty. — And now, my dear friend, I muſt finiſh this — and with every wiſh for your happineſs conclude myſelf your moſt ſincere well-wiſher and friend.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XX.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Paris, Jan. 31, 1762.

THINK not, becauſe I have been a fortnight in this metropolis without writing to you, that therefore I have not had you and Mrs. Garrick a hundred times in my head and heart — heart! yes yes, ſay you — but I muſt not waſte paper in *badinage* this poſt, whatever I do the next. Well! here I am, my friend, as much improved in my health, for the time, as ever your friendſhip could wiſh, or at leaſt your faith give credit to — by the bye I am ſomewhat worſe in my intellectuals, for my head is turned round with what I ſee, and the unexpected honours I have met with here. Triſtram was almoſt as much known here as in London, at leaſt among your men of condition and learning, and has got me introduced into ſo many circles ('tis *comme à Londres*). I have juſt now a fortnight's dinners and ſuppers upon my hands — My application to the Count de Choiſeul goes on ſwimmingly, for not only M. Pelletiere (who, by the bye, ſends ten thouſand civilities to you and Mrs. Garrick) has undertaken my affair, but the Count de Limbourgh — the Baron d'Holbach, has offered any ſecurity for the inoffenſiveneſs of my

my behaviour in France — 'tis more, you rogue! than you will do — This Baron is one of the moſt learned noblemen here, the great protector of wits, and the Sçavans who are no wits — keeps open houſe three days a-week — his houſe is now, as yours was to me, my own — he lives at great expence — 'Twas an odd incident when I was introduced to the Count de Biſſie, which I was at his deſire — I found him reading Triſtram — this grandee does me great honours, and gives me leave to go a private way through his apartments into the palais royal, to view the Duke of Orleans's collections, every day I have time — I have been at the doctors of Sorbonne — I hope in a fortnight to break through, or rather from the delights of this place, which, in the *ſçavoir vivre*, exceeds all the places, I believe, in this ſection of the globe ——

I am going, when this letter is wrote, with Mr. Fox and Mr. Maccartny to Verſailles — the next morning I wait upon Monſ. Titon, in company with Mr. Maccartny, who is known to him, to deliver your commands. — I have bought you the pamphlet upon theatrical, or rather tragical, declamation; I have bought another in verſe worth reading, and you will receive them, with what I can pick up this week, by a ſervant of Mr. Hodges, whom he is ſending back to England.

I was laſt night with Mr. Fox to ſee Mademoiſelle Clairon, in *Iphigene* — ſhe is extremely great — would to God you had one or two like

her — what a luxury, to ſee you with one of ſuch powers in the ſame intereſting ſcene — but 'tis too much — Ah! Preville! thou art Mercury himſelf — By virtue of taking a couple of boxes, we have beſpoke this week, *The Frenchman in London*, in which Preville is to ſend us home to ſupper, *all happy* — I mean about fifteen or ſixteen Engliſh of diſtinction, who are now here, and live well with each other.

I am under great obligations to Mr. Pitt, who has behaved in every reſpect to me like a man of good breeding, and good nature — In a poſt or two, I will write again — Foley is an honeſt ſoul — I could write ſix volumes of what has paſt comically in this great ſcene, ſince theſe laſt fourteen days — but more of this hereafter. — We are all going into mourning; nor you, nor Mrs. Garrick, would know me, if you met me in my *remiſe* — bleſs you both! Service to Mrs. Denis. Adieu, adieu!

L. S.

LETTER XXI.

TO LADY D——.

London*, Feb. 1, 1762.

YOUR Ladyſhip's kind enquiries after my health are indeed kind, and of a-piece with the reſt of your character. Indeed

* This Letter, though dated from *London*, was evidently written at *Paris*.

I am

I am very ill, having broke a veſſel in my lungs — hard writing in the ſummer, together with preaching, which I have not ſtrength for, is ever fatal to me — but I cannot avoid the latter yet, and the former is too pleaſurable to be given up — I believe I ſhall try if the ſouth of France will not be of ſervice to me — his G. of Y. has moſt humanely given me the permiſſion for a year or two — I ſhall ſet off with great hopes of its efficacy, and ſhall write to my wife and daughter to come and join me at Paris, elſe my ſtay could not be ſo long — "Le Fevre's ſtory has beguiled your ladyſhip of your tears," and the thought of the accuſing ſpirit flying up to heaven's chancery with the oath, you are kind enough to ſay is ſublime — my friend, Mr. Garrick, thinks ſo too, and I am moſt vain of his approbation — your Ladyſhip's opinion adds not a little to my vanity.

I wiſh I had time to take a little excurſion to Bath, were it only to thank you for all the obliging things you ſay in your letter — but 'tis impoſſible — accept at leaſt my warmeſt thanks — If I could tempt my friend Mr. H. to come to France, I ſhould be truly happy — If I can be of any ſervice to you at Paris, command him who is, and ever will be,

Your Ladyſhip's faithful

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXII.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

DEAR GARRICK, Paris, March 19, 1762.

THIS will be put into your hands by Dr. Shippen, a phyſician, who has been here ſome time with Miſs Poyntz, and is this moment ſetting off for your metropolis; ſo I ſnatch the opportunity of writing to you and my kind friend Mrs. Garrick. — I ſee nothing like her here, and yet I have been introduced to one half of their beſt Goddeſſes, and in a month more ſhall be admitted to the ſhrines of the other half — but I neither worſhip — or fall (much) upon my knees before them; but, on the contrary, have converted many unto Shandeiſm — for be it known, I Shandy it away fifty times more than I was ever wont, talk more nonſenſe than ever you heard me talk in your days — and to all ſorts of people. *Qui le diable eſt cet homme là* — ſaid Choiſeul, t'other day — *ce Chevalier Shandy* — You'll think me as vain as a devil, was I to tell you the reſt of the dialogue — whether the bearer knows it or no, I know not — 'Twill ſerve up after ſupper, in Southampton-ſtreet, amongſt other ſmall diſhes, after the fatigues of Richard the IIId — O God! they have nothing here, which gives the nerves ſo

ſmart a blow, as thoſe great characters in the hands of Garrick! but I forgot I am writing to the man himſelf —— The devil take (as he will) theſe tranſports of enthuſiaſm? Apropos — the whole city of Paris is *bewitch'd* with the comic opera, and if it was not for the affair of the Jeſuits, which takes up one half of our talk, the comic opera would have it all — It is a tragical nuiſance in all companies as it is, and was it not for ſome ſudden ſtarts and daſhes — of Shandeiſm, which now and then either break the thread, or entangle it ſo, that the devil himſelf would be puzzled in winding it off — I ſhould die a martyr — this by the way I never will —

I ſend you over ſome of theſe comic operas by the bearer, with the *Sallon*, a ſatire — The French comedy, I ſeldom viſit it — they act ſcarce any thing but tragedies — and the Clairon is great, and Mad^lle^. Dumeſnil, in ſome places, ſtill greater than her — yet I cannot bear preaching — I fancy I got a ſurfeit of it in my younger days. — There is a tragedy to be damn'd to-night — peace be with it, and the gentle brain which made it! I have ten thouſand things to tell you; I cannot write — I do a thouſand things which cut no figure, *but in the doing* — and as in London, I have the honour of having done and ſaid a thouſand things I never did or dream'd of — and yet I dream abundantly — If the devil ſtood behind me in the ſhape of a courier, I could not write faſter than I do, having five letters more to diſpatch by the

the ſame Gentleman; he is going into another ſection of the globe, and when he has ſeen you, he will depart in peace.

The Duke of Orleans has ſuffered my portrait to be added to the number of ſome odd men in his collection; and a gentleman who lives with him has taken it moſt expreſſively, at full length — I purpoſe to obtain an etching of it, and to ſend it you — your prayer for me of *roſy health*, is heard — If I ſtay here for three or four months, I ſhall return more than reinſtated. My love to Mrs. Garrick.

I am, my dear Garrick,
Your moſt humble ſervant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Paris, April 10, 1762.

I SNATCH the occaſion of Mr. Wilcox (the late Biſhop of Rocheſter's ſon) leaving this place for England, to write to you, and I incloſe it to Hall, who will put it into your hand, poſſibly behind the ſcenes. I hear no news of you, or your *empire*, I would have ſaid *kingdom* — but here every thing is hyperbolized — and if a woman is but ſimply pleaſed — 'tis *Je ſuis charmé* — and if ſhe is charmed, 'tis nothing leſs than ſhe is *ravi*-ſh'd

ravi-ſh'd — and when ravi-ſh'd (which may happen) there is nothing left for her but to fly to the other world for a metaphor, and ſwear, qu'elle étoit tout *extaſiée* — which mode of ſpeaking is, by the bye, here creeping into uſe, and there is ſcarce a woman who underſtands the *bon ton* but is ſeven times in a day in downright extaſy — that is, the devil's in her — by a ſmall miſtake of one world for the other — Now, where am I got?

I have been theſe two days reading a tragedy, given me by a lady of talents to read, and conjecture if it would do for you — 'Tis from the plan of Diderot, and poſſibly half a tranſlation of it. — The Natural Son, or the Triumph of Virtue, in five acts — It has too much ſentiment in it (at leaſt for me), the ſpeeches too long, and ſavour too much of *preaching* — this may be a ſecond reaſon, it is not to my taſte — 'Tis all love, love, love, throughout, without much ſeparation in the character; ſo I fear it would not do for your ſtage, and perhaps for the very reaſons which recommend it to a French one. — After a vile ſuſpenſion of three weeks — we are beginning with our comedies and operas again — yours I hear never flouriſhed more — here the comic actors were never ſo low — the tragedians hold up their heads — in all ſenſes. I have known *one little man* ſupport the theatrical world, like a David Atlas, upon his ſhoulders, but Preville can't do half as much here, though Mad^lle. Clairon

Clairon ſtands by him, and ſets her back to his — ſhe is very great, however, and highly improved ſince you ſaw her — ſhe alſo ſupports her dignity at table, and has her public day every Thurſday, when ſhe *gives to eat* (as they ſay here) to all that are hungry and dry.

You are much talked of here, and much expected as ſoon as the peace will let you — theſe two laſt days you have happened to engroſs the whole converſation at two great houſes where I was at dinner — 'Tis the greateſt problem in nature, in this meridian, that one and the ſame man ſhould poſſeſs ſuch tragic and comic powers, and in ſuch an equilibrio, as to divide the world for which of the two Nature intended him.

Crebillion has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *perſiflage* — as ſoon as I get to Toulouſe he has agreed to write me an expoſtulatory letter upon the indecorums of T. Shandy — which is to be anſwered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own works — theſe are to be printed together — Crebillion againſt Sterne — Sterne againſt Crebillion — the copy to be ſold, and the money equally divided — This is good Swiſs-policy.

I am recovered greatly, and if I could ſpend one whole winter at Toulouſe, I ſhould be fortified, in my inner man, beyond all danger of relapſing. — A ſad aſthma my daughter has been martyr'd with theſe three winters, but moſtly this

this laſt, makes it, I fear, neceſſary ſhe ſhould try the laſt remedy of a warmer and ſofter air, ſo I am going this week to Verſailles, to wait upon Count Choiſeul to ſolicit paſſports for them — If this ſyſtem takes place, they join me here — and after a month's ſtay we all decamp for the ſouth of France — if not, I ſhall ſee you in June next. Mr. Fox, and Mr. Maccartny, having left Paris, I live altogether in French families — I laugh till I cry, and in the ſame tender moments *cry till I laugh*. I Shandy it more than ever, and verily do believe, that by mere Shandeiſm, ſublimated by a laughter-loving people, I fence as much againſt infirmities, as I do by the benefit of air and climate. Adieu, dear Garrick! preſent ten thouſand of my beſt reſpects and wiſhes to and for my friend Mrs. Garrick — had ſhe been laſt night upon the Tuilleries, ſhe would have annihilated a thouſand French goddeſſes, *in one ſingle turn*.

I am, moſt truly,

My dear friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIV.

TO MRS. STERNE, YORK.

MY DEAR, Paris, May 16th, 1762.

It is a thouſand to one that this reaches you before you have ſet out — However I take the chance — you will receive one wrote laſt night, the moment you get to Mr. E. and to wiſh you joy of your arrival in town — to that letter which you will find in town, I have nothing to add that I can think on — for I have almoſt drain'd my brains dry upon the ſubject. — For God ſake riſe early and gallop away in the cool — and always ſee that you have not forgot your baggage in changing poſt-chaiſes — You will find good tea upon the road from York to Dover — only bring a little to carry you from Calais to Paris — give the Cuſtom-Houſe Officers what I told you — at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch ſnuff — but as tobacco is good here, you had beſt bring a Scotch mill and make it yourſelf, that is, order your valet to manufacture it — 'twill keep him out of miſchief. — I would adviſe you to take three days in coming up, for fear of heating yourſelves — See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard, but you will look ſharp — drink ſmall Rheniſh to keep you cool (that is if you like it). Live well, and deny yourſelves nothing

your

your hearts wiſh. So God in heaven proſper and go along with you — kiſs my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR, Paris, May 31, 1762.

THERE have no mails arrived here till this morning, for three poſts, ſo I expected with great impatience a letter from you and Lydia — and lo! it is arrived. You are as buſy as Throp's wife, and by the time you receive this, you will be buſier ſtill — I have exhauſted all my ideas about your journey — and what is needful for you to do before and during it — ſo I write only to tell you I am well — Mr. Colebrooks, the miniſter of Swiſſerland's ſecretary, I got this morning to write a letter for you to the governor of the Cuſtom-Houſe Office at Calais — it ſhall be ſent you next poſt. — You muſt be cautious about Scotch ſnuff — take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the ſame. 'Tis well I bought you a chaiſe — there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price

price — for they are all ſent to the army, and ſuch a one as yours we have not been able to match for forty guineas, for a friend of mine who is going from hence to Italy — the weather was never known to ſet in ſo hot, as it has done the latter end of this month, ſo he and his party are to get into his chaiſes by four in the morning, and travel till nine — and not ſtir out again till ſix; — but I hope this ſevere heat will abate by the time you come here — however, I beg of you once more to take ſpecial care of heating your blood in travelling, and come *toute doucement*, when you find the heat too much — I ſhall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your paſſport, my picture, &c. Write and tell me ſomething of every thing. I long to ſee you both, you may be aſſured, my dear wife and child, after ſo long a ſeparation —— and write me a line directly, that I may have all the notice you can give me, that I may have apartments ready and fit for you when you arrive. — For my own part I ſhall continue writing to you a fortnight longer — preſent my reſpects to all friends — you have bid Mr. C. get my viſitations at P. done for me, &c. &c. If any offers are made about the incloſure at Raſcal, they muſt be incloſed to me — nothing that is fairly propoſed ſhall ſtand ſtill on my ſcore. Do all for the beſt, as He who guides all things

things will I hope do for us — ſo heaven preſerve you both — believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

Love to my Lydia — I have bought her a gold watch to preſent to her when ſhe comes.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR, Paris, June 7, 1762.

I KEEP my promiſe and write to you again — I am ſorry the bureau muſt be opened for the deeds — but you will ſee it done — I imagine you are convinced of the neceſſity of bringing three hundred pounds in your pocket — if you conſider Lydia muſt have two ſlight negligees — you will want a new gown or two — as for painted linens, buy them in town, they will be more admired becauſe Engliſh than French. — Mrs. H. writes me word that I am miſtaken about buying ſilk cheaper at Toulouſe than Paris, that ſhe adviſes you to buy what you want here — where they are very beautiful and cheap, as well as blonds, gauzes, &c. — Theſe I ſay will all coſt you ſixty guineas — and you muſt have them — for in this country nothing muſt be ſpared for the back — and if you dine on an

onion, and lie in a garret ſeven ſtories high, you muſt not betray it in your clothes, according to which you are well or ill looked on. When we are got to Toulouſe, we muſt begin to turn the penny, and we may (if you do not game much) live very cheap — I think that expreſſion will divert you — and now God knows I have not a wiſh but for your health, comfort, and ſafe arrival here — write to me every other poſt, that I may know how you go on — you will be in raptures with your chariot — Mr. R. a gentleman of fortune, who is going to Italy, and has ſeen it, has offered me thirty guineas for my bargain. — You will wonder all the way, how I am to find room in it for a third — to eaſe you of this wonder, 'tis by what the coachmakers here call a cave, which is a ſecond bottom added to that you ſet your feet upon, which lets the perſon (who ſits over againſt you) down with his knees to your ancles, and by which you have all more room — and what is more, leſs heat, — becauſe his head does not intercept the fore-glaſs — little or nothing — Lyd and I will enjoy this by turns; ſometimes I ſhall take a bidet — (a little poſt horſe) and ſcamper before — at other times I ſhall ſit in freſco upon the arm-chair without doors, and one way or other will do very well. — I am under infinite obligations to Mr. Thornhill, for accommodating me thus, and ſo genteelly, for 'tis like making a preſent of it. — Mr. T—— will ſend you an order to receive it

it at Calais — and now, my dear girls, have I forgot any thing?

Adieu! adieu!

Your's moſt affectionately,

L. STERNE.

A week or ten days will enable you to ſee every thing — and ſo long you muſt ſtay to reſt your bones.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAREST, Paris, June 14, 1762.

HAVING an opportunity of writing by a friend who is ſetting out this morning for London, I write again, in caſe the two laſt letters I have wrote this week to you ſhould be detained by contrary winds at Calais — I have wrote to Mr. E——, by the ſame hand, to thank him for his kindneſs to you in the handſomeſt manner I could — and have told him, his good heart, and his wife's, have made them overlook the trouble of having you at his houſe, but that if he takes you apartments near him, they will have occaſion ſtill enough left to ſhew their friendſhip to us — I have begged him to aſſiſt you, and ſtand by you, as if he was in my place with regard to the ſale of the Shandys — and

then the copyright — Mark to keep theſe things diſtinct in your head — But Becket I have ever found to be a man of probity, and I dare ſay you will have very little trouble in finiſhing matters with him — and I would rather wiſh you to treat with him than with another man — but whoever buys the fifth and ſixth volumes of Shandys, muſt have the nay-ſay of the ſeventh and eighth *. — I wiſh, when you come here, in caſe the weather is too hot to travel, you could think it pleaſant to go to the Spa for four or ſix weeks, where we ſhould live for half the money we ſhould ſpend at Paris — after that we ſhould take the ſweeteſt ſeaſon of the vintage to go to the ſouth of France — but we will put our heads together, and you ſhall juſt do as you pleaſe in this, and in every thing which depends on me — for I am a being perfectly contented, when others are pleaſed — to bear and forbear will ever be my maxim — only I fear the heats through a journey of five hundred miles for you and my Lydia, more than for myſelf. — Do not forget the watch-chains — bring a couple for a gentleman's watch likewiſe; we ſhall lie under great obligations to the Abbé M., and muſt make him ſuch a ſmall acknowledgment; according to my way of flouriſhing, 'twill be a preſent worth a kingdom to him — They have bad pins, and vile needles here — bring for yourſelf, and ſome for preſents — as alſo

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

a ſtrong

a ſtrong bottle-ſkrew, for whatever Scrub we may hire as butler, coachman, &c. to uncork us our Frontiniac — You will find a letter for you at the Lyon D'Argent — Send for your chaiſe into the court-yard, and ſee all is right — Buy a chain, at Calais, ſtrong enough not to be cut off, and let your portmanteau be tied on the forepart of your chaiſe for fear of a dog's trick — ſo God bleſs you both, and remember me to my Lydia.

I am your's affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAREST, Paris, June 17, 1762.

PROBABLY you will receive another letter with this by the ſame poſt — if ſo, read this the laſt — It will be the laſt you can poſſibly receive at York, for I hope it will catch you juſt as you are upon the wing — if that ſhould happen, I ſuppoſe in courſe you have executed the contents of it, in all things which relate to pecuniary matters, and when theſe are ſettled to your mind, you will have got through your laſt difficulty — every thing elſe will be a ſtep of pleaſure, and by the time you have got half a dozen ſtages, you will ſet up your pipes

and ſing Te Deum together, as you whiſk it along. — Deſire Mr. C——to ſend me a proper letter of attorney by you, he will receive it back by return of poſt. You have done every thing well with regard to our Sutton and Stillington affairs, and left things in the beſt channel — if I was not ſure you muſt have long ſince got my picture, garnets, &c., I would write and ſcold Mr. T——abominably — he put them in Becket's hands to be forwarded by the ſtage-coach to you, as ſoon as he got to town. — I long to hear from you, and that all my letters and things are come ſafe to you, and then you will ſay that I have not been a bad lad — for you will find I have been writing continually, as I wiſhed you to do — Bring your ſilver coffee-pot, 'twill ſerve both to give water, lemonade, and orjead — to ſay nothing of coffee and chocolate, which, by the bye, is both cheap and good at Toulouſe, like other things — I had like to have forgot a moſt neceſſary thing, there are no copper tea-kettles to be had in France, and we ſhall find ſuch a thing the moſt comfortable utenſil in the houſe — buy a good ſtrong one, which will hold two quarts — a diſh of tea will be of comfort to us in our journey ſouth —— I have a bronze tea-pot, which we will carry alſo — as china cannot be brought over from England, we muſt make up a villanous party-coloured tea equipage, to regale ourſelves, and our Engliſh friends, whilſt we are at Toulouſe —

I hope

I hope you have got your bill from Becket. — There is a good-natured kind of a trader I have juſt heard of, at Mr. Foley's, who they think will be coming off from England to France, with horſes, the latter end of June. He happened to come over with a lady, who is ſiſter to Mr. Foley's partner, and I have got her to write a letter to him in London, this poſt, to beg he will ſeek you at Mr. E——'s, and, in caſe a cartel ſhip does not go off before he goes, to take you under his care. He was infinitely friendly, in the ſame office, laſt year, to the lady who now writes to him, and nurſed her on ſhip-board, and defended her by land with great good-will. — Do not ſay I forget you, or whatever can be conducive to your eaſe of mind, in this journey — I wiſh I was with you, to do theſe offices myſelf, and to ſtrew roſes on your way — but I ſhall have time and occaſion to ſhew you I am not wanting — Now, my dears, once more pluck up your ſpirits — truſt in God — in me — and in yourſelves — with this, was you put to it, you would encounter all theſe difficulties ten times told — Write inſtantly, and tell me you triumph over all fears; tell me Lydia is better, and a helpmate to you — You ſay ſhe grows like me — let her ſhew me ſhe does ſo in her contempt of ſmall dangers, and fighting againſt the apprehenſions of them, which is better ſtill. As I will not have F.'s ſhare of the books, you will inform him ſo — Give my love to Mr. Fothergill, and

to thoſe true friends which envy has ſpared me — and for the reſt, *laiſſez paſſer* — You will find I ſpeak French tolerably — but I only wiſh to be underſtood. — You will ſoon ſpeak better; a month's play with a French Demoiſelle will make Lyd chatter like a magpye. Mrs—— underſtood not a word of it when ſhe got here, and writes me word ſhe begins to prate apace — you will do the ſame in a fortnight — Dear Beſs, I have a thouſand wiſhes, but have a hope for every one of them — you ſhall chant the ſame *jubilate*, my dears, ſo God bleſs you. My duty to Lydia, which implies my love too. Adieu, believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

Memorandum: Bring watch-chains, tea-kettle, knives, cookery-book, &c.

You will ſmile at this laſt article — ſo adieu — At Dover, the Croſs Keys; at Calais, the Lyon D'Argent — the maſter, a Turk in grain.

LETTER XXIX.

TO LADY D.

Paris, July 9, 1762.

I WILL not ſend your ladyſhip the trifles you bid me purchaſe without a line. I am very well pleaſed with Paris — indeed I meet with ſo many civilities amongſt the people here, that I muſt ſing their praiſes — the French have a great deal of urbanity in their compoſition, and to ſtay a little time amongſt them will be agreeable. — I ſplutter French ſo as to be underſtood — but I have had a droll adventure here in which my Latin was of ſome ſervice to me — I had hired a chaiſe and a horſe to go about ſeven miles into the country, but, *Shandean-like*, did not take notice that the horſe was almoſt dead when I took him — Before I got half-way, the poor animal dropped down dead — ſo, I was forced to appear before the Police, and began to tell my ſtory in French, which was, that the poor beaſt had to do with a worſe beaſt than himſelf, namely *his maſter*, who had driven him all the day before (Jehu-like), and that he had neither had corn or hay, therefore I was not to pay for the horſe — but I might as well have whiſtled, as have ſpoke French, and I believe my Latin was equal to my uncle Toby's Lilabulero — being not

not underſtood becauſe of its purity, but by dint of words I forced my judge to do me juſtice — no common thing, by the way, in France. — My wife and daughter are arrived — the latter does nothing but look out of the window, and complain of the torment of being frizled. — I wiſh ſhe may ever remain a child of nature — I hate children of art.

I hope this will find your ladyſhip well — and that you will be kind enough to direct to me at Toulouſe, which place I ſhall ſet out for very ſoon. I am, with truth, and ſincerity,

Your Ladyſhip's
Moſt faithful

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXX.

TO MR. E.

DEAR SIR, Paris, July 12, 1762.

My wife and daughter arrived here ſafe and ſound on Thurſday, and are in high raptures with the ſpeed and pleaſantneſs of their journey, and particularly of all they ſee and meet with here. But in their journey from York to Paris nothing has given them a more ſenſible and laſting pleaſure than the marks of kindneſs they received from you and Mrs. E. — The

The friendſhip, good-will, and politeneſs of my two friends I never doubted to me or mine, and I return you both all a grateful man is capable of, which is merely my thanks. Have taken, however, the liberty of ſending an Indian taffety, which Mrs. E. muſt do me the honour to wear for my wife's ſake, who would have got it made up, but that Mr. Stanhope, the conſul of Algiers, who ſets off to-morrow morning for London, has been ſo kind (I mean his lady) as to take charge of it; and we had but juſt time to procure it; and had we miſſed that opportunity, as we ſhould have been obliged to have left it behind us at Paris, we knew not when or how to get it to our friend. — I wiſh it had been better worth a paragraph. If there is any thing we can buy or procure for you here (intelligence included), you have a right to commmand me — for I am yours, with my wife and girl's kind love to you and Mrs. E.

LAU. STERNE.

LETTER XXXI.

TO J —— H —— S ——, ESQ.

MY DEAR H. Toulouſe, Auguſt, 12, 1762.

By the time you have got to the end of this long letter, you will perceive that I have not been able to anſwer your laſt till now

now — I have had the intention of doing it almoſt as often as my prayers in my head — 'tis thus we uſe our beſt friends — What an infamous ſtory is that you have told me! — After ſome little remarks on it, the reſt of my letter will go on, like ſilk. **** is a good-natured old eaſy fool, and has been deceived by the moſt artful of her ſex, and ſhe muſt have abundance of impudence and charlatanery, to have carried on ſuch a farce. I pity the old man for being taken in for ſo much money — a man of ſenſe I ſhould have laughed at — My wife ſaw her when in town, and ſhe had not the appearance of poverty; but when ſhe wants to melt ****'s heart, ſhe puts her gold watch and diamond rings in her drawer. — But he might have been aware of her. I could not have been miſtaken in her character — and 'tis odd ſhe ſhould talk of her wealth to one, and tell another the reverſe — ſo good night to her — About a week or ten days before my wife arrived at Paris, I had the ſame accident I had at Cambridge, of breaking a veſſel in my lungs. It happened in the night, and I bled the bed full, and finding in the morning I was likely to bleed to death, I ſent immediately for a ſurgeon to bleed me at both arms — this ſaved me, and, with lying ſpeechleſs for three days, I recovered upon my back in bed; the breach healed, and, in a week after, I got out — This, with my weakneſs and hurrying about, made me think it high time to haſte to

Tou-

Toulouſe. — We have had four months of ſuch heats, that the oldeſt Frenchman never remembers the like — 'twas as hot as *Nebuchadnezzar's oven*, and never has relaxed one hour — in the height of this, 'twas our deſtiny (or rather deſtruction) to ſet out by way of Lyons, Montpellier, &c. to ſhorten I trow, our ſufferings — Good God! — but 'tis over — and here I am in my own houſe, quite ſettled by M—'s aid, and good-natured offices, for which I owe him more than I can expreſs, or know how to pay at preſent — 'Tis in the prettieſt ſituation in Toulouſe, with near two acres of garden — the houſe too good by half for us — well furniſhed, for which I pay thirty pounds a year. — I have got a good cook — my wife a decent *femme de chambre*, and a good looking *laquais* — The Abbé has planned our expences, and ſet us in ſuch a train, we cannot eaſily go wrong — though by the bye, the d——l is ſeldom found ſleeping under a hedge. Mr. Trotter dined with me the day before I left Paris — I took care to ſee all executed according to your directions — but Trotter, I dare ſay, by this, has wrote to you — I made him happy beyond expreſſion with your Crazy Tales, and more ſo with its frontiſpiece — I am in ſpirits writing a crazy chapter — with my face turned towards thy turret — 'Tis now I wiſh all warmer climates, countries, and every thing elſe, at ——, that ſeparates me from our paternal ſeat — *ce ſera là où repoſera ma cen-*

dre — et ce ſera là où mon couſin viendra repondre les pleurs dues à notre amitié. — I am taking aſſes' milk three times a day, and cows' milk as often — I long to ſee thy face again once more — Greet the Colonel kindly in my name, and thank him cordially from me for his many civilities to Madame and Mademoiſelle Shandy at York, who ſend all due acknowledgments. The humour is over for France, and Frenchmen, but that is not enough for your affectionate couſin,

L. S.

(A year will tire us all out, I trow) but thank Heaven the poſt brings me a letter from my Anthony — I felicitate you upon what Meſſrs. the Reviewers allow you — they have too much judgment themſelves not to allow you what you are actually poſſeſſed of, "talents, wit, and humour." —Well, write on, my dear couſin, and be guided by thy own fancy. — Oh! how I envy you all at Crazy Caſtle! — I could like to ſpend a month with you — and ſhould return back again for the vintage. — I honour the man that has given the world an idea of our parental ſeat — 'tis well done — I look at it ten times a-day with a *quando te aſpiciam?* — Now farewell — remember me to my beloved Colonel — greet Panty moſt lovingly on my behalf, and if Mrs. C —— and Miſs C ——, *&c.* are at G —, greet them likewiſe with a holy kiſs — So God bleſs you.

LETTER XXXII.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, Auguſt 14, 1762.

AFTER many turnings (*alias* digreſſions), to ſay nothing of downright overthrows, ſtops, and delays, we have arrived in three weeks at Toulouſe, and are now ſettled in our houſe, with ſervants, &c. about us, and look as compoſed as if we had been here ſeven years. — In our journey we ſuffered ſo much from the heats, it gives me pain to remember it — I never ſaw a cloud from Paris to Niſmes half as broad as a twenty-four ſols piece. — Good God! we were toaſted, roaſted, grill'd, ſtew'd, and carbonaded on one ſide or other all the way — and being all done enough (*aſſez cuits*) in the day, we were eat up at night by bugs, and other unſwept-out vermin, the legal inhabitants (if length of poſſeſſion gives right) of every inn we lay at — Can you conceive a worſe accident than that in ſuch journey, in the hotteſt day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or ſhrub which could caſt a ſhade of the ſize of one of Eve's fig-leaves — that we ſhould break a hind wheel into ten thouſand pieces, and be obliged in conſequence to ſit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or poſſibility of getting any — To mend the

matter, my two poſtillions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a-crying — Nothing was to be done! By heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waiſtcoat, ſomething ſhall be done, for I'll thraſh you both within an inch of your lives — and then make you take each of you a horſe, and ride like two devils to the next poſt for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourſelves — Our luggage weighed ten quintals — 'twas the fair of Baucaire — all the world was going or returning — we were aſked by every ſoul who paſſed by us, if we were going to the fair of Baucaire — No wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough! *vous avez raiſon, mes amis.*

Well! here we are after all, my dear friend — and moſt deliciouſly placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent houſe well furniſh'd and elegant beyond any thing I look'd for — 'Tis built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards the town — and behind, the beſt garden in Toulouſe, laid out in ſerpentine walks, and ſo large, that the company in our quarter uſually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my conſent — "the more the merrier." — The houſe conſiſts of a good *ſalle à manger* above ſtairs joining to the very great *ſalle à compagnie* as large as the Baron d'Holbach's; three handſome bed-chambers with dreſſing rooms to them — below ſtairs two very good rooms for myſelf, one to ſtudy in, the

the other to see company. — I have moreover cellars round the court, and all other offices — Of the same landlord I have bargained to have the use of a country-house which he has two miles out of town, so that myself and all my family have nothing more to do than to take our hats and remove from the one to the other —— My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order — and what do you think I am to pay for all this? neither more or less than thirty pounds a-year — all things are cheap in proportion — so we shall live for very little. — I dined yesterday with Mr. H ——; he is most pleasantly situated, and they are all well. — As for the books you have received for D ——, the bookseller was a fool not to send the bill along with them — I will write to him about it. — I wish you was with me for two months; it would cure you of all evils ghostly and bodily — but this, like many other wishes both for you and myself, must have its completion elsewhere — Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reason, for

I am most truly yours,

L. STERNE.

My wife and girl join in compliments to you — My best respects to my worthy Baron d'Holbach and all that society — Remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO J —— H —— S ——, ESQ.

MY DEAR H. Toulouſe, Oct. 19, 1762.

I RECEIVED your letter yeſterday — ſo it has been travelling from Crazy Caſtle to Toulouſe full eighteen days — If I had nothing to ſtop me I would engage to ſet out this morning, and knock at Crazy Caſtle gates in three days leſs time — by which time I ſhould find you and the Colonel, Panty, &c. all alone — the ſeaſon I moſt wiſh and like to be with you — I rejoice from my heart down to my reins, that you have ſnatch'd ſo many happy and ſunſhiny days out of the hands of the blue devils — If we live to meet and join our forces as heretofore, we will give theſe gentry a drubbing — and turn them for ever out of their uſurped citadel — ſome legions of them have been put to flight already by your operations this laſt campaign — and I hope to have a hand in diſperſing the remainder the firſt time my dear couſin ſets up his banners again under the ſquare tower —— But what art thou meditating with axes and hammers? — "*I know the pride and the* "*naughtineſs of thy heart*," and thou loveſt the ſweet viſions of architraves, friezes, and pediments, with their tympanums, and thou haſt found out a pretence, *à raiſon de cinq cent livres ſterling*

to be laid out in four years, &c. &c. (ſo as not to be felt, which is always added by the d——l as a bait) to juſtify thyſelf unto thyſelf — It may be very wiſe to do this — but 'tis wiſer to keep one's money in one's pocket, whilſt there are wars without and rumours of wars within. St. —— adviſes his diſciples to ſell both coat and waiſtcoat, and go rather without ſhirt or ſword, than leave no money in their ſcrip to go to Jeruſalem with — Now thoſe *quatre ans conſecutifs*, my dear Anthony, are the moſt precious morſels of thy *life to come* (in this world), and thou wilt do well to enjoy that morſel without cares, calculations, and curſes, and damns, and debts — for as ſure as ſtone is ſtone, and mortar is mortar, &c.'twill be one of the many works of thy repentance — But after all, if the Fates have decreed it, as you and I have ſome time ſuppoſed it on account of your generoſity, "*that you are never to be a monied man*," the decree will be fulfilled whether you adorn your caſtle and line it with cedar, and paint it within ſide and without ſide with vermillion, or not — *et cele étant* (having a bottle of Frontiniac and glaſs at my right hand) I drink, dear Anthony, to thy health and happineſs, and to the final accompliſhment of all thy lunary and ſublunary projects. — For ſix weeks together, after I wrote my laſt letter to you, my projects were many ſtories higher, for I was all that time, as I thought, journeying on to the other world — I fell ill of

an epidemic vile fever which killed hundreds about me — The phyſicians here are the errant-eſt charlatans in Europe, or the moſt ignorant of all pretending fools — I withdrew what was left of me out of their hands, and recommended my affairs entirely to Dame Nature — She (dear goddeſs) has ſaved me in fifty different pinching bouts, and I begin to have a kind of enthuſiaſm now in her favour, and in my own, that one or two more eſcapes will make me believe I ſhall leave you all at laſt by tranſlation, and not by fair death. I am now ſtout and fooliſh again as a happy man can wiſh to be — and am buſy playing the fool with my uncle Toby, whom I have got ſouſed over head and ears in love. — I have many hints and projects for other works; all will go on I truſt as I wiſh in this matter. — When I have reaped the benefit of this winter at Toulouſe — I cannot ſee I have any thing more to do with it; therefore after having gone with my wife and girl to Bagnieres, I ſhall return from whence I came —— Now my wife wants to ſtay another year to ſave money, and this oppoſition of wiſhes, though 'twill not be as ſour as lemon, yet 'twill not be as ſweet as ſugar-candy. — I wiſh T— would lead Sir Charles to Toulouſe; 'tis as good as any town in the South of France — for my own part 'tis not to my taſte — but I believe, the ground work of my *ennui* is more to the eternal platitude of the French characters — little variety, no originality in it at all — than to

any

any other cauſe — for they are very civil — but civility itſelf, in that uniform, wearies and bodders one to death — If I do not mind, I ſhall grow moſt ſtupid and ſententious — Miſs Shandy is hard at it with muſic, dancing, and French ſpeaking, in the laſt of which ſhe does *à merveille*, and ſpeaks it with an excellent accent, conſidering ſhe practiſes within ſight of the Pyrenean mountains. — If the ſhows will ſuffer me, I propoſe to ſpend two or three months at Barege, or Bagnieres, but my dear wife is againſt all ſchemes of additional expences — which wicked propenſity (tho' not of deſpotic power) yet I cannot ſuffer — tho' by the bye laudable enough — But ſhe may talk — I will do my own way, and ſhe will acquieſce without a word of debate on the ſubject. — Who can ſay ſo much in praiſe of his wife? Few I trow. — M —— is out of town vintaging — ſo write to me *Monſieur Sterne, gentilhomme Anglois* — 'twill find me — We are as much out of the road of all intelligence here as at the cape of Good Hope — ſo write a long nonſenſical letter like this, now and then, to me — in which ſay nothing but what may be ſhewn, (tho' I love every paragraph and ſpirited ſtroke of your pen, others might not,) for you muſt know, a letter no ſooner arrives from England, but curioſity is upon her knees to know the contents —— Adieu, dear H. believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

We have had bitter cold weather here theſe fourten days — which has obliged us to ſit with whole pagells of wood lighted up to our noſes — 'tis a dear article — but every thing elſe being extremely cheap, Madame keeps an excellent good houſe, with *ſoupe*, *bouilli*, *roti*, — &c. &c. for two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, November 9, 1762.

I HAVE had this week your letter on my table, and hope you will forgive my not anſwering it ſooner — and even to-day I can but write you ten lines, being engaged at Mrs. M—'s. I would not admit one poſt more acknowledging the favour — In a few poſts I will write you a long one gratis, that is for love — Thank you for having done what I deſired you — and for the future direct to me under cover at Monſieur Brouſſe's — I receive all letters through him more punctual and ſooner than when left at the poſt-houſe —

H———'s family greet you with mine — we are much together, and never forget you — forget me not to the Baron — and all the circle — nor to your domeſtic circle —

I am

I am got pretty well, and ſport much with my uncle Toby in the volume I am now fabricating for the laughing part of the world — for the melancholy part of it, I have nothing but my prayers — ſo God help them. — I ſhall hear from you in a poſt or two at leaſt after you receive this — in the mean time, dear Foley, adieu, and believe no man wiſhes or eſteems you more than your

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, Wedneſday, Dec. 3, 1762.

I HAVE for this laſt fortnight every poſt-day gone to Meſſrs. B—— and ſons, in expectation of the pleaſure of a letter from you with the remittance I deſired you to ſend me here. — When a man has no more than half a dozen guineas in his pocket — and a thouſand miles from home — and in a country where he can as ſoon raiſe the d—l, as a ſix livre piece to go to market with in caſe he had changed his laſt guinea — you will not envy my ſituation — God bleſs you — remit me the balance due upon the receipt of this. — We are all at H—'s, practiſing a play we are to act here this Chriſtmas holidays — all the Dra-

matis Perſonæ are of the Engliſh, of which we have a happy ſociety living together like brothers and ſiſters — Your banker here has juſt ſent me word the tea Mr. H. wrote for is to be delivered into my hands — 'tis all one into whoſe hands the treaſure falls -- we ſhall pay Brouſſe for it the day we get it — We join in our moſt friendly reſpects, and believe me, dear Foley, truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, Dec. 17, 1762.

THE poſt after I wrote laſt, I received yours with the incloſed draught upon the receiver, for which I return you all thanks — I have received this day likewiſe the box and tea all ſafe and ſound — ſo we ſhall all of us be in our cups this Chriſtmas, and drink without fear or ſtint. — We begin to live extremely happy, and are all together every night — fiddling, laughing and ſinging, and cracking jokes. You will ſcarce believe the news I tell you — There is a company of Engliſh ſtrollers arrived here, who are to act comedies all the Chriſtmas, and are now buſy in making dreſſes, and preparing ſome of our beſt comedies -- your wonder will ceaſe when I inform you theſe ſtrollers are your friends, with the

the reſt of our ſociety, to whom I propoſed this ſcheme *ſoulagement* — and I aſſure you we do well. — The next week, with a grand orcheſtra, we play the Buſy Body — and the Journey to London the week after; but I have ſome thoughts of adapting it to our ſituation — and making it the Journey to Toulouſe, which, with the change of half a dozen ſcenes, may be eaſily done. — Thus, my dear F. for want of ſomething better we have recourſe to ourſelves, and ſtrike out the beſt amuſements we can from ſuch materials. — My kind love and friendſhip to all my true friends — my ſervice to the reſt. H——'s family have juſt left me, having been this laſt week with us —, they will be with me all the holidays. — In ſummer ſhall viſit them, and ſo balance hoſpitalities.

Adieu,

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, March 29, 1763.

— THOUGH that's a miſtake! I mean the date of the place, for I write at Mr. H—'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week — "How does Triſtram do?" you ſay in yours to him — faith

but ſo ſo — the worſt of human maladies is poverty — though that is a ſecond lie — for poverty of ſpirit is worſe than poverty of purſe by ten thouſand per cent. — I incloſe you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred and thirty pounds, for which I inſiſt upon a reſcription by the very return — or I will ſend you and all your commiſſaries to the d——l. — I do not hear they have taſted of one fleſhy banquet all this Lent — you will make an excellent *grillé*, P— they can make nothing of him but *bouillon* — I mean my other two friends no ill — ſo ſhall ſend them a reprieve as they acted out of neceſſity — not choice — My kind reſpects to Baron d'Holbach, and all his houſehold — Say all that's kind for me to my other friends — you know how much, dear Foley, I am yours,

L. STERNE.

I have not five Louis to vapour with in this land of coxcombs — My wife's compliments.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, April, 18, 1763.

I THANK you for your punctuality in ſending me the reſcription, and for your box by the courier, which came ſafe by laſt poſt. — I was not ſurpriſed much with your account of Lord ***** being obliged to give way — and for the

the reſt, all follows in courſe. — I ſuppoſe you will endeavour to fiſh and catch ſomething for yourſelf in theſe troubled waters — at leaſt I wiſh you all a reaſonable man can wiſh for himſelf — which is wiſhing enough for you — all the reſt is in the brain — Mr. Woodhouſe (whom you know) is alſo here — he is a moſt amiable worthy man, and I have the pleaſure of having him much with me — in a ſhort time he proceeds to Italy. The firſt week in June, I decamp like a patriarch with my whole houſehold, to pitch our tents for three months at the foot of the Pyrenean Hills at Bagnieres, where I expect much health and much amuſement from the concourſe of adventurers from all corners of the earth. — Mrs. M —— ſets out at the ſame time, for another part of the Pyrenean Hills at Courtray — from whence to Italy — This is the general plan of operation here — except that I have ſome thoughts of ſpending the winter at Florence, and croſſing over with my family to Leghorn by water — and in April of returning by way of Paris home — but this a ſketch only, for in all things I am governed by circumſtances — ſo that what is fit to be done on Monday, may be very unwiſe on Saturday — On all days of the week, believe me yours,

With unfeigned truth,

L. STERNE.

P. S. All compliments to my Pariſian friends.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, April 29, 1763.

LAST poſt my agent wrote me word he would ſend up from York a bill for fourſcore guineas, with orders to be paid into Mr. Selwin's hands for me. This he ſaid he would expedite immediately, ſo 'tis poſſible you may have had advice of it — and 'tis poſſible alſo the money may not be paid this fortnight; therefore, as I ſet out for Bagnieres in that time, be be ſo good as to give me credit for the money for a few poſts or ſo, and ſend me either a reſcription for the money, or a draught for it — at the receipt of which, we ſhall decamp for ten or twelve weeks — You will receive twenty pounds more on my account, which ſend alſo — So much for that — as for pleaſure — you have it all amongſt you at Paris — we have nothing here which deſerves the name — I ſhall ſcarce be tempted to ſojourn another winter in Toulouſe — for I cannot ſay it ſuits my health as I hoped — 'tis too moiſt — and I cannot keep clear of agues here — ſo that if I ſtay the next winter on this ſide of the water — 'twill be either at Nice or Florence — and I ſhall return to England in April

April — Wherever I am, believe me, dear Foley, that I am

Yours faithfully,

L. STERNE.

Madame and Mademoiſelle preſent their beſt compliments — Remember me to all I regard, particularly Meſſrs. Panchaud and the reſt of your *houſehold.*

LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

Toulouſe, May 21, 1763.

I TOOK the liberty, three weeks ago, to deſire you would be ſo kind as to ſend me fourſcore pounds, having received a letter the ſame poſt from my agent, that he would order the money to be paid to your correſpondent in London in a fortnight. — It is ſome diſappointment to me that you have taken no notice of my letter, eſpecially as I told you we waited for the money before we ſet out for Bagnieres — and ſo little diſtruſt had I that ſuch a civility would be refuſed me, that we have actually had all our things packed up theſe eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter. — Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard

heard the money was paid in London — but you might have truſted to my honour — that all the caſh in your iron box (and all the bankers in Europe put together) could not have tempted me to ſay the thing *that is not.* — I hope before this you will have received an account of the money being paid in London — But it would have been taken kindly, if you had wrote me word you would tranſmit me the money when you had received it, but no ſooner: — for Mr. R— of Montpellier, though I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the ſum.

I am, dear F—, your friend
and hearty well-wiſher,

L. STERNE.

I ſaw the family of the H——— yeſterday, and aſked them if you was in the land of the living — they ſaid yea — for they had juſt received a letter from you. — After all, I heartily forgive you — for you have done me a ſignal ſervice in mortifying me, and it is this, I am determined to grow rich upon it.

Adieu, and God ſend you wealth and happineſs — All compliments to —. Before April next I am obliged to reviſit your metropolis in my way to England.

LETTER XLI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, June 9, 1763.

I THIS moment received yours — conſequently the moment I got it I ſat down to anſwer it — So much for a logical inference.

Now believe me I had never wrote you ſo teſty a letter, had I not both loved and eſteemed you — and it was merely in vindication of the rights of friendſhip that I wrote in a way as if I was hurt — for neglect me in your heart I knew you could not, without cauſe; which my heart told me I never had — or will ever give you: — I was the beſt friends with you that ever I was in my life, before my letter had got a league, and pleaded the true excuſe for my friend, "That he was oppreſſed with a multitude of buſineſs." Go on, my dear F., and have but that excuſe (ſo much do I regard your intereſt), that I would be content to ſuffer a *real evil* without future murmuring — but in truth, my diſappointment was partly chimerical at the bottom, having a letter of credit for two hundred pounds from a perſon I never ſaw, by me — but which out of nicety of temper, I would not

not make any uſe of — I ſet out in two days for Bagnieres, but direct to me to Brouſſe, who will forward all my letters. — Dear F—, adieu. — Believe me

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, June 12, 1763.

LUCKILY juſt before I was ſtepping into my chaiſe for Bagnieres, has a ſtrayed fifty pound bill found its way to me; ſo I have ſent it to its lawful owner incloſed — My noodle of an agent, inſtead of getting Mr. Selwin to adviſe you he had received the money (which would have been enough) has got a bill for it, and ſent it rambling to the furtheſt part of France after me; and if it had not caught me juſt now, it might have followed me into Spain, for I ſhall croſs the Pyreneans, and ſpend a week in that kingdom, which is enough for a fertile brain to write a volume upon — When I write the hiſtory of my travels — Memorandum! I am not to forget how honeſt a man I have for a banker at Paris — But, my dear friend, when you ſay you

you dare truſt me for what little occaſions I may have, you have as much faith as honeſty — and more of both than of good policy. — I thank you however ten thouſand times — and except ſuch liberty as I have lately taken with you — and that too at a pinch — I ſay beyond that I will not treſpaſs upon your good-nature or friendlineſs, to ſerve me. — God bleſs you, dear F—,

I am yours whilſt

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FOLEY, Montpellier, Oct. 5, 1763.

I AM aſhamed I have not taken an opportunity of thanking you before now, for your friendly act of civility, in ordering Brouſſe, your correſpondent at Toulouſe, in caſe I ſhould have occaſion, to pay me fifteen hundred livres — which, as I knew the offer came from your heart, I made no difficulty of accepting. — In my way through Toulouſe to Marſeilles, where we have been, but neither liking the place nor Aix (particularly the latter, it being a parliament town, of which Toulouſe has given me a ſurfeit), we have returned here where we ſhall reſide the winter — My wife and

daughter purpoſe to ſtay a year at leaſt behind me, and when winter is over, to return to Toulouſe, or go to Montauban, where they will ſtay till they return, or I fetch them — For myſelf, I ſhall ſet out in February for England, where my heart has been fled theſe ſix months — but I ſhall ſtay a fortnight with my friends at Paris; though I verily believe, if it was not for the pleaſure of ſeeing and chattering with you, I ſhould paſs on directly to Bruſſels, and ſo on to Rotterdam, for the ſake of ſeeing Holland, and embark from thence to London — But I muſt ſtay a little with thoſe I love and have ſo many reaſons to regard — you cannot place too much of this to your own ſcore. — I have had an offer of going to Italy a fortnight ago — but I muſt like my ſubject as well as the terms, neither of which were to my mind. — Pray what Engliſh have you at Paris? where is my young friend Mr. F—? We hear of three or four Engliſh families coming to us here — If I can be ſerviceable to any you would ſerve, you have but to write. — Mr. H—— has ſent my friend W—'s picture — You have ſeen the original, or I would have ſent it you — I believe I ſhall beg leave to get a copy of my own from yours, when I come in *propria perſona* — till when, God bleſs you, my dear friend, and believe me

Moſt faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Montpellier, Jan. 5, 1764.

You ſee I cannot paſs over the fifth of the month without thinking of you, and writing to you — The laſt is a periodical habit — the firſt is from my heart, and I do it oftener than I remember — however, from both motives together, I maintain I have a right to the pleaſure of a ſingle line — be it only to tell me how your watch goes — You know how much happier it would make me to know that all things belonging to you went on well. — You are going to have them all to yourſelf (I hear), and that Mr. S—— is true to his firſt intention of leaving buſineſs — I hope this will enable you to accompliſh yours in a ſhorter time, that you may get to your long-wiſhed-for retreat of tranquillity and ſilence — When you have got to your fire-ſide, and into your arm-chair (and by the bye have another to ſpare for a friend), and are ſo much a ſovereign, as to ſit in your furred cap, if you like it, though I ſhould not (for a man's ideas are at leaſt the cleaner for being dreſſed decently), why then it will be a miracle if I do not glide in like a ghoſt upon you, and in a very unghoſt-like faſhion help you off with a bottle of your beſt wine.

January 15. — It does not happen every day that a letter begun in the moſt perfect health, ſhould be concluded in the greateſt weakneſs — I wiſh the vulgar high and low do not ſay it was a judgment upon me, for taking all this liberty with *ghoſts* — Be it as it may — I took a ride, when the firſt part of this was wrote, towards Perenas — and returned home in a ſhivering fit, though I ought to have been in a fever, for I had tired my beaſt; and he was as unmoveable as Don Quixotte's wooden horſe, and my arm was half diſlocated in whipping him — This, quoth I, is inhuman — No, ſays a peaſant on foot behind me, I'll drive him home — ſo he laid on his poſteriors, but 'twas needleſs — as his face was turned towards Montpellier, he began to trot. — But to return, this fever has confined me ten days in my bed — I have ſuffered in this ſcuffle with death terribly — but unleſs the ſpirit of prophecy deceive me — I ſhall not die but live — in the mean time, dear F. let us live as merrily, but *as innocently* as we can — It has ever been as good, if not better than a biſhopric to me — and *I deſire no other* — Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me yours, L. S.

Pleaſe to give the incloſed to Mr. T—, and tell him I thank him cordially from my heart for his great *good-will.*

LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND. Montpellier, Jan. 20 [1764].

HEARING by Lord Rochford (who in paſſing thro' here in his way to Madrid has given me a call), that my worthy friend Mr. Fox was now at Paris — I have incloſed a letter to him, which you will preſent in courſe, or direct to him. — I ſuppoſe you are full of Engliſh; but in ſhort we are here as if in another world, where unleſs ſome ſtray'd ſoul arrives, we know nothing of what is going on in yours — Lord G——r I ſuppoſe is gone from Paris, or I had wrote alſo to him. I know you are as buſy as a bee, and have few moments to yourſelf — nevertheleſs beſtow one of them upon an old friend, and write me a line — and if Mr. F. is too idle, and has ought to ſay to me, pray write a ſecond line for him — We had a letter from Miſs P—— this week, who it ſeems has decamp'd for ever from Paris — *All is for the beſt* — which is my general reflection upon many things in this world — Well! I ſhall ſhortly come and ſhake you by the hand in St. Sauveur — if ſtill you are there. — My wife returns to Toulouſe, and purpoſes to ſpend the ſummer at Bagnieres — I on the contrary go and viſit my wife, the church in Yorkſhire. — We all live the longer — at leaſt

the happier, for having things our own way. — This is my conjugal maxim — I own 'tis not the beſt of maxims — but I maintain 'tis not the worſt. — Adieu, dear F——, and believe me.

Yours with truth,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLVI.

TO MRS. F ——.

Montpellier, Feb. 1, 1764.

I AM preparing, my dear Mrs. F. to leave France, for I am heartily tired of it — That inſipidity there is in French characters has diſguſted your friend Yorick. I have been dangerouſly ill, and cannot think that the ſharp air of Montpellier has been of ſervice to me — and ſo my phyſicians told me when they had me under their hands for above a month — if you ſtay any longer here, Sir, it will be fatal to you — And why, good people, were you not kind enough to tell me this ſooner? — After having diſcharged them, I told Mrs. Sterne that I ſhould ſet out for England very ſoon; but as ſhe chooſes to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wiſh my girl in England. — The ſtates of Languedoc are met — 'tis a fine raree-ſhow, with the uſual accompaniments of fiddles, bears, and pupet-ſhows.

— I

— I belive I ſhall ſtep into my poſt-chaiſe with more alacrity to fly from theſe ſights, than a Frenchman would to fly to them — and except a tear at parting with my little ſlut, I ſhall be in high ſpirits, and every ſtep I take that brings me nearer England, will I think help to ſet this poor frame to rights. Now pray write to me, directed to Mr. F. at Paris, and tell me what I am to bring you over. — How do I long to greet all my friends! few do I value more than yourſelf. — My wife chooſes to go to Montauban, rather than ſtay here, in which I am truly paſſive. — If this ſhould not find you at Bath, I hope it will be forwarded to you, as I wiſh to fulfil your commiſſions — and ſo adieu — Accept every warm wiſh for your health, and believe me ever yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. My phyſicians have almoſt poiſoned me with what they call *bouillons refraichiſſants* — 'tis a cock flayed alive and boiled with poppy ſeeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards paſſed thro' a ſieve — There is to be one crawfiſh in it, and I was gravely told it muſt be a male one — a female would do me more hurt than good.

LETTER XLVII.

TO MISS STERNE.

MY DEAR LYDIA, Paris, May 15, 1764.

By this time I ſuppoſe your mother and ſelf are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you. — I acquieſced in your ſtaying in France — likewiſe it was your mother's wiſh — but I muſt tell you both (that unleſs your health had not been a plea made uſe of) I ſhould have wiſhed you both to return with me. — I have ſent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metaſtaſio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amuſement. — I hope you have not forgot my laſt requeſt, to make no friendſhips with the French women — not that I think ill of them all, but ſometimes women of the beſt principles are the moſt *inſinuating* — nay I am ſo jealous of you, that I ſhould be miſerable were I to ſee you had the leaſt grain of coquetry in your compoſition. — You have enough to do — for I have alſo ſent you a guittar — and as you have no genius for drawing (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waſte not your time about it — Remember to write to me as to a friend — in ſhort whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.

tural. — If your mother's rheumatiſm continues, and ſhe chooſes to go to Bagnieres, tell her not to be ſtopped for want of money, for my purſe ſhall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the Ambaſſador's chapel — Hezekiah * — (an odd ſubject your mother will ſay) — There was a concourſe of all nations, and religions too. — I ſhall leave Paris in a few days — I am lodged in the ſame hotel with Mr. T.——; they are good and generous ſouls. — Tell your mother that I hope ſhe will write to me, and that when ſhe does ſo, I may alſo receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiſs your mother from me, and believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO MR. FOLEY.

MY DEAR FOLEY, York, Auguſt 6, 1764.

THERE is a young lady with whom I have ſent a letter to you, who will arrive at Paris in her way to Italy — her name is Miſs Tuting; a lady known and loved by the whole kingdom — if you can be of any aid to her in your advice, &c. as to her journey, &c.

* See SERMON XVII.

your

your good-nature and politeneſs I am ſure need no ſpur from me to do it. — I was ſorry we were like the two buckets of a well, whilſt in London, for we were never able to be both reſident together the month I continued in and about the environs. —— If I get a cough this winter which holds me three days, you will certainly ſee me at Paris the week following, for now I abandon every thing in this world to health and to my friends — for the laſt ſermon that I ſhall ever preach, was preach'd at Paris — ſo I am altogether an idle man, or rather a free one, which is better. I ſent, laſt poſt, twenty pounds to Mrs. Sterne, which makes a hundred pounds remitted ſince I got here. — You muſt pay yourſelf what I owe you out of it — and place the reſt to account. — Betwixt this and Lady-day next, Mrs. Sterne will draw from time to time upon you to about the amount of a hundred louis — but not more (I think) — I having left her a hundred in her pocket. — But you ſhall always have money before-hand of mine, and ſhe purpoſes to ſpend no further than five thouſand livres in the year — but twenty pounds this way or that makes no difference between us. — Give my kindeſt compliments to Mr. P——. I have a thouſand things to ſay to you, and would go half-way to Paris to tell them you in your ear. — The Meſſrs. T——, H——, &c. and many more of your friends with whom I am now, ſend their ſervices — Mine to all friends — Yours, dear F., moſt truly.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIX.

TO J —— H —— S ——, ESQ.

September, 4, 1764.

Now, my dear, dear Anthony — I do not think a week or ten days playing the good fellow (at this very time) at Scarborough, ſo abominable a thing — but if a man could get there cleverly, and every ſoul in his houſe in the mind to try what could be done in furtherance thereof — I have no one to conſult in this affair — therefore as a man may do worſe things, the Engliſh of all which is this, that I am going to leave a few poor ſheep here in the wilderneſs for fourteen days — and from pride and naughtineſs of heart to go ſee what is doing at Scarborough — Stedfaſtly meaning afterwards to lead a new life and ſtrengthen my faith. — Now ſome folks ſay there is much company there — and ſome ſay not — and I believe there is neither the one or the other — but will be both, if the world will have but a month's patience or ſo. — No, my dear H——, I did not delay ſending your letter directly to the poſt. — As there are critical times, or rather turns and revolutions in *** humours, I knew not what the delay of an hour might hazard — I will anſwer for him, he has ſeventy times ſeven forgiven you — and as often

ten wiſh'd you at the d—l. — After many oſcillations the pendulum will reſt firm as ever. —

I ſend all kind compliments to Sir C. D—— and G—s. I love them from my ſoul. — If G——t is with you, him alſo. — I go on, not rapidly, but well enough with my uncle Toby's amours — There is no ſitting, and cudgelling one's brains whilſt the ſun ſhines bright — 'twill be all over in ſix or ſeven weeks, and there are diſmal months enow after to endure ſuffocation by a brimſtone fire-ſide. — If you can get to Scarborough do. — A man who makes ſix tons of allum a week, may do any thing — Lord Granby is to be there — what a temptation!

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR COUSIN, Coxwould — Thurſday. [*Sept.* 1764.]

I AM but this moment returned from Scarborough, where I have been drinking the waters ever ſince the races, and have received marvellous ſtrength, had I not debilitated it as faſt as I got it, by playing the good fellow with Lord Granby and Co. too much. I rejoice you have been encamp'd at Harrowgate,

from which, by now, I ſuppoſe you are decamp'd — otherwiſe as idle a beaſt as I have been, I would have ſacrificed a few days to the god of laughter with you and your jolly ſet. — I have done nothing good that I know of, ſince I left you, except paying off your guinea and a half to K——, in my way thro' York hither — I muſt try now and do better — Go on and proſper for a month.

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER LI.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR FRIEND, York, September 29, 1764.

I HAVING juſt had the honour of a letter from Miſs Tuting, full of the acknowledgments of your attention and kind ſervices to her, I will not believe theſe aroſe from the D. of A———'s letters, nor mine. Surely *ſhe needed no recommendation* — the trueſt and moſt honeſt compliment I can pay you is to ſay they came from your own good heart, only you was introduced to the object — for the reſt followed in courſe — However let me caſt in my mite of thanks to the treaſury which belongs to good natured actions. I have been with Lord G—y theſe three weeks at Scarborough — the pleaſures

ſures of which I found ſomewhat more exalted than thoſe of Bagnieres laſt year. — I am now returned to my Philoſophical Hut to finiſh Triſtram, which I calculate will be ready for the world about Chriſtmas, at which time I decamp from hence, and fix my head-quarters at London for the winter — unleſs my cough puſhes me forwards to your Metropolis — or that I can perſuade ſome *gros* my Lord to take a trip to you — I'll try if I can make him reliſh the joys of of the *Thuilleries*, *Opera Comique*, *&c.*

I had this week a letter from Mrs. Sterne from Montauban, in which ſhe tells me ſhe has occaſion for fifty pounds immediately — Will you ſend an order to your correſpondent at Montauban to pay her ſo much caſh — and I will in three weeks ſend as much to Becket — But as her purſe is low, for GOD's ſake write directly. — Now you muſt do ſomething equally eſſential — to rectify a miſtake in the mind of your correſpondent there, who it ſeems gave her a hint not long ago, "*that ſhe was ſeparated from me for life*" — Now as this is not true in the firſt place, and may give a diſadvantageous impreſſion of her to thoſe ſhe lives amongſt — 'twould be unmerciful to let her, or my daughter, ſuffer by it; — ſo do be ſo good as to undeceive him — for in a year or two ſhe propoſes (and indeed I expect it with impatience from her) to rejoin me — and tell them I have all the confidence in the world ſhe will not ſpend more than I can

afford, and I only mentioned two hundred guineas a year — becauſe 'twas right to name ſome certain ſum, for which I begged you to give her credit. — I write to you of all my moſt intimate concerns, as to a brother: ſo excuſe me, dear Foley. God bleſs you — Believe me

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

Compliments to Mr. Panchaud, D'Holbach, &c.

LETTER LII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND, York, Nov. 11, 1764.

I SENT ten days ago, a bank bill of thirty pounds to Mr. Becket, and this poſt one of ſixty — When I get to London, which will be in five weeks, you will receive what ſhall always keep you in bank for Mrs. Sterne; in the mean time I have deſired Becket to ſend you fourſcore pounds, and if my wife, before I get to London, ſhould have occaſion for fifty louis, let her not wait a minute, and if I have not paid it, a week or a fortnight I know will break no ſquares with a good and worthy friend. — I will contrive to ſend you theſe two new volumes of Triſtram, as ſoon as ever I get them from

from the preſs. — You will read as odd a tour through France as ever was projected or executed by traveller, or travel-writers, ſince the world began — 'Tis a laughing good-tempered ſatire againſt travelling (as *puppies* travel) — Panchaud will enjoy it — I am quite civil to your Pariſians — *et pour cauſe* you know — 'tis likely I may ſee them in ſpring — Is it poſſible for you to get me over a copy of my picture any how? If ſo, I would write to Mademoiſelle N —— to make as good a copy from it as ſhe poſſibly could — with a view to do her ſervice here — and I would remit her the price — I really believe it would be the parent of a dozen portraits to her, if ſhe executes it with the ſpirit of the original in your hands — for it will be ſeen by many — and as my phiz is as remarkable as myſelf, if ſhe preſerves the true character of both, it will do her honour and ſervice too. — Write me a line about this, and tell me you are well and happy — Will you preſent my kind reſpects to the worthy Baron — I ſhall ſend him one of the beſt impreſſions of my picture from Mr. Reynolds's — another to Monſieur P———. My love to Mr. S———n and P——d.

I am moſt truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LIII.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

DEAR DEAR COUSIN, Nov. 13, 1764.

'Tis a church militant week with me, full of marches, and countermarches — and treaties about Stillington common, which we are going to incloſe — otherwiſe I would have obeyed your ſummons — and yet I could not well have done it this week, neither having received a letter from C—, who has been very ill; and is coming down to ſtay a week or ten days with me — Now I know he is ambitious of being better acquainted with you; and longs from his ſoul for a ſight of you in your own caſtle. — I cannot do otherwiſe than bring him with me — nor can I gallop away and leave him an empty houſe to pay a viſit to from London, as he comes half expreſs to ſee me. — I thank you for the care of my northern vintage — I fear after all I muſt give it a fermentation on the other ſide of the Alps, which is better than being on the lees with it — but *nous verrons* — yet I fear as it has got ſuch hold of my brain, and comes upon it like an armed man at nights — I muſt give way for quietneſs ſake, or be hag-ridden with the conceit of it all my life long — I have been *Miſs-ridden* this

laſt week by a couple of romping girls (*bien miſes et comme il faut*) who might as well have been in the houſe with me (though perhaps not, my retreat here is too quiet for them), but they have taken up all my time, and have given my judgment and fancy more airings than they wanted. — Theſe things accord not well with ſermon-making — but 'tis my vile errantry, as Sancho ſays, and that is all that can be made of it. — I truſt all goes ſwimmingly on with your alum; that the works amuſe you, and call you twice out (at leaſt) a day. — I ſhall ſee them I truſt in ten days, or thereabouts — If it was any way poſſible, I would ſet out this moment, though I have no cavalry — (*except a ſhe aſs*). Give all friendly reſpects to Mrs. C. and to Col. H—'s, and the garriſon both of Guiſbro and Skelton. — I am, dear Anthony,

Affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LIV.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT P.

MY DEAR FRIEND, York, November 16, 1764.

THREE poſts before I had the favour of yours (which is come to hand this moment) I had wrote to ſet Mrs. Sterne right in her miſtake — That you had any money of mine in your hands — being very ſenſible that the hundred pounds I had ſent you, through Becket's hands, was but about what would balance with you — The reaſon of her error was owing to my writing her word, I would ſend you a bill in a poſt or two for fifty pounds, which, my finances falling ſhort juſt then, I deferred — ſo that I had paid nothing to any one — but was, however, come to York this day, and I have ſent you a draught for a hundred pounds — in honeſt truth, a fortnight ago I had not the caſh — but I am as honeſt as the king (as Sancho Panca ſays), *only not ſo rich.*

Therefore if Mrs. Sterne ſhould want thirty louis more, let her have them — and I will balance all (which will not be much) with honour at Chriſtmas, when I ſhall be in London, having now juſt finiſhed my two volumes of Triſtram. — I have ſome thoughts of going to Italy this year — at leaſt I ſhall not defer it above another. —— I have been with Lord Granby, and with Lord

Shelburne, but am now ſat down till December in my ſweet retirement. — I wiſh you was ſat down as happily, and as free of all worldly cares —— In a few years, my dear F., I hope to ſee you a real country gentleman, though not altogether exiled from your friends in London — there I ſhall ſpend every winter of my life, in the ſame lap of contentment, where I enjoy myſelf now — and wherever I go — we muſt bring three parts in four of the treat along with us — In ſhort, we muſt be happy within — and then few things without us make much difference — This is my Shandean philoſophy. — You will read a comic account of my journey from Calais, through Paris, to the Garonne, in theſe volumes — my friends tell me they are done with ſpirit —— it muſt ſpeak for itſelf. — Give my kind reſpects to Mr. Selwin and my friend Panchaud —— When you ſee Baron d'Holbach, preſent him my reſpects, and believe me, dear F.,

Yours cordially,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LV.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

DEAR GARRICK, London, March 16, 1765.

I THREATENED you with a letter in one I wrote a few weeks ago to Foley, but (to my ſhame be it ſpoken) I lead ſuch a life of diſſipation I have never had a moment to myſelf which has not been broke in upon, by one engagement or impertinence or another — and as plots thicken towards the latter end of a piece, I find, unleſs I take pen and ink juſt now, I ſhall not be able to do it, till either I am got into the country, or you to the city. You are teized and tormented too much by your correſpondents to return to us, and with accounts how much your friends, and how much your Theatre wants you — ſo that I will not magnify either our loſs or yours — but hope cordially to ſee you ſoon. — Since I wrote laſt I have frequently ſtept into your houſe — that is, as frequently as I could take the whole party where I dined along with me — This was but juſtice to you, as I walked in as a wit — but with regard to myſelf, I balanced the account thus — I am ſometimes in my friend ——'s houſe, but he is always in Triſtram Shandy's — where my friends ſay he will continue (and I hope the prophecy true for my own immortality), even when he himſelf is no more.

I have had a lucrative winter's campaign here — Shandy ſells well — I am taxing the public with two more volumes of Sermons, which will more than double the gains of Shandy — It goes into the world with a prancing liſt *de toute la nobleſſe* — which will bring me in three hundred pounds, excluſive of the ſale of the copy — ſo that with all the contempt of money which *ma façon de penſer* has ever impreſſed on me, I ſhall be rich in ſpite of myſelf: but I ſcorn, you muſt know, in the high *ton* I take at preſent, to pocket all this traſh — I ſet out to lay a portion of it out in the ſervice of the world, in a tour round Italy, where I ſhall ſpring game or the deuce is in the dice. — In the beginning of September I quit England, that I may avail myſelf of the time of vintage, when all nature is joyous, and ſo ſaunter philoſophically for a year or ſo, on the other ſide the Alps. — I hope your pilgrimages have brought Mrs. Garrick and yourſelf back *à la fleur de jeuneſſe* — May you both long feel the ſweets of it, and your friends with you. — Do, dear friend, make my kindeſt wiſhes and compliments acceptable to the beſt and wiſeſt of the daughters of Eve — You ſhall ever believe, and ever find me affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I SCALP you! my dear Garrick! my dear friend! foul befal the man who hurts a hair of your head! and ſo full was I of that very ſentiment, that my letter had not been put into the poſt-office ten minutes, before my heart ſmote me; and I ſent to recal it — but failed — you are ſadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my falſe delicacy in the affair — Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately ſpun as thy own — his ſentiments as honeſt and friendly — thou knoweſt, Shandy, that he loves thee — why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? Puppy! fool, coxcomb, jack-aſs, &c. &c. — and ſo I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it drawn up in *your way* — I ſay *your way* — for it is not ſtated ſo much to your honour and credit, as I had paſſed the account before — for it was a moſt lamented truth that I never received one of the letters your friendſhip meant me, except whilſt in Paris — Oh! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to

be under for your return — Return, return to the few who love you, and the thouſands who admire you. — The moment you ſet your foot upon you ſtage — mark! I tell it you — by ſome magic irreſiſted power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afreſh, and as ſtrong and feelingly as ever — Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you — and there is enough of it left to heat and enlighten the world theſe many, many, many years.

Heaven be praiſed! (I utter it from my ſoul) that your lady, and my Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windſor — full rapturouſly will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where I will ſacrifice with the pureſt incenſe to her — but you may worſhip with me, or not — 'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion — ſtill (after all I have ſeen) I ſtill maintain her peerleſs.

Powel! good Heaven! give me ſome one with leſs ſmoke and more fire — There are who, like the Phariſees, ſtill think they ſhall be heard for *much* ſpeaking — Come — come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another leſſon.

Adieu! — I love you dearly — and your lady better — not hobbihorſically — but moſt ſentimentally and affectionately — for I am yours (that is, if you never ſay another word about ——) with all the ſentiments of love and friendſhip you deſerve from me,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVII.

TO MR. FOLEY.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Bath, April 15, 1765.

My wife tells me ſhe has drawn for one hundred pounds, and 'tis fit that you ſhould be paid it that minute — the money is now in Becket's hands — ſend me, my dear Foley my account, that I may diſcharge the balance to this time, and know what to leave in your hands — I have made a good campaign of it this year in the field of the literati — my two volumes of Triſtram, and two of Sermons, which I ſhall print very ſoon, will bring me a conſiderable ſum. — Almoſt all the nobility in England honour me with their names, and 'tis thought it will be the largeſt and moſt ſplendid liſt which ever pranced before a book, ſince ſubſcriptions came into faſhion. — Pray preſent my moſt ſincere compliments to Lady H——, whoſe name I hope to inſert with many others. — As ſo many men of genius favour me with their names alſo, I will quarrel with Mr. Hume, and call him Deiſt, and what not, unleſs I have his name too. — My love to Lord W——. Your name, Foley, I have put in as a free-will offering of my labours — your liſt of ſubſcribers you will ſend — 'tis but a crown for ſixteen ſermons — Dog cheap!

cheap! but I am in queſt of honour not money. — Adieu, adieu, — believe me, dear Foley,

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVIII.

TO MR. W.

Coxwould, May 23, 1765.

At this moment I am ſitting in my ſummer-houſe with my head and heart full, not of my Uncle Toby's amours with the widow Wadman, but my ſermons — and your letter has drawn me out of a penſive mood — the ſpirit of it *pleaſeth me* — but in this ſolitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myſelf — I am glad that you are in love — 'twill cure you at leaſt of the ſpleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman — I myſelf muſt ever have ſome Dulcinea in my head — it harmonizes the ſoul — and in thoſe caſes I firſt endeavour to make the lady believe ſo, or rather I begin firſt to make myſelf believe that I am in love — but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, ſentimentally — "*l'amour*" (ſay they) "*n'eſt rien ſans ſentiment*" — Now notwithſtanding they make ſuch a pother about the *word*, they have no preciſe idea annex'd to it — And

— And ſo much for that ſame ſubject called love. — I muſt tell you how I have juſt treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter — Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and deſired to know what *fortune* I would give her at preſent, and how much at my *death* — by the bye, I think there was very little *ſentiment* on *his ſide* — My anſwer was, " Sir, I ſhall give her ten thouſand pounds the day of marriage — my calculation is as follows — ſhe is not eighteen, you are ſixty-two — there goes five thouſand pounds — then, Sir, you at leaſt think her not ugly — ſhe has many accompliſhments, ſpeaks Italian, French, plays upon the guitar, and as I fear you play upon no inſtrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finiſhes the account of the ten thouſand pounds." — I do not ſuppoſe but he will take this as I mean, that is — a flat refuſal. — I have had a parſonage houſe burnt down by the careleſſneſs of my curate's wife — as ſoon as I can I muſt rebuild it, I trow — but I lack the means at preſent — yet I am never happier than when I have not a ſhilling in my pocket — for when I have I can never call it my own. — Adieu, my dear friend — may you enjoy better health than me, tho' not better ſpirits, for that is impoſſible. Yours ſincerely,

L. STERNE.

My compliments to the Col.

LETTER LIX.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR SIR, York, July 13, 1765.

I WROTE ſome time in ſpring, to beg you would favour me with my account. I believe you was ſet out from Paris, and that Mr. Garrick brought the letter with him — which poſſibly he gave you. In the hurry of your buſineſs you might forget the contents of it; and in the hurry of mine in town (though I called once) I could not get to ſee you. I decamp for Italy in September, and ſhall ſee your face at Paris, you may be ſure — but I ſhall ſee it with more pleaſure when I am out of debt — which is your own fault, for Becket has had money left in his hands for that purpoſe. — Do ſend Mrs. Sterne her two laſt volumes of Triſtram; they arrived with yours in Spring, and ſhe complains ſhe has not got them — My beſt ſervices to Mr. Panchaud. — I am buſy compoſing two volumes of ſermons — they will be printed in September, though I fear not time enough to bring them with me. Your name is amongſt the liſt of a few of my honorary ſubſcribers — who ſubſcribe for love. — If you ſee Baron d'Holbach, and Diderot, preſent my reſpects to them — If the Baron wants any Engliſh books

he

he will let me know, and I will bring them with me — Adieu.

I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, London, October 7, 1765.

It is a terrible thing to be in Paris without a perriwig on a man's head! In ſeven days from the date of this, I ſhould be in that caſe, unleſs you tell your neighbour Madame Requiere to get her *bon mari de me faire un peruque à bourſe, au mieux — c'eſt-à-dire — une la plus extraordinaire — la plus jolie — la plus gentille — et la plus —*

— Mais qu'importe? j'ai l'honneur d'être grand critique — et bien difficile encore dans les affaires de peruques — and in one word, that he gets it done in five days after notice —

I beg pardon for this liberty, my dear friend, and for the trouble of forwarding this by the very next poſt. — If my friend Mr. F. is in Paris, my kind love to him, and reſpects to all others — in ſad haſte —

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

I have paid into Mr. Becket's hands ſix hundred pounds, which you may draw upon at ſight, according as either Mrs. Sterne or myſelf make it expedient.

LETTER LXI.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, Beau Point Voiſin, November 7, 1765.

I FORGOT to deſire you to forward whatever letters came to your hand to your banker at Rome, to wait for me againſt I get there, as it is uncertain how long I may ſtay at Turin, &c. &c. at preſent I am held priſoner in this town by the ſudden ſwelling of two pitiful rivulets from the ſnows melting on the Alps — ſo that we cannot either advance to them, or retire back again to Lyons — for how long the gentlemen who are my fellow-travellers, and myſelf, ſhall languiſh in this ſtate of vexatious captivity, heaven and earth ſurely know; for it rains as if they were coming together to ſettle the matter. — I had an agreeable journey to Lyons, and a joyous time there; dining and ſupping every day at the commandant's — Lord F. W. I left there, and about a dozen Engliſh — If you ſee Lord Oſſory, Lord William Gordon, and my friend Mr. Crawford, remember me to them — if Wilkes is at Paris yet, I ſend him all kind

wiſhes — preſent my compliments as well as thanks to my good friend Miſs P—, and believe me, dear Sir, with all truth, yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Turin, November 15, 1765.

AFTER many difficulties I have got here ſafe and ſound — tho' eight days in paſſing the mountains of Savoy. — I am ſtopped here for ten days by the whole country betwixt here and Milan being laid under water by continual rains — but I am very happy, and have found my way into a dozen houſes already — To-morrow I am to be preſented to the King, and when that ceremony is over, I ſhall have my hands full of engagements — No Engliſh here but Sir James Macdonald, who meets with much reſpect, and Mr. Ogilby. We are all together, and ſhall depart in peace together —— My kind ſervices to all, pray forward the incloſed —

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Turin, November 28, 1765.

I AM juſt leaving this place with Sir James Macdonald for Milan, &c. — We have ſpent a joyous fortnight here, and met with all kinds of honours — and with regret do we both bid adieu — but health on my ſide — and good ſenſe on his — ſay 'tis better to be at Rome — you ſay at Paris — but you put variety out of the queſtion — I intreat you to forward the incloſed to Mrs. Sterne — My compliments to all friends, more particularly to thoſe I moſt value (that includes Mr. F. if he is in Paris).

I am yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Florence, December 18, 1765.

I HAVE been a month paſſing the plains of Lombardy — ſtopping in my way at Milan, Parma, Placenza, and Bologna — with weather as delicious as a kindly April in England, and

and have been three days in croſſing a part of the Apennines covered with thick ſnow — Sad tranſition! — I ſtay here three days to dine with our Plenipo Lords T——d and C——r, and in five days ſhall tread the Vatican, and be introduced to all the Saints in the Pantheon. — I ſtay but fourteen days to pay theſe civilities, and then decamp for Naples. — Pray ſend the incloſed to my wife, and Becket's letter to London.

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXV.

TO MISS STERNE.

MY DEAR GIRL, Naples, February 3, 1766.

YOUR letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry. — Sorry am I that you are both ſo afflicted with the ague, and by all means I wiſh you both to fly from Tours, becauſe I remember it is ſituated between two rivers, la Loire, and le Cher — which muſt occaſion fogs, and damp unwholeſome weather — therefore for the ſame reaſon go not to Bourges en Breſſe — 'tis as vile a place for agues. — I find myſelf infinitely better than I was — and hope to have added at leaſt ten years to my life by this journey to Italy — the climate is heavenly, and I find

new principles of health in me, which I have been long a ſtranger to — but truſt me, my Lydia, I will find you out, wherever you are, in May. Therefore I beg you to direct to me at Belloni's at Rome, that I may have ſome idea where you will be then. — The account you give me of Mrs. C—— is truly amiable, I ſhall ever honour her — Mr. C. is a diverting companion — what he ſaid of your little French admirer was truly droll — the Marquis de —— is an impoſtor, and not worthy of your acquaintance — he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother — I deſire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C. that I may diſcharge every debt, and then, my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen ſhall be yours — if fate reſerves me not that — the humane and good, part for thy father's ſake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee! — If your mother's health will permit her to return with me to England, your ſummers I will render as agreeable as I can at Coxwould — your winters at York — you know my publications call me to London. — If Mr. and Mrs. C— are ſtill at Tours, thank them from me for their cordiality to my wife and daughter. I have purchaſed you ſome little trifles, which I ſhall give you when we meet, as proofs of affection from

Your fond father,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXVI.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

MY DEAR H. Naples, Feb. 5, 1766.

'Tis an age ſince I have heard from you — but as I read the London Chronicle, and find no tidings of your death, or that you are even at the point of it, I take it as I wiſh it, that you have got over thus much of the winter free from the damps, both of climate and ſpirits; and here I am, as happy as a king after all, growing fat, ſleek, and well liking — not improving in ſtature, but in breadth. — We have a jolly carnival of it — nothing but operas — punchinelloes — feſtinoes and maſquerades — We (that is, *nous autres*) are all dreſſing out for one this night at the Princeſs Francavivalla, which is to be ſuperb. — The Engliſh dine with her (excluſive), and ſo much for ſmall chat — except that I ſaw a little comedy acted laſt week with more expreſſion and ſpirit, and true character, than I ſhall ſee one haſtily again. — I ſtay here till the holy week, which I ſhall paſs at Rome, where I occupy myſelf a month — My plan was to have gone from thence for a fortnight to Florence — and then by Leghorn to Marſeilles directly home — but am diverted from this by

the repeated propoſals of accompanying a gentleman, who is returning by Venice, Vienna, Saxony, Berlin, and ſo by the Spaw, and thence through Holland to England — 'tis with Mr. E. I have known him theſe three years, and have been with him ever ſince I reach'd Rome; and as I know him to be a good-hearted young gentleman, I have no doubt of making it anſwer both his views and mine — at leaſt I am perſuaded we ſhall return home together, as we ſet out, with friendſhip and good-will. — Write your next letter to me at Rome, and do me the following favour if it lies in your way, which I think it does — to get me a letter of recommendation to our Ambaſſador (Lord Stormont) at Vienna. I have not the honour to be known to his Lordſhip, but Lords P—— or H——, or twenty you better know, would write a certificate for me, importing, that I am not fallen out of the clouds. If this will coſt my couſin little trouble, do incloſe it in your next letter to me at Belloni's. — You have left Skelton I trow a month, and I fear have had a moſt ſharp winter, if one may judge of it from the ſeverity of the weather here, and all over Italy, which exceeded any thing known till within theſe three weeks, that the ſun has been as hot as we could bear it. — Give my kind ſervices to my friends — eſpecially to the houſehold of faith — my dear Garland — to Gilbert — to the worthy Colonel — to Cardinal S——, to my fellow-labourer

labourer Pantagruel — dear couſin Antony, receive my kindeſt love and wiſhes.

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

P. S. Upon ſecond thoughts, direct your next to me at Mr. W. banker at Venice.

LETTER LXVII.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, Naples, February 8, 1766.

I DESIRE Mrs. Sterne may have what caſh ſhe wants — if ſhe has not received it before now: ſhe ſends me word ſhe has been in want of caſh theſe three weeks — be ſo kind as to prevent this uneaſineſs to her — which is doubly ſo to me. — I have made very little uſe of your letters of credit, having ſince I left Paris taken up no more money than about fifty louis at Turin, as much at Rome — and a few ducats here — and as I now travel from hence to Rome, Venice, through Vienna to Berlin, &c. with a gentleman of fortune, I ſhall draw for little more till my return — ſo you will have always enough to ſpare for my wife. — The beginning of March be ſo kind as to let her have a hundred pounds to begin her year with —

There are a good many Engliſh here, very few in Rome, or other parts of Italy. — The air of Naples agrees very well with me — I ſhall return fat — my friendſhip to all who honour me with theirs — Adieu, my dear friend — I am ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, Naples, February 14, 1766.

I WROTE laſt week to you to deſire you would let Mrs. Sterne have what money ſhe wanted — it may happen, as that letter went incloſed in one to her at Tours, that you will receive this firſt — I have made little uſe of your letters of credit, as you will ſee by that letter, nor ſhall I want much (if any) till you ſee me, as I travel now in company with a gentleman — however, as we return by Venice, Vienna, Berlin, &c. to the Spaw, I ſhould be glad if you will draw me a letter of credit upon ſome one at Venice, to the extent of fifty louis — but I am perſuaded I ſhall not want half of them — however, in caſe of ſickneſs or accidents, one would not go ſo long a rout without money in one's pocket. — The bankers here are not ſo conſcientious as my friend P. they would make me pay twelve per cent. if I was to get a letter here. — I

beg

beg your letters, &c. may be incloſed to Mr. Watſon at Venice — where we ſhall be in the Aſcenſion. — I have received much benefit from the air of Naples — but quit it to be at Rome before the holy week. — There are about five and twenty Engliſh here — but moſt of them will be decamp'd in two months — there are ſcarce a third of the number at Rome, I ſuppoſe therefore that Paris is full — my warmeſt wiſhes attend you — with my love to Mr. F. and compliments to all — I am, dear Sir, very faithfully,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

Sir James Macdonald is in the houſe with me, and is juſt recovering a long and moſt cruel fit of the rheumatiſm.

LETTER LXIX.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

DEAR ANTONY, May 25, near Dijon [1766].

My deſire of ſeeing both my wife and girl has turn'd me out of my road towards a delicious Chateau of the Counteſs of M———, where I have been patriarching it theſe ſeven days with her ladyſhip, and half a dozen of very handſome and agreeable ladies —

her ladyſhip has the beſt of hearts — a valuable preſent not given to every one. To-morrow with regret, I ſhall quit this agreeable circle, and poſt it night and day to Paris, where I ſhall arrive in two days, and juſt wind myſelf up when I am there, enough to roll on to Calais — ſo I hope to ſup with you the king's birth-day, according to a plan of ſixteen days ſtanding. — Never man has been ſuch a wildgooſe chace after a wife as I have been — after having ſought her in five or ſix different towns, I found her at laſt in *Franche Compté* — Poor woman! ſhe was very cordial, &c. and begs to ſtay another year or ſo — my Lydia pleaſes me much — I found her greatly improved in every thing I wiſhed her — I am moſt unaccountably well, and moſt unaccountably nonſenſical — 'tis at leaſt a proof of good ſpirits, which is a ſign and token given me in theſe latter days, that I muſt take up again the pen — In faith, I think I ſhall die with it in my hand, but I ſhall live theſe ten years, my Antony, notwithſtanding the fears of my wife, whom I left moſt melancholy on that account. This is a delicious part of the world; moſt celeſtial weather, and we lie all day, without damps, upon the graſs — and that is the whole of it, except the inner man (for her ladyſhip is not ſtingy of her wine) is inſpired twice a day with the beſt Burgundy that grows upon the mountains which terminate our lands here. — Surely you will not have decamped to Crazy Caſtle before

I reach

I reach town — The ſummer here is ſet in in good earneſt — 'tis more than we can ſay for Yorkſhire — I hope to hear a good tale of your alum-works — have you no other works in hand? I do not expect to hear from you, ſo God proſper you — and all your undertakings. — I am, my dear couſin,

Moſt affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

Remember me to Mr. G——, Cardinal S——, the Col. &c. &c. &c.

LETTER LXX.

TO MR. PANCHAUD AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, York, June 28, 1766.

I WROTE laſt week to Mr. Becket to diſcharge the balance due to you — and I have received a letter from him, telling me that if you will draw upon him for one hundred and ſixty pounds, he will punctually pay it to your order — ſo ſend the draughts when you pleaſe. — Mrs. Sterne writes me word ſhe wants fifty pounds — which I deſire you will let her have. — I will take care to remit it to your correſpondent — I have ſuch an entire confidence in my wife, that ſhe ſpends as little as ſhe can, though ſhe is confined to no particular ſum — her

— her expences will not exceed three hundred pounds a year, unleſs by ill health or a journey — and I am very willing ſhe ſhould have it — and you may rely in caſe it ever happens that ſhe ſhould draw for fifty or a hundred pounds extraordinary, that it and every demand ſhall be punctually paid — and with proper thanks; and for this the whole Shandean family are ready to ſtand ſecurity. — 'Tis impoſſible to tell you how ſorry I was that my affairs hurried me ſo quick through Paris, as to deprive me of ſeeing my old friend Mr. Foley, and of the pleaſure I propoſed in being made known to his better half — but I have a probability of ſeeing him this winter. Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me

Moſt cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. Mrs. Sterne is going to Chalons, but your letter will find her, I believe, at Avignon — She is very poorly — and my daughter writes to me with ſad grief of heart, that ſhe is worſe.

LETTER LXXI.

TO MR. S.

DEAR SIR, Coxwould, July 23, 1766.

ONE might be led to think that there is a fatality regarding us — we make appointments to meet, and for theſe two years have not ſeen each other's face but twice — we muſt try, and do better for the future — Having fought you with more zeal than C .... fought the Lord, in order to deliver you the books you bade me purchaſe for you at Paris — I was forced to pay carriage for them from London down to York — but as I ſhall neither charge you the books nor the carriage — 'tis not worth talking about. — Never man, my dear Sir, has had a more agreeable tour than your Yorick — and at preſent I am in my peaceful retreat, writing the ninth volume * of Triſtram — I ſhall publiſh but one this year, and the next I ſhall begin a new work of four volumes, which when finiſhed, I ſhall continue Triſtram with freſh ſpirit. What a difference of ſcene here? But, with a diſpoſition to be happy, 'tis neither this place nor t'other, that renders us the reverſe. — In ſhort, each man's happineſs depends upon himſelf — he is a fool if he does not enjoy it.

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

What

What are you about, dear S——? Give me ſome account of your pleaſures — you had better come to me for a fortnight, and I will ſhew, or give you (if needful), a practical doſe of my philoſophy: but I hope you do not want it — if you did — 'twould be the office of a friend to give it — Will not even our races tempt you? You ſee I uſe all arguments — Believe me yours moſt truly,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER LXXII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Coxwould, September 21, 1766.

If Mrs. Sterne ſhould draw upon you for fifty louis d'ors, be ſo kind as to remit her the money — and pray be ſo good as not to draw upon Mr. Becket for it (as he owes me nothing), but favour me with the draught, which I will pay to Mr. Selwin —— A young nobleman is now negociating a jaunt with me for ſix weeks, about Chriſtmas, to the Fauxbourg de St. Germain — I ſhould like much to be with you for ſo long — and if my wife ſhould grow worſe (having had a very poor account of her in my daughter's laſt), I cannot think of her being without me — and however expenſive the journey would be, I would fly to Avignon to adminiſter

miniſter conſolation to both her and my poor girl — Wherever I am, believe me, dear Sir,

Yours,

L STERNE.

My kind compliments to Mr. Foley: though I have not the honour of knowing his rib, I ſee no reaſon why I may not preſent all due reſpects to the better half of ſo old a friend, which I do by theſe preſents — with my friendlieſt wiſhes to Miſs P.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Coxwould, October 25, 1766.

I DESIRED you would be ſo good as to remit to Mrs. Sterne fifty louis, a month ago — I dare ſay you have done it — but her illneſs muſt have coſt her a good deal — therefore having paid the laſt fifty pounds into Mr. Selwin's hands, I beg you to ſend her thirty guineas more — for which I ſend a bank bill to Mr. Becket by this poſt — but ſurely had I not done ſo, you would not ſtick at it — for be aſſured, my dear Foley, that the Firſt Lord of the Treaſury is neither more able or more willing (nor perhaps half ſo punctual) in repaying with honour all I ever can be in your books. —

My daughter ſays her mother is very ill — and I fear going faſt down by all accounts — 'tis melancholy in her ſituation to want any aid that is in my power to give — do write to her — and believe me with all compliments to your Hotel,

Yours very truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO MR. PANCHAUD.

DEAR SIR, York, November 25, 1766.

I JUST received yours — and am glad that the balance of accounts is now paid to you — Thus far all goes well — I have received a letter from my daughter, with the pleaſing tidings that ſhe thinks her mother out of danger — and that the air of the country is delightful (excepting the winds); but the deſcription of the Chateau my wife has hired is really pretty — on the ſide of the Fountain of Vaucluſe — with ſeven rooms of a floor, half furniſhed with tapeſtry, half with blue taffety, the permiſſion to fiſh, and to have game; ſo many partridges a week, &c.; and the price — gueſs! ſixteen guineas a year — there's for you, P. About the latter end of next month my wife will have occaſion for a hundred guineas — and pray be ſo good,

good, my dear Sir, as to give orders that ſhe may not be diſappointed — ſhe is going to ſpend the Carnival at Marſeilles at Chriſtmas — I ſhall be in London by Chriſtmas week, and then ſhall balance this remittance to Mrs. S. with Mr. S——. I am going to lie in of another child of the Shandaick procreation, in town, I hope you wiſh me a ſafe delivery — I fear my friend Mr. F. will have left town before I get there — Adieu, dear Sir — I wiſh you every thing in this world which will do you good, for I am with unfeigned truth,

Yours

L. STERNE.

Make my compliments acceptable to the good and worthy Baron d'Holbach — Miſs P. &c. &c.

LETTER LXXV.

FROM IGNATIUS SANCHO, TO MR. STERNE.

REVEREND SIR, [1766.]

IT would be an inſult on your humanity, (or perhaps look like it,) to apologize for the liberty I am taking — I am one of thoſe people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes. — The firſt part of my life was rather unlucky as I was placed in a family who judged

ignorance the beſt and only ſecurity for obedience — A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. — The latter part of my life has been, thro' God's bleſſing, truly fortunate — having ſpent it in the ſervice of one of the beſt and greateſt families in the kingdom — my chief pleaſure has been books — Philanthropy I adore — How very much, good Sir, am I (amongſt millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby! — I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to ſhake hands with the honeſt Corporal. — Your ſermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point — In your tenth diſcourſe *, is this very affecting paſſage — "Conſider how great a part of our ſpecies in all ages down to this — have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their diſtreſſes — Conſider ſlavery — what it is — how bitter a draught — and how many millions are made to drink of it." — Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miſerable black brethren — excepting yourſelf, and the humane author of Sir Geo. Elliſon. — I think you will forgive me; I am ſure you will applaud me for beſeeching you to give one half-hour's attention to ſlavery, as it is this day practiſed in our Weſt Indies. — That ſubject handled in your

* See Vol. III. p. 137.

ſtriking

ſtriking manner would eaſe the yoke (perhaps) of many — but if only of one — gracious God! what a feaſt to a benevolent heart! and ſure I am, your are an epicurean in acts of charity. — You who are univerſally read, and as univerſally admired — you could not fail. — Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thouſands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically obſerve) is eloquent; figure to yourſelf their attitudes; hear their ſupplicating addreſſes! — alas! you cannot refuſe. — Humanity muſt comply — in which hope I beg permiſſion to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Reverend Sir, &c.

I. S.

LETTER LXXVI.

FROM MR. STERNE, TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, July 27, 1766.

THERE is a ſtrange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world: for I had been writing a tender tale of the ſorrows of a friendleſs poor negro-girl, and my eyes had ſcarce done ſmarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of ſo many of her brethren and ſiſters, came to me — but why *her brethren?*

or yours, Sancho! any more than mine? It is by the fineſt tints, and moſt inſenſible gradations, that nature deſcends from the faireſt face about St. James's to the ſootieſt complexion in Africa: — at which tint of theſe is it, that the ties of blood are to ceaſe? and how many ſhades muſt we deſcend lower ſtill in the ſcale, ere mercy is to vaniſh with them! But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to uſe the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em ſo. — For my own part I never look *weſtward* (when I am in a penſive mood at leaſt) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and ſiſters are *there* carrying, and could I eaſe their ſhoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would ſet out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their ſakes — which by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the ſame proportion that a viſit of humanity ſhould one of mere form. — However if you meant my Uncle Toby, more he is your debtor. — If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about — 'tis at the ſervice of the afflicted — and a much greater matter; for in ſerious truth, it caſts a ſad ſhade upon the world, that ſo great a part of it are, and have been ſo long bound in chains of darkneſs, and in chains of miſery; and I cannot but both reſpect and felicitate you, that by ſo much laudable diligence you have broke the one — and that by falling

falling into the hands of ſo good and merciful a family, Providence has reſcued you from the other.

And ſo good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO MR. W.

Coxwould, December 20, 1766.

THANKS, my dear W., for your letter. — I am juſt preparing to come and greet you and many other friends in town — I have drained my ink-ſtandiſh to the bottom, and after I have publiſhed, ſhall ſet my face, not towards Jeruſalem, but towards the Alps — I find I muſt once more fly from death whilſt I have ſtrength — I ſhall go to Naples, and ſee whether the air of that place will not ſet this poor frame to rights — As to the project of getting a bear to lead, I think I have enough to do to govern myſelf — and however profitable it might be (according to your opinion), I am ſure it would be unpleaſurable — Few are the minutes of life, and I do not think that I have any to throw away on any one being. —— I ſhall ſpend nine or ten months in Italy, and call upon my

wife and daughter in France at my return — ſo ſhall be back by the King's birth-day — what a project! — and now, my dear friend, am I going to York, not for the ſake of ſociety — nor to walk by the ſide of the muddy Ouſe, but to recruit myſelf of the moſt violent ſpitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced; becauſe I had rather (in caſe 'tis ordained ſo) die there, than in a poſt-chaiſe on the road — If the amour of my uncle Toby do not pleaſe you, I am miſtaken — and ſo with a droll ſtory I will finiſh this letter — A ſenſible friend of mine, with whom, not along ago, I ſpent ſome hours in converſation, met an apothecary (an acquaintance of ours) — the latter aſked him how he did? why, ill, very ill — I have been with Sterne, who has given me ſuch a doſe of *Attic ſalt* that I am in a fever — Attic ſalt, Sir, Attic ſalt! I have Glauber ſalt, I have Epſom ſalt, in my ſhop, &c. — Oh! I ſuppoſe 'tis ſome French ſalt — I wonder you would truſt his report of the medicine, he cares not what he takes himſelf. — I fancy I ſee you ſmile — I long to be able to be in London, and embrace my friends there — and ſhall enjoy myſelf a week or ten days at Paris with my friends, particularly the Baron d'Holbach, and the reſt of the joyous ſet. — As to the females — no, I will not ſay a word about them — only I hate borrowed characters taken up (as a woman does her ſhift) for the purpoſe ſhe intends to effectuate. Adieu, adieu — I am yours whilſt

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR P. London, February 13, 1767.

I PAID yeſterday (by Mr. Becket) a hundred guineas, or pounds, I forget which, to Mr. Selwin — But you muſt remit to Mrs. Sterne at Marſeilles a hundred louis before ſhe leaves that place, which will be in leſs than three weeks. Have you got the ninth volume of Shandy * ? — it is liked the beſt of all here. — I am going to publiſh a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy — the undertaking is protected and highly encouraged by all our nobleſſe — 'tis ſubſcribed for, at a great rate — 'twill be an original — in large quarto — the ſubſcription half a guinea — If you can procure me the honour of a few names of men of ſcience, or faſhion, I ſhall thank you — they will appear in good company, as all the nobility here almoſt have honoured me with their names. — My kindeſt remembrance to Mr. Foley — reſpects to Baron d'Holbach, and believe me ever ever yours,

L. STERNE.

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO MISS STERNE.

Old Bond-ſtreet, February 23, 1767.

AND ſo, my Lydia! thy mother and thyſelf are returning back again from Marſeilles to the banks of the Sorgue — and there thou wilt ſit and fiſh for trouts — I envy you the ſweet ſituation. — Petrarch's tomb I ſhould like to pay a ſentimental viſit to —— the Fountain of Vaucluſe, by thy deſcription, muſt be delightful — I am alſo much pleaſed with the account you give me of the Abbé de Sade — you find great comfort in ſuch a neighbour — I am glad he is ſo good as to correct thy tranſlation of my Sermons — dear girl, go on, and make me a preſent of thy work — but why not the Houſe of Mourning? 'tis one of the beſt. I long to receive the life of Petrarch and his Laura, by your Abbé; but I am out of all patience with the anſwer the Marquis made the Abbé — 'twas truly coarſe, and I wonder he bore it with any chriſtian patience — But to the ſubject of your letter — I do not wiſh to know who was the buſy fool, who made your mother uneaſy about Mrs.—— 'tis true I have a friendſhip for her, but not to infatuation — I believe I have judgment enough to diſcern hers, and

and every woman's faults. I honour thy mother for her anſwer — " that ſhe wiſhed not to be informed, and begged him to drop the ſubject." — Why do you ſay that your mother wants money? — whilſt I have a ſhilling, ſhall you not both have nine-pence out of it? — I think, if I have my enjoyments, I ought not to grudge you yours. — I ſhall not begin my Sentimental Journey till I get to Coxwould — I have laid a plan for ſomething new, quite out of the beaten track. — I wiſh I had you with me — and I would introduce you to one of the moſt amiable and gentleſt of beings, whom I have juſt been with — not Mrs.——, but a Mrs. J. the wife of as worthy a man as I ever met with — I eſteem them both. He poſſeſſes every manly virtue — honour and bravery are his characteriſtics, which have diſtinguiſhed him nobly in ſeveral inſtances — I ſhall make you be better acquainted, with his character, by ſending Orme's Hiſtory, with the books you deſired — and it is well worth your reading; for Orme is an elegant writer, and a juſt one; he pays no man a compliment at the expence of truth. — Mrs. J—— is kind, — and friendly — of a ſentimental turn of mind — and ſo ſweet a diſpoſition, that ſhe is too good for the world ſhe lives in — Juſt GOD! if all were like her, what a life would this be! — Heaven, my Lydia, for ſome wiſe purpoſe has created different beings — I wiſh my dear child knew her — thou art worthy of her friendſhip, and ſhe already loves thee; for I ſometimes tell her what

I feel for thee. — This is a long letter — write ſoon, and never let your letters be ſtudied ones — write naturally, and then you will write well. — I hope your mother has got quite well of her ague — I have ſent her ſome of Huxham's tincture of the bark. — I will order you a guittar, ſince the other is broke. Believe me, my Lydia, that I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXX.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, London, February 27, 1767.

My daughter begs a preſent of me, and you muſt know I can deny her nothing — It muſt be ſtrung with cat-gut, and of five chords — *ſic hiama in Italiano la chitera di cinque corde* — ſhe cannot get ſuch a thing at Marſeilles — at Paris one may have every thing — Will you be ſo good to my girl as to make her happy in this affair, by getting ſome muſical body to buy one, and ſend it to her at Avignon, directed to Monſieur Teſte; — I wrote laſt week to deſire you would remit Mrs. S. a hundred louis — 'twill be all, except the the guittar, I ſhall owe you — ſend me your account, and I will pay Mr. Selwin — direct to me at Mr. Becket's — all kind reſpects to my friend Mr. F. and your ſiſter.

Yours cordially,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXI*.

TO ELIZA†.

ELIZA will receive my books with this. The ſermons came all hot from the heart: I wiſh that I could give them any title to be offered to yours. — The others came from

* This and the nine following Letters, have no dates to them, but were evidently written in the months of March and April 1767. They are therefore here placed together.

† The Editor of the firſt publication of Mr. Sterne's Letters to Eliza, gives the following account of this lady: "Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Eſq. "counſellor at Bombay, and at preſent [i. e. in 1775] chief "of the factory at Surat, a gentleman very much reſpected "in that quarter of the globe. — She is by birth an Eaſt "Indian; but the circumſtance of being born in the coun- "try not proving ſufficient to defend her delicate frame "againſt the heats of that burning climate, ſhe came to Eng- "land for the recovery of her health, when by accident ſhe "became acquainted with Mr. Sterne. He immediately "diſcovered in her a mind ſo congenial with his own, ſo en- "lightened, ſo refined, and ſo tender, that their mutual "attraction preſently joined them in the cloſeſt union that "purity could poſſibly admit of: he loved her as his friend, "and prided in her as his pupil; all her concerns became "preſently his; her health, her circumſtances, her reputa- "tion, her children, were his; his fortune, his time, his "country, were at her diſpoſal, ſo far as the ſacrifice of all "or any of theſe might in his opinion contribute to her "real happineſs. If it is aſked, whether the glowing heat "of

from the head — I am more indifferent about their reception.

I know not how it comes about, but I am half in love with you — I ought to be wholly ſo; for I never valued (or ſaw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your ſex than of you; ſo adieu.

Yours faithfully,
if not affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXII.

TO THE SAME.

I CANNOT, reſt, Eliza, though I ſhall call on you at half paſt twelve, till I

" of Mr. Sterne's affection never tranſported him to a flight " beyond the limits of pure Platoniſm, the publiſher will " not take upon him abſolutely to deny it; but this he " thinks, ſo far from leaving any ſtain upon that gentle- " man's memory, that it perhaps includes his faireſt enco- " mium; ſince to cheriſh the ſeeds of piety and chaſtity in " a heart which the paſſions are intereſted to corrupt, muſt " be allowed to be the nobleſt effort of a ſoul fraught and " fortified with the juſteſt ſentiments of religion and virtue."

After reading theſe letters, the curioſity of the public will be naturally excited to inquire concerning the fate of the lady to whom they were addreſſed. To this queſtion it will be ſufficient to anſwer, that ſhe has been dead ſome years; and that it might give pain to many worthy perſons if the circumſtances which attended the latter part of her life were diſcloſed, as they are generally ſaid to have reflected no credit either on her prudence or diſcretion.

know

know how you do — May thy dear face ſmile, as thou riſeſt, like the ſun of this morning. I was much grieved to hear of your alarming indiſpoſition yeſterday; and diſappointed too, at not being let in. — Remember, my dear, that a friend has the ſame right as a phyſician. The etiquettes of this town (you'll ſay) ſay otherwiſe. — No matter! Delicacy and propriety do not always conſiſt in obſerving their frigid doctrines.

I am going out to breakfaſt, but ſhall be at my lodgings by eleven; when I hope to read a ſingle line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and wilt be glad to ſee thy Bramin.

9 o'clock.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

I GOT thy letter laſt night, Eliza, on my return from lord Bathurſt's, where I dined, and where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermiſſion) with ſo much pleaſure and attention, that the good old Lord toaſted your health three different times; and now he is in his eighty-fifth year, ſays he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian diſciple, and to ſee her eclipſe all other nabobeſſes as much in wealth, as ſhe does already in exterior, and (what is far better) in interior

interior merit. I hope ſo too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine. — You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius; and has had thoſe of the laſt century, Addiſon, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table. — The manner in which his notice began of me, was as ſingular as it was polite. — He came up to me, one day, as I was at the princeſs of Wales's court. "I want to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you ſhould know, alſo, who it is that wiſhes this pleaſure. You have heard (continued he) of an old Lord Bathurſt, of whom your Popes and Swifts have ſung and ſpoken ſo much: I have lived my life with geniuſes of that caſt; but have ſurvived them; and deſpairing ever to find their equals, it is ſome years ſince I have cloſed my accounts, and ſhut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again; but you have kindled a deſire in me of opening them once more before I die: which I now do; ſo go home and dine with me." — This nobleman, I ſay, is a prodigy; for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptneſs of a man of thirty. A diſpoſition to be pleaſed, and a power to pleaſe others beyond whatever I knew: added to which, a man of learning, courteſy, and feeling.

He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon ſatisfaction; — for there was only a third perſon, and of ſenſibility, with us. — And a moſt ſentimental afternoon, till nine o'clock, have we paſſed! But, thou Eliza, wert the

ſtar

ſtar that conducted and enliven'd the diſcourſe. — And when I talked not of thee, ſtill didſt thou fill my mind, and warmed every thought I uttered, for I am not aſhamed to acknowledge I greatly miſs thee. Beſt of all good girls! the ſufferings I have ſuſtained the whole night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words- — Aſſuredly does Heaven give ſtrength proportioned to the weight he lays upon us! Thou haſt been bowed down, my child, with every burden that ſorrow of heart, and pain of body, could inflict upon a poor being; and ſtill thou telleſt me, thou art beginning to get eaſe; — thy fever gone, thy ſickneſs, the pain in thy ſide vaniſhing alſo. — May every evil ſo vaniſh that thwarts Eliza's happineſs, or but awakens thy fears for a moment! — Fear nothing, my dear — Hope every thing; and the balm of this paſſion will ſhed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a ſpring of youth and cheerfulneſs, more than thou haſt hardly yet taſted.

And ſo thou haſt fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing-deſk; and will conſult it in all doubts and difficulties. —— Grateful and good girl! Yorick ſmiles contentedly over all thou doſt; his picture does not do juſtice to his own complacency.

Thy ſweet little plan and diſtribution of thy time — how worthy of thee! Indeed Eliza, thou leaveſt me nothing to direct thee in; thou leaveſt me nothing to require, nothing to aſk — but a

continuation of that conduct which won my eſteem, and has made me thy friend for ever.

May the roſes come quick back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips! But truſt my declaration, Eliza, that thy huſband (if he is the good, feeling man I wiſh him) will preſs thee to him with more honeſt warmth and affection, and kiſs thy pale, poor dejected face with more tranſport, than he would be able to do in the beſt bloom of all thy beauty; and ſo he ought, or I pity him. He muſt have ſtrange feeling, if he knows not the value of ſuch a creature as thou art!

I am glad Miſs Light * goes with you. She may relieve you from many anxious moments. — I am glad your ſhip-mates are friendly beings. You could leaſt diſpenſe with what is contrary to your own nature, which is ſoft and gentle, Eliza. — It would civilize ſavages. — Though pity were it thou ſhouldſt be tainted with the office! How canſt thou make apologies for thy laſt letter? 'tis moſt delicious to me, for the very reaſon you excuſe it. Write to me, my child, only ſuch. Let them ſpeak the eaſy careleſſneſs of a heart that opens itſelf, any how, and every how, to a man you ought to eſteem and truſt. Such, Eliza, I write to thee, — and ſo I ſhould ever live with thee, moſt artleſsly, moſt affectionately, if Providence permitted thy

* Miſs Light afterwards married George Stratton, Eſq. late in the ſervice of the Eaſt-India Company at Madras. She is ſince dead.

reſidence

reſidence in the ſame ſection of the globe: — for I am, all that honour and affection can make me,

THY BRAMIN.

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

I WRITE this, Eliza, at Mr. James's, whilſt he is dreſſing, and the dear girl, his wife, is writing, beſide me, to thee. — I got your melancholy billet before we ſat down to dinner. 'Tis melancholy indeed, my dear, to hear ſo piteous an account of thy ſickneſs! Thou art encountered with evils enow, without that additional weight! I fear it will ſink thy poor ſoul, and body with it, paſt recovery — Heaven ſupply thee with fortitude! We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy ſweet virtues, and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James, and thy Bramin have mixed their tears a hundred times, in ſpeaking of thy hardſhips, thy goodneſs, thy graces. — The ****'s, by heavens, are worthleſs! I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name. — How could you, Eliza, leave them (or ſuffer them to leave you rather) with impreſſions the leaſt favourable? I have told thee

enough to plant diſguſt againſt their treachery to thee, to the laſt hour of thy life! yet ſtill thou toldeſt Mrs. James at laſt, that thou believeſt they affectionately love thee. — Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her eaſe of mind, have ſaved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baſeneſs — For God's ſake write not to them; nor foul thy fair character with ſuch polluted hearts — *They* love thee! What proof? Is it their actions that ſay ſo? or their zeal for thoſe attachments, which do thee honour, and make thee happy? or their tenderneſs for thy fame? No — But they *weep*, and ſay *tender things*. — Adieu to all ſuch for ever. Mrs. James's honeſt heart revolts againſt the idea of ever returning them one viſit. — I honour her, and I honour thee for almoſt every act of thy life, but this blind partiality for an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right which ariſes only out of that fund of affection I have, and ſhall preſerve for thee to the hour of my death! Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually adviſing thee? think whether I can have any, but what proceed from the cauſe I have mentioned! I think you are a very deſerving woman; and that you want nothing but firmneſs and a better opinion of yourſelf, to be the beſt female character I know. I wiſh I could inſpire you with a ſhare of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge (though to me it has never been viſible); becauſe I think,

in

in a well turned mind, it will produce good effects.

I probably ſhall never ſee you more; yet I flatter myſelf you'll ſometimes think of me with pleaſure; becauſe you muſt be convinced I love you, and ſo intereſt myſelf in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than your want of reverence for yourſelf. I had not power to keep this remonſtrance in my breaſt. — It's now out; ſo adieu. Heaven watch over my Eliza!

Thine,

YORICK.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO THE SAME.

To whom ſhould Eliza apply in her diſtreſs, but to her friend who loves her? why then, my dear, do you apologize for employing me? Yorick would be offended, and with reaſon, if you ever ſent commiſſions to another, which he could execute. I have been with Zumps; and your piano-forte muſt be tuned from the braſs middle ſtring of your guittar, which is C. — I have got you a hammer too, and a pair of plyers to twiſt your wire with; and may every one of them, my dear, vibrate ſweet

comfort to my hopes! I have bought you ten handſome braſs ſcrews to hang your neceſſaries upon: I purchaſed twelve; but ſtole a couple from you to put up in my own cabin, at Cox-would. — I ſhall never hang, or take my hat off one of them, but I ſhall think of you. I have bought thee moreover, a couple of iron ſcrews, which are more to be depended on than braſs, for the globes.

I have written, alſo, to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, that I had diſpatched theſe in a packet, directed to his care; which I deſired he would ſeek after, the moment the Deal machine arrived. I have, moreover, given him directions, what ſort of an arm chair you would want, and have directed him to purchaſe the beſt that Deal could afford, and take it, with the parcel, in the firſt boat that went off. Would I could, Eliza, ſo ſupply all thy wants, and all thy wiſhes! It would be a ſtate of happineſs to me. — The journal is as it ſhould be — all but its contents. Poor, dear, patient being! I do more than pity you; for I think I loſe both firmneſs and philoſophy, as I figure to myſelf your diſtreſſes. Do not think I ſpoke laſt night with too much aſperity of ****; there was cauſe; and beſides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one; and, indeed, cannot. But adieu to the ungrateful ſubject.

I have been this morning to ſee Mrs. James — She loves thee tenderly, and unfeignedly. —

She

She is alarmed for thee — She ſays thou look'dſt moſt ill and melancholy on going away. She pities thee. I ſhall viſit her every Sunday, while I am in town. As this may be my laſt letter, I earneſtly bid thee farewell. — May the God of Kindneſs be kind to thee, and approve himſelf thy protector, now thou art defenceleſs! And, for thy daily comfort, bear in thy mind this truth, that whatever meaſure of ſorrow and diſtreſs is thy portion, it will be repaid to thee in a full meaſure of happineſs, by the Being thou haſt wiſely choſen for thy eternal friend.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza! whilſt I live, count upon me as the moſt warm and diſintereſted of earthly friends.

YORICK.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAREST ELIZA,

I BEGAN a new journal this morning; you ſhall ſee it; for if I live not till your return to England, I will leave it to you as a legacy, 'Tis a ſorrowful page; but I will write cheerful ones; and could I write letters to thee, they ſhould be cheerful ones too: but few, I fear will reach thee! However, depend upon receiving ſomething of the kind by every poſt;

till then, thou waveſt thy hand, and bid'it me write no more.

Tell me how you are; and what ſort of fortitude Heaven inſpires you with. How are you accommodated, my dear? Is all right? Scribble away, any thing and every thing, to me. Depend upon ſeeing me at Deal, with the James's, ſhould you be detained there by contrary winds. — Indeed, Eliza, I ſhould with pleaſure fly to you, could I be the means of rendering you any ſervice, or doing you kindneſs. Gracious and merciful God! conſider the anguiſh of a poor girl. — Strengthen and preſerve her in all the ſhocks her frame muſt be expoſed to. She is now without a protector, but thee! Save her from all accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort at the laſt.

My prayer, Eliza, I hope is heard; for the ſky ſeems to ſmile upon me as I look up to it. I am juſt returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee for three hours. — She has got your picture, and likes it: but Marriot and ſome other judges agree that mine is the better, and expreſſive of a ſweeter character. But what is that to the original? yet I acknowledge that hers is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only to pleaſe a very ſincere friend, or ſentimental philoſopher. — In the one, you are dreſſed in ſmiles, and with all the advantages of ſilks, pearls, and ermine; — in the other, ſimple as a veſtal — appearing the good girl nature made you;

you; — which, to me, conveys an idea of more unaffected ſweetneſs, than Mrs. Draper, habited for conqueſt, in a birth-day ſuit, with her countenance animated, and her dimples viſible. — If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your perſon into your face, with more than *common* care, the day you ſat for Mrs. James — Your colour, too, brightened; and your eyes ſhone with more than uſual brillancy. I then requeſted you to come ſimple and unadorned when you ſat for me — knowing (as I ſee with *unprejudiced* eyes) that you could receive no addition from the ſilk-worm's aid, or jeweller's poliſh. Let me now tell you a truth, which, I believe, I have uttered before. — When I firſt ſaw you, I beheld you as an object of compaſſion, and as a very plain woman. The mode of your dreſs (though faſhionable) disfigured you. — But nothing now could render you ſuch, but the being ſolicitous to make yourſelf admired as a handſome one. — You are not handſome, Eliza, nor is yours a face that will pleaſe the tenth part of your beholders, — but are ſomething more; for I ſcruple not to tell you, I never ſaw ſo intelligent, ſo animated, ſo good a countenance; nor was there (nor ever will be) that man of ſenſe, tenderneſs, and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not (or will not be) your admirer, or friend, in conſequence of it; that is, if you aſſume, or aſſumed, no character, foreign

to your own, but appeared the artleſs being nature deſigned you for. A ſomething in your eyes, and voice, you poſſeſs in a degree more perſuaſive than any woman I ever ſaw, read, or heard of. But it is that bewitching ſort of nameleſs excellence, that men of nice ſenſibility alone can be touched with.

Were your huſband in England, I would freely give him five hundred pounds (if money could purchaſe the acquiſition), to let you only ſit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my Sentimental Journey. I am ſure the work would ſell ſo much the better for it, that I ſhould be reimburſed the ſum more than ſeven times told. — I would not give nine pence for the picture of you the Newnhams have got executed — It is the reſemblance of a conceited, made-up coquette. Your eyes, and the ſhape of your face (the latter the moſt perfect oval I ever ſaw), which are perfections that muſt ſtrike the moſt indifferent judge, becauſe they are equal to any of God's works in a ſimilar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifeſtly injured by the affected leer of the one, and ſtrange appearance of the other; owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artiſt's, or your friend's, falſe taſte. The ****'s who verify the character I once gave of teazing, or ſticking like pitch, or birdlime, ſent a card that they would wait on Mrs. **** on Friday. — She ſent back, ſhe was engaged. — Then to

meet at Ranelagh to-night. — She anſwered ſhe did not go. — She ſays, if ſhe allows the leaſt footing, ſhe never ſhall get rid of the acquaintance; which ſhe is reſolved to drop at once. She knows them. She knows they are not her friends, nor yours; and the firſt uſe they would make of being with her, would be to ſacrifice you to her (if they could) a ſecond time. Let her not then; let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee, than thou art to thyſelf. She begs I will reiterate my requeſt to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her, and thy Bramin, inexpreſſible pain. Be aſſured, all this is not without reaſon on her ſide. I have my reaſons too, the firſt of which is, that I ſhould grieve to exceſs, if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built ſo high upon. I ſaid I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I not received it, as a kind of charge, from a dear woman that loves you, I ſhould not have broke my word. I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou beſt and moſt endearing of girls! A peaceful night to thee. My ſpirit will be with thee through every watch of it.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

I THINK you could act no otherwiſe than you did with the young ſoldier. There was no ſhutting the door againſt him, either in politeneſs or humanity. Thou telleſt me he ſeems ſuſceptible of tender impreſſions: and that before Miſs Light has failed a a fortnight, he will be in love with her. — Now I think it a thouſand times more likely that he attaches himſelf to thee, Eliza; becauſe thou art a thouſand times more amiable. Five months with Eliza; and in the ſame room; and an amorous ſon of Mars beſides! — "*It can no be, maſſer.*" The ſun, if he could avoid it, would not ſhine upon a dunghill; but his rays are ſo pure, Eliza, and celeſtial, — I never heard that they were polluted by it. — Juſt ſuch will thine be, deareſt child, in this, and every ſuch ſituation you will be expoſed to, till thou art fixed for life. — But thy diſcretion, thy wiſdom, thy honour, the ſpirit of thy Yorick, and thy own ſpirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ableſt counſellors.

Surely, by this time, ſomething is doing for thy accommodation. — But why may not clean waſhing and rubbing do, inſtead of painting your

your cabin, as it is to be hung? Paint is ſo pernicious, both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you ſo much longer too out of your apartment; where, I hope, you will paſs ſome of your happieſt hours. —

I fear the beſt of your ſhipmates are only genteel by compariſon with the contraſted crew, with which thou muſt behold them. So was — you know who! — from the ſame fallacy that was put upon the judgment, when — but I will not mortify you. If they are decent, and diſtant, it is enough; and as much as is to be expected. If any of them are more, I rejoice; — thou wilt want every aid; and 'tis thy due to have them. Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies. Good hearts are open and fall naturally into them. Heaven inſpire thine with fortitude, in this, and every deadly trial. Beſt of God's works, farewell! Love me, I beſeech thee; and remember me for ever!

I am, my Eliza, and will ever be, in the moſt comprehenſive ſenſe,

Thy friend,

YORICK.

P. S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by ſome Dutch or French ſhip, or from the Cape de Verd Iſlands — It will reach me ſome how.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR ELIZA!

OH! I grieve for your cabin. — And the freſh painting will be enough to deſtroy every nerve about thee. Nothing ſo pernicious as white lead. Take care of yourſelf, dear girl; and ſleep not in it too ſoon. It will be enough to give you a ſtroke of an epilepſy. I hope you will have left the ſhip; and that my letters may meet, and greet you, as you get out of your poſt-chaiſe, at Deal. When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into ſome order. The firſt eight or nine are numbered: but I wrote the reſt without that direction to thee; but thou wilt find them out, by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefixed to them. When they are got together, in chronological order, ſew them together under a cover. I truſt they will be a perpetual refuge to thee, from time to time; and that thou wilt (when weary of fools and unintereſting diſcourſe) retire, and converſe an hour with them and me.

I have not had power, or the heart, to aim at enlivening any one of them, with a ſingle ſtroke of wit or humour; but they contain ſomething better; and what you will feel more

ſuited

ſuited to your ſituation — a long detail of much advice, truth, and knowledge. I hope, too, you will perceive looſe touches of an honeſt heart in every one of them; which ſpeaks more than the moſt ſtudied periods; and will give thee more ground of truſt and reliance upon Yorick, than all that laboured eloquence could ſupply. Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them and upon me. "May poverty, diſtreſs, anguiſh, and ſhame, be my portion, if ever I give thee reaſon to repent the knowledge of me!" — With this aſſeveration, made in the preſence of a juſt God, I pray to him, that ſo it may ſpeed with me, as I deal candidly and honourably with thee! I would not miſlead thee, Eliza; I would not injure thee, in the opinion of a ſingle individual, for the richeſt crown the proudeſt monarch wears.

Remember, that while I have life and power, whatever is mine, you may ſtyle, and think, yours. — Though ſorry ſhould I be, if ever my friendſhip was put to the teſt thus, for your own delicacy's ſake. — Money and counters are of equal uſe in my opinion; they both ſerve to ſet up with.

I hope you will anſwer me this letter; but if thou art debarred by the elements, which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee; and knowing it is ſuch a one as thou would'ſt have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's.

Honour, and happineſs, and health, and comforts

comforts of every kind, fail along with thee, thou moſt worthy of girls! I will live for thee, and my Lydia — be rich for the dear children of my heart — gain wiſdom, gain fame, and happineſs, to ſhare with them — with thee — and her, in my old age. — Once for all, adieu. — Preſerve thy life; ſteadily purſue the ends we propoſed; and let nothing rob thee of thoſe powers Heaven has given thee for thy well-being.

What can I add more, in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the laſt poſtman's bell, but recommend thee to Heaven, and recommend myſelf to Heaven with thee, in the ſame fervent ejaculation, "that we may be happy, and meet again; if not in this world, in the next." — Adieu, — I am thine, Eliza, affectionately, and everlaſtingly.

YORICK.

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

I WISH to God, Eliza, it was poſſible to poſtpone the voyage to India for another year. — For I am firmly perſuaded within my own heart, that thy huſband could never limit thee with regard to time.

I fear that Mr. B—— has exaggerated matters. — I like not his countenance. It is abſolutely killing. —

killing. — Should evil befal thee, what will he not have to anſwer for? I know not the being that will be deſerving of ſo much pity, or that I ſhall hate more. He will be an outcaſt alien — In which caſe I will be a father to thy children, my good girl! — therefore take no thought about them. —

But, Eliza, if thou art ſo very ill, ſtill put off all thoughts of returning to India this year. — Write to your huſband — tell him the truth of your caſe. — If he is the generous, humane man you deſcribe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct. — I am credibly informed, that his repugnance to your living in England ariſes only from the dread, which has entered his brain, that thou mayeſt run him in debt, beyond thy appointments, and that he muſt diſcharge them — that ſuch a creature ſhould be ſacrificed for the paltry conſideration of a few hundreds, is too, too hard! O! my child! that I could, with propriety, indemnify him for every charge, even to the laſt mite, that thou haſt been of to him! With joy would I give him my whole ſubſiſtence — nay, ſequeſter my livings, and truſt the treaſures Heaven has furniſhed my head with, for a future ſubſiſtence. —

You owe much, I allow, to your huſband, — you owe ſomething to appearances, and the opinion of the world; but truſt me, my dear, you owe much likewiſe to yourſelf. — Return,

therefore, from Deal, if you continue ill. — I will prescribe for you, gratis. — You are not the first woman, by many, I have done so for, with success. I will send for my wife and daughter, and they shall carry you in pursuit of health, to Montpellier, the wells of Bançois, the Spa, or whither thou wilt. Thou shalt direct them, and make parties of pleasure in what corner of the world fancy points out to thee. We shall fish upon the banks of Arno, and lose ourselves in the sweet labyrinths of its vallies. — And then thou should'st warble to us, as I have once or twice heard thee, — "I'm lost, I'm lost" — but we should find thee again, my Eliza. — Of a similar nature to this, was your physician's prescription: "Use gentle exercise, the pure southern air of France, or milder Naples — with the society of friendly, gentle beings." Sensible man! He certainly entered into your feelings. He knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature, whose ILLNESS HAS ARISEN FROM THE AFFLICTION OF HER MIND. Time only, my dear, I fear you must trust to, and have your reliance on; may it give you the health so enthusiastic a votary to the charming goddess deserves!

I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things, which, if explained, had been a panegyric on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redress. Well

have

have you ſupported that character, my amiable, philoſophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my uncle Toby's widow. — I don't mean to inſinuate, huſſey, that *my* opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman; nor do I conceive it poſſible for any *Trim* to convince me it is equally fallacious. — I am ſure, while I have my reaſon, it is not. — Talking of widows — pray, Eliza, if ever you are ſuch, do not think of giving yourſelf to ſome wealthy nabob — becauſe I deſign to marry you myſelf. — My wife cannot live long — ſhe has ſold all the provinces in France already — and I know not the woman I ſhould like ſo well for her ſubſtitute as yourſelf. — 'Tis true, I am ninety-five in conſtitution, and you but twenty-five — rather too great a diſparity this! — but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good-humour. — Not Swift ſo loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sachariſſa, as I will love and ſing thee, my wife elect! All thoſe names, eminent as they were, ſhall give place to thine, Eliza. Tell me in anſwer to this, that you approve and honour the propoſal, and that you would (like the Spectator's miſtreſs) have more joy in putting on an old man's ſlipper, than aſſociating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young. — Adieu, my Simplicia!

Yours,

TRISTRAM.

LETTER XC.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR ELIZA,

I HAVE been within the verge of the gates of death. — I was ill the laſt time I wrote to you, and apprehenſive of what would be the conſequence. — My fears were but too well founded; for, in ten minutes after I diſpatched my letter, this poor, fine-ſpun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a veſſel in my breaſt, and could not ſtop the loſs of blood till four this morning. I have filled all thy India handkerchiefs with it. — It came, I think, from my heart! I fell aſleep through weakneſs. At ſix I awoke, with the boſom of my ſhirt ſteeped in tears. I dreamt I was ſitting under the canopy of Indolence, and that thou cameſt into the room with a ſhaul in thy hand, and told me, my ſpirit had flown to thee in the Downs, with tidings of my fate; and that you were come to adminiſter what conſolation filial affection could beſtow, and to receive my parting breath and bleſſing. — With that you folded the ſhaul about my waiſt, and, kneeling, ſupplicated my attention. I awoke; but in what a frame! Oh! my God! "But thou wilt number my tears and put them all into thy bottle." — Dear girl!

I ſee

I ſee thee, — thou art for ever preſent to my fancy, — embracing my feeble knees, and raiſing thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort: and when I talk to Lydia, the words of Eſau, as uttered by thee, perpetually ring in my ears — "Bleſs *me* even alſo, my father!" — Bleſſing attend thee, thou child of my heart!

My bleeding is quite ſtopped, and I feel the principle of life ſtrong within me; ſo be not alarmed, Eliza — I know I ſhall do well. I have eat my breakfaſt with hunger; and I write to thee with a pleaſure ariſing from that prophetic impreſſion in my imagination, that "all will terminate to our heart's content." Comfort thyſelf eternally with this perſuaſion, "that the beſt of Beings (as thou haſt ſweetly expreſſed it) could not, by a combination of accidents, produce ſuch a chain of events, merely to be the ſource of miſery to the leading perſon engaged in them." The obſervation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly expreſſed. I wiſh my memory did juſtice to the wording of it. — Who taught you the art of writing ſo ſweetly, Eliza? — You have abſolutely exalted it to a ſcience. — When I am in want of ready caſh, and ill health will not permit my genius to exert itſelf, I ſhall print your letters, as finiſhed eſſays, "by an unfortunate Indian lady." The ſtyle is new; and would almoſt be a ſufficient recommendation for their ſelling well, without merit — but their ſenſe, natural eaſe, and ſpirit, is not to be equalled, I believe,

lieve, in this ſection of the globe; nor, I will anſwer for it, by any of your country-women in yours. — I have ſhewn your letter to Mrs. B—, and to half the literati in town. You ſhall not be angry with me for it, becauſe I meant to do you honour by it. — You cannot imagine how many admirers your epiſtolary productions have gained you, that never viewed your external merits. I only wonder where thou couldſt acquire thy graces, thy goodneſs, thy accompliſhments — ſo connected! ſo educated! Nature has ſurely ſtudied to make thee her peculiar care — for thou art (and not in my eyes alone) the beſt and faireſt of all her works. —

And ſo this is the laſt letter thou art to receive from me; becauſe the Earl of Chatham * (I read in the papers) is got to the Downs; and the wind, I find, is fair. If ſo — bleſſed woman! take my laſt, laſt farewell! — Cheriſh the remembrance of me; think how I eſteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I ſet upon thee! Adieu, adieu! and with my adieu — let me give thee one ſtraight rule of conduct, that thou haſt heard from my lips in a thouſand forms — but I concentre it in one word —

REVERENCE THYSELF.

Adieu, once more, Eliza! May no anguiſh of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face, till I

* By the Newſpapers of the times it appears that the *Earl of Chatham* Eaſt Indiaman ſailed from Deal, April 3, 1767.

behold it again! May no doubt or miſgivings diſturb the ſerenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children — for they are Yorick's, — and Yorick is thy friend for ever! — Adieu, adieu, adieu!

P. S. Remember, that Hope ſhortens all journies, by ſweetening them — ſo ſing my little ſtanza on the ſubject, with the devotion of an hymn, every morning when thou ariſeſt, and thou wilt eat thy breakfaſt with more comfort for it.

Bleſſings, reſt, and Hygeia go with thee! May'ſt thou ſoon return, in peace and affluence, to illume my night! I am, and ſhall be, the laſt to deplore thy loſs, and will be the firſt to congratulate and hail thy return. —

FARE THEE WELL.

LETTER XCI.

TO MISS STERNE.

Bond-ſtreet, April 9, 1767.

THIS letter, my dear Lydia, will diſtreſs thy good heart, for from the beginning thou wilt perceive no entertaining ſtrokes of humour in it — I cannot be cheerful when a thouſand melancholy ideas ſurround me — I have

met with a loſs of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for in an extraordinary manner — but what is that loſs in compariſon of one I may experience? — Friendſhip is the balm and cordial of life, and without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth ſuſtaining. — I am unhappy — thy mother and thyſelf at a diſtance from me, and what can compenſate for ſuch a deſtitution? — For God's ſake, perſuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too ſhort to waſte in ſeparation — and whilſt ſhe lives in one country, and I in another, many people will ſuppoſe it proceeds from choice — beſides I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart! — I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia's eyes will ſmart with weeping, when I tell her the cauſe that now affects me. — I am apprehenſive the dear friend I mentioned in my laſt letter is going into a decline — I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being ſo altered — ſhe has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roſes are fled from her cheeks — I can never ſee or talk to this incomparable woman without burſting into tears — I have a thouſand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole ſex, if not all the world put together — She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few poſſeſs — our converſations are of the moſt intereſting nature, and ſhe talks to me of quitting this world with more compoſure than others think of living in it. — I have wrote an epitaph, of which I ſend thee a copy — 'Tis

expreſſive

expreſſive of her modeſt worth — but may Heaven reſtore her! and may ſhe live to write mine!

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly ſhew
An idle ſcene of decorated woe.
The ſweet companion, and the friend ſincere,
Need no mechanic help to force the tear.
In heart-felt numbers, never meant to ſhine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearſe like thine:
'Twill flow whilſt gentle goodneſs has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me, my Lydia, that I love thee moſt truly, — So adieu — I am what I ever was, and hope ever ſhall be,

Thy affectionate Father,

L. S.

As to Mr. ——, by your deſcription he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to ſuch a being — Send me ſome *batons pour les dents* — there are none good here.

LETTER XCII.

TO LADY P.

Mount Coffee-houſe, Tueſday, 3 o'clock.

THERE is a ſtrange mechanical effect produced in writing a billet-doux within a ſtone-caſt of the lady who engroſſes the heart and

ſoul of an inamorato — for this cauſe (but moſtly becauſe I am to dine in this neighbourhood) have I, Triſtram Shandy, come forth from my lodgings to a coffee-houſe the neareſt I could find to my dear Lady ———'s houſe, and have called for a ſheet of gilt paper to try the truth of this article of my creed — Now for it —

O my dear lady, what a diſhclout of a ſoul haſt thou made of me! — I think, by the bye, this is a little too familiar an introduction for ſo unfamiliar a ſituation as I ſtand in with you — where, Heaven knows, I am kept at a diſtance — and deſpair of getting one inch nearer you, with all the ſteps and windings I can think of to recommend myſelf to you — Would not any man in his ſenſes run diametrically from you — and as far as his legs would carry him, rather than thus cauſeleſsly, fooliſhly, and fool-hardily expoſe himſelf afreſh — and afreſh, where his heart and his reaſon tells him he ſhall be ſure to come off loſer, if not totally undone? — Why would you tell me you would be glad to ſee me? — Does it give you pleaſure to make me more unhappy — or does it add to your triumph, that your eyes and lips have turned a man into a fool, whom the reſt of the town is courting as a wit? — I am a fool — the weakeſt, the moſt ductile, the moſt tender fool that ever woman tried the weakneſs of — and the moſt unſettled in my purpoſes and reſolutions of recovering my right mind. — It is but an hour ago that I kneeled down and ſwore I never would come near

you

you — and after ſaying my Lord's Prayer for the ſake of the cloſe, *of not being led into temptation* — out I ſallied like any chriſtian hero, ready to take the field againſt the world, the fleſh, and the devil; not doubting but I ſhould finally trample them all down under my feet — and now am I got ſo near you — within this vile ſtone's caſt of your houſe — I feel myſelf drawn into a vortex, that has turned my brain upſide downwards, and though I had purchaſed a box ticket to carry me to Miſs *******'s benefit, yet I know very well, that was a ſingle line directed to me to let me know Lady ——— would be alone at ſeven, and ſuffer me to ſpend the evening with her, ſhe would infallibly ſee every thing verified I have told her. — I dine at Mr. C——r's in Wigmore-ſtreet, in this neighbourhod, where I ſhall ſtay till ſeven, in hopes you purpoſe to put me to this proof. If I hear nothing by that time, I ſhall conclude you are better diſpoſed of — and ſhall take a ſorry hack, and ſorrily jog on to the play — Curſe on the world. I know nothing but ſorrow — except this one thing, that I love you (perhaps fooliſhly, but)

moſt ſincerely.

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIII.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Old Bond Street, April 21, 1767.

I AM ſincerely affected, my dear Mr. and Mrs. J——, by your friendly enquiry, and the intereſt you are ſo good to take in my health. God knows I am not able to give a good account of myſelf, having paſſed a bad night in much feveriſh agitation. — My phyſician ordered me to bed, and to keep therein till ſome favourable change — I fell ill the moment I got to my lodgings — he ſays it is owing to my taking James's Powder, and venturing out on ſo cold a day as Sunday — but he is miſtaken, for I am certain whatever bears the name muſt have efficacy with me — I was bled yeſterday, and again to-day, and have been almoſt dead; but this friendly enquiry from Gerard-ſtreet has poured balm into what blood I have left — I hope ſtill, and (next to the ſenſe of what I owe my friends) it ſhall be the laſt pleaſurable ſenſation I will part with — if I continue mending, it will yet be ſome time before I ſhall have ſtrength enough to get out in a carriage — my firſt viſit will be a viſit of true gratitude — I leave my kind friends to gueſs where

where — a thouſand bleſſings go along with this, and may Heaven preſerve you both — Adieu, my dear Sir, and dear lady.

I am your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIV.

TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Bond-ſtreet, Saturday [*April 25*, 1767.]

I WAS very ſorry, my good Sancho, that I was not at home to return my compliments by you for the great courteſy of the Duke of M—g—'s family to me, in honouring my liſt of ſubſcribers with their names — for which I bear them all thanks. — But you have ſomething to add, Sancho, to what I owe your good-will alſo on this account, and that is, to ſend me the ſubſcription money, which I find a neceſſity of dunning my beſt friends for before I leave town — to avoid the perplexities of both keeping pecuniary accounts (for which I have very ſlender talents), and collecting them (for which I have neither ſtrength of body or mind); and ſo, good Sancho, dun the duke of M. the ducheſs of M. and Lord M. for their ſubſcriptions, and lay the ſin, and money with it too, at my door — I wiſh ſo good a family every bleſſing they merit, along with

with my humbleſt compliments. You know, Sancho, that I am your friend and well-wiſher,

L. STERNE.

P.S. I leave town on Friday morning — and ſhould on Thurſday, but that I ſtay to dine with Lord and Lady S———

LETTER XCV.

TO THE EARL OF S———.

MY LORD, Old Bond-ſtreet, May 1, 1767.

I WAS yeſterday taking leave of all the town, with an intention of leaving it this day, but I am detained by the kindneſs of Lord and Lady S——, who have made a party to dine and ſup on my account — I am impatient to ſet out for my ſolitude, for there the mind gains ſtrength, and learns to lean upon herſelf — In the world it ſeeks or accepts of a few treacherous ſupports — the feigned compaſſion of one — the flattery of a ſecond — the civilities of a third — the friendſhip of a fourth — they all deceive, and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating, to retirement, reflection, and books. My departure is fixed for to-morrow morning, but I could not think of quitting a place where I have received ſuch numberleſs and unmerited civilities

civilities from your lordſhip, without returning my moſt grateful thanks, as well as my hearty acknowledgments for your friendly enquiry from Bath. Illneſs, my Lord, has occaſioned my ſilence — Death knocked at my door, but I would not admit him — the call was both unexpected and unpleaſant — and I am ſeriouſly worn down to a ſhadow — and ſtill very weak; but weak as I am, I have as whimſical a ſtory to tell you as ever befel one of my family — Shandy's noſe, his name, his ſaſh-window are fools to it — it will ſerve at leaſt to amuſe you — The injury I did myſelf laſt month, in catching cold upon James's powder — fell, you muſt know, upon the worſt part it could — the moſt painful, and moſt dangerous of any in the human body. It was on this criſis I called in an able ſurgeon, and with him an able phyſician (both my friends), to inſpect my diſaſter — 'Tis a venereal caſe, cried my two ſcientific friends — 'Tis impoſſible, however, to be that, replied I — for I have had no commerce whatever with the ſex, not even with my wife, added I, theſe fifteen years. — You are, however, my good friend, ſaid the ſurgeon, or there is no ſuch caſe in the world — What the devil, ſaid I, without knowing woman? — We will not reaſon about it, ſaid the phyſician, but you muſt undergo a courſe of mercury — I will loſe my life firſt, ſaid I — and truſt to nature, to time, or at the worſt to death — So I put an end, with ſome indignation, to the conference — and determined

to

to bear all the torments I underwent, and ten times more, rather than ſubmit to be treated like a *ſinner*, in a point where I had acted like a *ſaint*. — Now as the father of miſchief would have it, who has no pleaſure like that of diſhonouring the righteous, it ſo fell out that from the moment I diſmiſſed my doctors, my pains began to rage with a violence not to be expreſſed, or ſupported. Every hour became more intolerable. — I was got to bed, cried out, and raved the whole night, and was got up ſo near dead, that my friends inſiſted upon my ſending again for my phyſician and ſurgeon. I told them upon the word of a man of honour they were both miſtaken, as to my caſe — but though they had reaſoned wrong, they might act right; but that ſharp as my ſufferings were, I felt them not ſo ſharp as the imputation which a venereal treatment of my caſe laid me under. — They anſwered, that theſe taints of the blood laid dormant twenty years: but they would not reaſon with me in a point wherein I was ſo delicate, but would do all the office for which they were called in, namely, to put an end to my torment, which otherwiſe would put an end to me — and ſo I have been compelled to ſurrender myſelf — and thus, my dear Lord, has your poor friend, with all his ſenſibilities been ſuffering the chaſtiſement of the groſſeſt ſenſualiſt. — Was it not as ridiculous an embarraſſment as ever Yorick's ſpirit was involved in? — Nothing but the pureſt conſcience of innocence could have tempted me to write this ſtory to

my

my wife, which by the bye would make no bad anecdote in Triſtram Shandy's Life. — I have mentioned it in my journal to Mrs. ——. In ſome reſpects there is no difference between my wife and herſelf — when they fare alike, neither can reaſonably complain — I have juſt received letters from France, with ſome hints that Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia are coming to England, to pay me a viſit — if your time is not better employed, Yorick flatters himſelf he ſhall receive a letter from your Lordſhip, *en attendant.* I am with great regard,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt faithful humble ſervant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCVI.

TO J. D—— N, ESQ.

Old Bond-ſtreet, Friday morning.

I WAS going, my dear D—n, to bed before I received your kind enquiry, and now my chaiſe ſtands at my door to take and convey this poor body to its legal ſettlement. — I am ill, very ill, — I languiſh moſt affectingly — I am ſick both ſoul and body —

it

it is a cordial to me to hear it is different with you — no man intereſts himſelf more in your happineſs, and I am glad you are in ſo fair a road to it — enjoy it long, my D. whilſt I — no matter what — but my feelings are too nice for the world I live in — things will mend. — I dined yeſterday with Lord and Lady S—; we talked much of you, and your goings on, for every one knows why Sunbury Hill is ſo pleaſant a ſituation! — You rogue! you have lock'd up my boots — and I go bootleſs home — and I fear I ſhall go bootleſs all my life — Adieu, gentleſt and beſt of ſouls — adieu.

I am yours moſt affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCVII.

TO J —— H —— S ——, ESQ.

MY DEAR COUSIN, Newark, Monday, ten o'clock in the morn.

I HAVE got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadaverous goods conſigned to Pluto and company — lying in the bottom of my chaiſe moſt of the route, upon a large pillow which I had the *prevoyance* to purchaſe before I ſet out — I am worn out — but preſs on to Barnby Moor to night, and if poſſible to

to York the next. — I know not what is the matter with me — but ſome *derangement* preſſes hard upon this machine — ſtill I think it will not be overſet this bout. — My love to G.— We ſhall all meet from the eaſt, and from the ſouth, and (as at the laſt) be happy together — My kind reſpects to a few, — I am, dear H.

Truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCVIII.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

DEAR L——E, Coxwould, June 7, 1767.

I HAD not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your letter greeted me with the ſeal of friendſhip, and moſt cordially do I thank you for ſo kind a proof of your good will — I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my ſentimental friend — but I would not write to enquire after her, unleſs I could have ſent her the teſtimony without the tax, for even how-d'yes to invalids, or thoſe that have lately been ſo, either call to mind what is paſt or what may return — at leaſt I find it ſo. I am as happy as a prince, at Coxwould —— and I wiſh you could ſee in how princely a manner

ner I live — 'tis a land of plenty. I ſit down alone to veniſon, fiſh, and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and ſtrawberries, and cream, and all the ſimple plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton Hills) can produce — with a clean cloth on my table — and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard — and not a pariſhioner catches a hare, or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. If ſolitude would cure a love-ſick heart, I would give you an invitation — but abſence and time leſſen no attachment which virtue inſpires. I am in high ſpirits — care never enters this cottage — I take the air every day in my poſt-chaiſe, with two long-tailed horſes —— they turn out good ones; and as to myſelf, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines and regimen I ſubmitted to in town — May you, dear L——, want neither the one nor the other!

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIX.

TO THE SAME.

Coxwould, June 30, 1767.

I AM in ſtill better health, my dear L——e, than when I wrote laſt to you, owing I believe to my riding out every day with my friend H——, whoſe caſtle lies near the ſea, — and there is a beach as even as a mirrour, of five miles in length before it — where we daily run races in our chaiſes, with one wheel in the ſea, and the other on land. — D—— has obtained his fair Indian, and has this poſt ſent a letter of enquiries after Yorick, and his Bramin. He is a good ſoul, and intereſts himſelf much in our fate. — I cannot forgive you, L——e, for your folly in ſaying you intend to get introduced to the ——. I deſpiſe them, and I ſhall hold your underſtanding much cheaper than I now do, if you perſiſt in a reſolution ſo unworthy of you. — I ſuppoſe Mrs. J—— telling you they were ſenſible, is the ground-work you go upon — by — they are not clever; though what is commonly called wit, may paſs for literature on the other ſide of Temple-Bar. — You ſay Mrs. J.—— thinks them amiable — ſhe judges too favourably; but I have put a ſtop to her intentions of viſiting them. — They are bitter enemies of mine, and I am even with them. *La Bra-*

mine assured me they used their endeavours with her to break off her friendship with me, for reasons I will not write, but tell you. — I said enough of them before she left England, and though she yielded to me in every other point, yet in this she obstinatly persisted. — Strange infatuation! — but I think I have effected my purpose by a falsity, which Yorick's friendship to the Bramine can only justify. — I wrote her word that the most amiable of women reiterated my request, that she would not write to them. I said too, she had concealed many for the sake of her peace of mind — when in fact, L——e, this was merely a child of my own brain, made Mrs. J——'s by adoption, to enforce the argument I had before urged so strongly. — Do not mention this circumstance to Mrs. J——, 'twould displease her — and I had no design in it but for the Bramine to be a friend to herself. — I ought now to be busy from sun-rise to sun set, for I have a book to write — a wife to receive — an estate to sell — a parish to superintend, and, what is worst of all, a disquieted heart to reason with — these are continual calls upon me. — I have received half a dozen letters to press me to join my friends at Scarborough, but I am at present deaf to them all. — I perhaps may pass a few days there something later in the season, not at present — and so, dear L——e, adieu.

I am most cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER C.

TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, June 30 [1767].

I MUST acknowledge the courteſy of my good friend Sancho's letter were I ten times buſier than I am, and muſt thank him too for the many expreſſions of his good will, and good opinion — 'Tis all affectation to ſay a man is not gratified with being praiſed — we only want it to be ſincere — and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as yours. I left town very poorly — and with an idea I was taking leave of it for ever — but good air, a quiet retreat, and quiet reflections along with it, with an aſs to milk, and another to ride upon (if I chuſe it), all together do wonders. — I ſhall live this year at leaſt, I hope, be it but to give the world, before I quit it, as good impreſſions of me as you have, Sancho. I would only covenant for juſt ſo much health and ſpirits as are ſufficient to carry my pen through the taſk I have ſet it this ſummer. — But I am a reſigned being, Sancho, and take health and ſickneſs, as I do light and darkneſs, or the viciſſitudes of ſeaſons — that is, juſt as it pleaſes GOD to ſend them — and accommodate myſelf to their periodical returns, as well

as I can — only taking care, whatever befals me in this filly world — not to lose my temper at it. — This I believe, friend Sancho, to be the truest philosophy — for this we must be indebted to ourselves, but not to our fortunes. — Farewell — I hope you will not forget your custom of giving me a call at my lodgings next winter — in the mean time, I am very cordially,

My honest friend Sancho,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CI.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, July 6, 1767.

It is with as much true gratitude as ever heart felt, that I sit down to thank my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J—— for the continuation of their attention to me; but for this last instance of their humanity and politeness to me, I must ever be their debtor — I never can thank you enough, my dear friends, and yet I thank you from my soul — and for the single day's happiness your goodness would have sent me, I wish I could send you back thousands — I cannot, but they will come of themselves

ſelves — and ſo GOD bleſs you. — I have had twenty times my pen in my hand ſince I came down, to write a letter to you both in Gerrard-ſtreet — but I am a ſhy kind of a ſoul at the bottom, and have a jealouſy about troubling my friends, eſpecially about myſelf — I am now got perfectly well, but was a month after my arrival in the country, in but a poor ſtate — my body has got the ſtart, and is at preſent more at eaſe than my mind — but this world is a ſchool of trials, and ſo Heaven's will be done! — I hope you have both enjoyed all that I have wanted — and to complete your joy, that your little lady flouriſhes like a vine at your table, to which I hope to ſee her preferred by next winter. — I am now beginning to be truly buſy at my Sentimental Journey — the pains and ſorrows of this life having retarded its progreſs — but I ſhall make up my lee-way, and overtake every body in a very ſhort time.

What can I ſend you that Yorkſhire produces? tell me — I want to be of uſe to you, for I am, my dear friends, with the trueſt value and eſteem,

Your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

LETTER CII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR PANCHAUD, York, July 20, 1767.

Be ſo kind as to forward what letters are arrived for Mrs. Sterne at your office by to-day's poſt, or the next, and ſhe will receive them before ſhe quits Avignon, for England — ſhe wants to lay out a little money in an annuity for her daughter — adviſe her to get her own life inſured in London, leſt my Lydia ſhould die before her. — If there are any packets, ſend them with the ninth volume * of Shandy, which ſhe has failed of getting — ſhe ſays ſhe has drawn for fifty louis — when ſhe leaves Paris ſend by her my account. —— Have you got me any French ſubſcriptions, or ſubſcriptions in France? — Preſent my kindeſt ſervice to Miſs P. I know her politeneſs and good-nature will incline her to give Mrs. J. her advice about what ſhe may venture to bring over. —— I hope every thing goes on well, though never half ſo well as I wiſh —— God proſper you, my dear friend — Believe me moſt warmly

Yours,

L. STERNE.

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

The

The ſooner you ſend me the gold ſnuff-box, the better — 'tis a preſent from my beſt friend.

LETTER CIII.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, Auguſt 2, 1767.

My dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J. — are infinitely kind to me, in ſending now and then a letter to inquire after me — and to acquaint me how they are. — You cannot conceive, my dear lady, how truly I bear a part in your illneſs. — I wiſh Mr. J— would carry you to the South of France in purſuit of health — but why need I wiſh it, when I know his affection will make him do that and ten times as much to prevent a return of thoſe ſymptoms which alarmed him ſo much in the ſpring — your politeneſs and humanity are always contriving to treat me agreeably, and what you promiſe next winter will be perfectly ſo — but you muſt get well — and your little dear girl muſt be of the party, with her parents and friends, to give it a reliſh — I am ſure you ſhew no partiality but what is natural and praiſe-worthy, in behalf of your daughter, but I wonder my friends will not find her a play-fellow; and I both hope and adviſe them not to venture along through this warfare of life without two ſtrings at leaſt

to their bow. — I had letters from France by laſt night's poſt, by which (by ſome fatality) I find not one of my letters has reached Mrs. Sterne. This gives me concern, as it wears the aſpect of unkindneſs, which ſhe by no means merits from me. — My wife and dear girl are coming to pay me a viſit for a few months; — I wiſh I may prevail with them to tarry longer. — You muſt permit me, dear Mrs. J. to make my Lydia known to you, if I can prevail with my wife to come and ſpend a little time in London, as ſhe returns to France. I expect a ſmall parcel — may I trouble you, before you write next, to ſend to my lodgings to aſk if there is any thing directed to me that you can incloſe under cover. — I have but one excuſe for this freedom, which I am prompted to uſe, from a perſuaſion that it is doing you pleaſure to give you an opportunity of doing an obliging thing — and as to myſelf, I reſt ſatisfied, for 'tis only ſcoring up another debt of thanks to the millions I owe you both already — Receive a thouſand and a thouſand thanks, yes, and with them ten thouſand friendly wiſhes for all you wiſh in this world — May my friend Mr. J. continue bleſſed with good health, and may his good lady get perfectly well, there being no woman's health or comfort I ſo ardently pray for. — Adieu, my dear friends — believe me moſt truly and faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. In Eliza's laſt Letter, dated from St.

St. Jago, ſhe tells me, as ſhe does you, that ſhe is extremely ill — God protect her! — By this time ſurely ſhe has ſet foot upon dry land at Madras — I heartily wiſh her well, and if Yorick was with her he would tell her ſo — but he is cut off from this, by bodily abſence — I am preſent with her in ſpirit, however — but what is that? you will ſay.

LETTER CIV.

TO J—— H————S, ESQ.

MY DEAR H. Coxwould, Aug. 11, 1767.

I AM glad all has paſſed with ſo much amity *inter te & filium Marcum tuum*, and that Madame has found grace in thy ſight — All is well that ends well — and ſo much for moralizing upon it. I wiſh you could, or would, take up your parable, and prophecy as much good concerning me and my affairs. — Not one of my letters has got to Mrs. Sterne ſince the notification of her intentions, which has a pitiful air on my ſide, though I have wrote her ſix or ſeven — I imagine ſhe will be here the latter end of September; though I have no date for it, but her impatience, which, having ſuffered by my ſuppoſed ſilence, I am perſuaded will make her fear the worſt — if that is the caſe, ſhe will fly to England — a moſt natural concluſion — You did well to diſcontinue all commerce

merce with James's powders — as you are ſo well, rejoice therefore, and let your heart be merry — mine ought upon the ſame ſcore — for I never have been ſo well ſince I left college — and ſhould be a marvellous happy man, but for ſome reflections which bow down my ſpirits — but if I live but even three or four years, I will acquit myſelf with honour — and — no matter! we will talk this over when we meet. — If all ends as temperately as with you, and that I find grace, &c. &c., I will come and ſing Te Deum, or drink *poculum elevatum*, or do any thing in the world. — I ſhould depend upon G —'s critic upon my head, as much, as Moliere's old woman upon his comedies — when you do not want her ſociety, let it be carried into your bed-chamber to flay her, or clap it upon her bum — to —— and give her my bleſſing as you do it. —

My poſtillion has ſet me a-ground for a week, by one of my piſtols burſting in his hand, which he taking for granted to be quite ſhot of — he inſtantly fell upon his knees and ſaid (Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name), at which, like a good Chriſtian, he ſtopped, not remembering any more of it — the affair was not ſo bad as he at firſt thought, for it has only *burſten* two of his fingers (he ſays). — I long to return to you, but I ſit here alone as ſolitary and ſad as a tom cat, which by the bye is all the company I keep — he follows me

me from the parlour to the kitchen, into the garden, and every place — I wiſh I had a dog — my daughter will bring me one — and ſo God be about you, and ſtrengthen your faith — I am affectionately, dear couſin yours,

L. STERNE.

My ſervice to the C——, though they are from home, and to Panty.

LETTER CV.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, Coxwould, Auguſt 13, 1767.

I BUT copy your great civility to me in writing you word, that I have this moment received another letter wrote eighteen days after the date of the laſt from St. Jago — if our poor friend could have wrote another letter to England, you would in courſe have had it — but I fear, from the circumſtance of great hurry and bodily diſorder in which ſhe was, when ſhe diſpatched this, ſhe might not have time. — In caſe it has ſo fallen out, I ſend you the contents of what I have received — and that is a melancholy hiſtory of herſelf and ſufferings ſince they left St. Jago — continual and moſt violent rheumatiſm all the time — a fever brought on with fits, and attended with delirium, and every terrifying ſymptom — the recovery from this left her low and emaciated to a ſkeleton. — I give

give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart, knowing how much at the ſame time it will affect yours. The three or four laſt days of our journal leave us with hopes ſhe will do well at laſt, for ſhe is more cheerful — and ſeems to be getting into better ſpirits; and health will follow in courſe. They have croſſed the line — are much becalmed, by which, with other delays, ſhe fears they will loſe their paſſage to Madras — and be ſome months ſooner for it at Bombay. — Heaven protect her, for ſhe ſuffers much, and with uncommon fortitude. — She writes much to me about her dear friend Mrs. J —— in her laſt packet. — In truth, my good lady, ſhe loves and honours you from her heart; but, if ſhe did not, I ſhould not eſteem her, or wiſh her ſo well as I do. —— Adieu, my dear friends — you have few in the world more truly and cordially

Yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I have juſt received, as a preſent from a man I ſhall ever love, a moſt elegant gold ſnuff-box, fabricated for me at Paris — 'tis not the firſt pledge I have received of his friendſhip. — May I preſume to incloſe you a letter of chit-chat which I ſhall write to Eliza? I know you will write yourſelf, and my letter may have the honour to *chaperon* yours to India — they will neither of them be the worſe received for going together in company, but I fear they will get late in the year to their deſtined port, as they go firſt to Bengal.

LETTER CVI.

TO MISS STERNE.

Coxwould, Auguſt 24, 1767.

I AM truly ſurpriſed, my dear Lydia, that my laſt letter has not reached thy mother and thyſelf — It looks moſt unkind on my part, after your having wrote me word of your mother's intention of coming to England, that ſhe has not received my letter to welcome you both — and though in that I ſaid I wiſhed you would defer your journey till March, for before that time I ſhould have publiſhed my ſentimental work, and ſhould be in town to receive you — yet I will ſhew you more real politeſſes than any you have met with in France, as mine will come warm from the heart. — I am ſorry you are not here at the races, but *les fêtes champêtres* of the Marquis de Sade have made you amends. — I know B—— very well, and he is what in France would be called admirable — that would be but ſo ſo here — You are right — he ſtudies nature more than any, or rather moſt of the French comedians — If the Empreſs of Ruſſia pays him and his wife a penſion of twenty thouſand livres a year, I think he is very well off. — The folly of ſtaying till after twelve for ſupper — that you two excommunicated

beings might have meat! — "his conſcience would not let it be ſerved before." — Surely the Marquis thought you both, being Engliſh, could not be ſatisfied without it. I would have given, not my gown and caſſock (for I have but one), but my topaz ring, to have ſeen the *petits maîtres et maîtreſſes* go to maſs, after having ſpent the night in dancing. — As to my pleaſures they are few in compaſs. My poor cat ſits purring beſide me — your lively French dog ſhall have his place on the other ſide of my fire — but if he is as deviliſh as when I laſt ſaw him, I muſt tutor him, for I will not have my cat abuſed — in ſhort, I will have nothing deviliſh about me — a combuſtion will ſpoil a ſentimental thought.

Another thing I muſt deſire — do not be alarmed — 'tis to throw all your rouge pots into the Sorgue before you ſet out — I will have no rouge put on in England — and do not bewail them as —— —— did her ſilver ſeringue or gliſter equipage which ſhe loſt in a certain river — but take a wiſe reſolution of doing without rouge. — I have been three days ago bad again — with a ſpitting of blood — and that unfeeling brute * * * * * * * came — and drew my curtains, and with a voice like a trumpet, halloo'd in my ear — Z—ds, what a fine kettle of fiſh have you brought yourſelf to, Mr. S. ——! In a faint voice I bad him leave me, for comfort ſure was never adminiſtered in ſo rough a manner —

ner — Tell your mother, I hope ſhe will purchaſe what either of you may want at Paris — 'tis an occaſion not to be loſt — ſo write to me from Paris, that I may come and meet you in my poſt chaiſe with my long tailed-horſes — and the moment you have both put your feet in it, call it hereafter yours. — Adieu, dear Lydia — believe me what I ever ſhall be,

Your affectionate father,

L STERNE.

I think I ſhall not write to Avignon any more, but you will find one for you at Paris — once more adieu.

LETTER CVII.

TO SIR W.

MY DEAR SIR, September 19, 1767.

You are perhaps the drolleſt being in the univerſe — why do you banter me ſo about what I wrote to you? — Tho' I told you, every morning I jump'd into Venus's lap (meaning thereby the ſea), was you to infer from that, that I leaped into the ladies beds afterwards? — The body guides you — the mind me. — I have wrote the moſt whimſical letter to a lady that was ever read, and talked of body and ſoul too — I ſaid ſhe had made me vain by ſaying ſhe was mine more than ever woman was —

but ſhe is not the lady of Bond-ſtreet, nor ——— ſquare, nor the lady who ſupped with me in Bond-ſtreet, on ſcollop'd oyſters, and other ſuch things — nor did ſhe ever go *téte-à-téte* with me to Salt Hill. —— Enough of ſuch nonſenſe — The paſt is over — and I can juſtify myſelf unto myſelf — can you do as much? — No, 'faith! — "You can feel!" Aye, ſo can my cat, when he hears a female cater-wauling on the houſe-top — but cater-wauling diſguſts me. I had rather raiſe a gentle flame, than have a different one raiſed in me. — Now I take heaven to witneſs, after all this *badinage*, my heart is innocent — and the ſporting of my pen is equal, juſt equal to what I did in my boyiſh days, when I got aſtride of a ſtick, and gallop'd away — The truth is this — that my pen governs me — not me my pen. — You are much to blame if you dig for marle, unleſs you are ſure of it. I was once ſuch a puppy myſelf, as to pare, and burn, and had my labour for my pains, and two hundred pounds out of my pocket. Curſe on farming (ſaid I) I will try if the pen will not ſucceed better than the ſpade. The following up of that affair (I mean farming) made me loſe my temper, and a cart load of turnips was (I thought) very dear at two hundred pounds.

In all your operations may your own good ſenſe guide you — bought experience is the devil. — Adieu, adieu! — Believe me

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CVIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Coxwould, Sept. 27, 1767.

You are arrived at Scarborough when all the world has left it — but you are an unaccountable being, and ſo there is nothing more to be ſaid on the matter — You wiſh me to come to Scarborough, and join you to read a work that is not yet finiſhed — beſides, I have other things in my head. — My wife will be here in three or four days, and I muſt not be found ſtraying in the wilderneſs — but I have been there. As for meeting you at Bluit's, with all my heart — I will laugh, and drink my barley-water with you. As ſoon as I have greeted my wife and daughter, and hired them a houſe at York, I ſhall go to London, where you generally are in Spring — and then my Sentimental Journey will, I dare ſay, convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worſt of moulds — praiſed be God for my ſenſibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleaſures the groſſeſt ſenſualiſt ever felt. Write to me the day you will be at York — 'tis ten to one but I may introduce you to my wife and daughter. Believe me, my good Sir,

Ever yours,

LETTER CIX.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, York, October 1, 1767.

I HAVE ordered my friend Becket to advance for two months your account which my wife this day deliver'd — ſhe is in raptures with all your civilities. — This is to give you notice to draw upon your correſpondent — and Becket will deduct out of my publication. — To-morrow morning I repair with her to Coxwould, and my Lydia ſeems tranſported with the ſight of me. — Nature, dear P ——, breathes in all her compoſition; and except a little vivacity — which is a fault in the world we live in — I am fully content with her mother's care of her. — Pardon this digreſſion from buſineſs — but 'tis natural to ſpeak of thoſe we love. — As to the ſubſcriptions which your friendſhip has procured me, I muſt have them to incorporate with my liſts which are to be prefix'd to the firſt volume. — My wife and daughter join in millions of thanks — they will leave me the 1ſt of December. —— Adieu, adieu! — Believe me

Yours, moſt truly

L. STERNE.

LETTER CX.

TO MR. AND MRS. J.

Coxwould, October 3, 1767.

I HAVE ſuffered under a ſtrong deſire for above this fortnight to ſend a letter of inquiries after the health and the well-being of my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. J——; and I do aſſure you both, 'twas merely owing to a little modeſty in my temper not to make my good-will troubleſome, where I have ſo much, and to thoſe I never think of, but with ideas of ſenſibility and obligation, that I have refrain'd. — Good God! to think I could be in town, and not go the firſt ſtep I made to Gerrard-ſtreet! — My mind and body muſt be at ſad variance with each other, ſhould it ever fall out that it is not both the firſt and laſt place alſo where I ſhall betake myſelf, were it only to ſay, "God bleſs you" — May you have every bleſſing he can ſend you! 'tis a part of my litany, where you will always have a place whilſt I have a tongue to repeat it — And ſo you heard I had left Scarborough, which you would no more credit, than the reaſons aſſign'd for it — I thank you for it kindly — tho' you have not told me what they were; being a ſhrewd divine, I think I can gueſs. — I was ten days at Scarborough in September, and was hoſpitably entertained by one of the beſt of our Biſhops; who, as he kept

houſe there, preſs'd me to be with him — and his houſehold conſiſted of a gentleman, and two ladies, which, with the good Biſhop and myſelf, made ſo good a party that we kept much to ourſelves. — I made in this time a connection of great friendſhip with my mitred hoſt, who would gladly have taken me with him back to Ireland. — However, we all left Scarborough together, and lay fifteen miles off, where we kindly parted —— Now it was ſuppoſed (and have ſince heard) that I e'en went on with the party to London, and this I ſuppoſe was the reaſon aſſign'd for my being there. — I dare ſay charity would add a little to the account, and give out that 'twas on the ſcore of one, and perhaps both of the ladies — and I will excuſe charity on that head, for a heart diſengaged could not well have done better. — I have been hard writing ever ſince — and hope by Chriſtmas I ſhall be able to give a gentle rap at your door — and tell you how happy I am to ſee my two good friends. — I aſſure you I ſpur on my Pegaſus more violently upon that account, and am now determined not to draw bit, till I have finiſhed this Sentimental Journey — which I hope to lay at your feet, as a ſmall (but a very honeſt) teſtimony of the conſtant truth with which I am,

My dear friends,

Your ever obliged

And grateful

L. STERNE.

P. S. My wife and daughter arrived here laſt

laſt night from France. — My girl has return'd an elegant accompliſh'd little ſlut — my wife —— but I hate to praiſe my wife — 'tis as much as decency will allow to praiſe my daughter. — I ſuppoſe they will return next ſummer to France. —— They leave me in a month to reſide at York for the winter — and I ſtay at Coxwould till the firſt of January.

LETTER CXI.

TO MRS. F——.

DEAR MADAM, Coxwould, Friday.

I RETURN you a thouſand thanks for your obliging inquiry after me — I got down laſt ſummer very much worn out — and much worſe at the end of my journey — I was forced to call at his Grace's houſe (the Archbiſhop of York) to refreſh myſelf a couple of days upon the road near Doncaſter — Since I got home to quietneſs, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended — and am now very ſtout — and in a fortnight's time ſhall perhaps be as well as you yourſelf could wiſh me. — I have the pleaſure to acquaint you that my wife and daughter are arrived from France —— I ſhall be in town to greet my friends by the firſt of January. — Adieu, dear madam — Believe me

Yours ſincerely,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXII.

TO MRS. H.

Coxwould, October 12, 1767.

EVER ſince my dear H. wrote me word ſhe was mine more than ever woman was, I have been racking my memory to inform me where it was that you and I had that affair together. — People think that I have had many, ſome in body, ſome in mind; but as I told you before, you have had me more than any woman — therefore you muſt have had me, H——, both in mind, and in body. — Now I cannot recollect where it was, nor exactly when — it could not be the lady in Bond-ſtreet, or Groſvenor-ſtreet, or ——— Square, or Pall-mall. — We ſhall make it out, H. when we meet — I impatiently long for it —— 'tis no matter — I cannot now ſtand writing to you to-day — I will make it up next poſt — for dinner is upon table, and if I make Lord F—— ſtay, he will not frank this. —— How do you do? Which parts of Triſtram do you like beſt? — God bleſs you,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIII.

TO MR. AND MRS. J——.

Coxwould, November 12, 1767.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. J——, if I am troubleſome in writing ſomething betwixt a letter and a card, to inquire after you and my good friend Mr. J——, whom 'tis an age ſince I have heard a ſyllable of. —— I think ſo, however, and never more felt the want of a houſe I eſteen ſo much, as I do now when I can hear tidings of it ſo ſeldom — and have nothing to recompence my deſires of ſeeing its kind poſſeſſors, but the hopes before me of doing it by Chriſtmas. — I long ſadly to ſee you — and my friend Mr. J——. I am ſtill at Coxwould — my wife and girl * here. — She is a dear good creature — affectionate, and moſt elegant in body and mind — ſhe is all heaven could give me in a daughter — but like other bleſſings, not given, but lent; for her mother loves France — and this dear part of me muſt be torn from my arms to follow her mother, who ſeems inclined to eſtabliſh her in France, where ſhe has

* Mrs. Medalle thinks an apology may be neceſſary for publiſhing this Letter — the beſt ſhe can offer is — that it was written by a fond parent (whoſe commendation ſhe is proud of) to a very ſincere friend.

had many advantageous offers. — Do not ſmile at my weakneſs, when I ſay I don't wonder at it, for ſhe is as accompliſh'd a ſlut as France can produce. — You ſhall excuſe all this — if you won't, I deſire Mr. J —— to be my advocate — but I know I don't want one. — With what pleaſure ſhall I embrace your dear little pledge — whom I hope to ſee every hour increaſing in ſtature, and in favour, both with God and man! — I kiſs all your hands with a moſt devout and friendly heart. —— No man can wiſh you more good than your meagre friend does — few ſo much, for I am with infinite cordiality, gratitude, and honeſt affection,

My dear Mrs. J ——,

Your ever faithful

L. STERNE.

P. S. My Sentimental Journey will pleaſe Mrs. J ——, and my Lydia — I can anſwer for thoſe two. It is a ſubject which works well, and ſuits the frame of mind I have been in for ſome time paſt — I told you my deſign in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do — ſo it runs moſt upon thoſe gentler paſſions and affections, which aid ſo much to it. Adieu, and may you and my worthy friend Mr. J —— continue examples of the doctrine I teach!

LETTER CXIV.

TO MRS. H.

Coxwould, Nov. 15, 1767.

Now be a good dear woman, my H ——, and execute theſe commiſſions well — and when I ſee you I will give you a kiſs — there's for you! — But I have ſomething elſe for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my Sentimental Journey, which ſhall make you cry as much as it has affected me — or I will give up the buſineſs of ſentimental writing — and write to the body — that is, H. what I am doing in writing to you — but you are a *good body*, which is worth half a ſcore mean ſouls. —

I am yours, &c. &c.

L. SHANDY.

LETTER CXV.

TO A. L ——E, ESQ.

Coxwould, November 19, 1767.

You make yourſelf unhappy, dear L ——e, by imaginary ills — which you might ſhun inſtead of putting yourſelf in the way of. — Would not any man in his ſenſes fly from the

the object he adores, and not waſte his time and his health in increaſing his miſery by ſo vain a purſuit? — The idol of your heart is one of ten thouſand. — The Duke of —— has long ſighed in vain — and can you ſuppoſe a woman will liſten to you that is proof againſt titles, ſtars, and red ribands? — Her heart (believe me, L ——e) will not be taken in by fine men, or fine ſpeeches — if it ſhould ever feel a preference, it will chooſe an object for itſelf, and it muſt be a ſingular character that can make an impreſſion on ſuch a being — ſhe has a platonic way of thinking, and knows love only by name — the natural reſerve of her character, which you complain of, proceeds not from pride, but from a ſuperiority of underſtanding, which makes her deſpiſe every man that turns himſelf into a fool — — Take my advice and pay your addreſſes to Miſs ——; ſhe eſteems you, and time will wear off an attachment which has taken ſo deep a root in your heart. —— I pity you from my ſoul — but we are all born with paſſions which ebb and flow (elſe they would play the devil with us) to different objects — and the beſt advice I can give you, L —— e, is to turn the tide of yours another way. — I know not whether I ſhall write again while I ſtay at Cozwould. — I am in earneſt at my ſentimental work — and intend being in town ſoon after Chriſtmas — in the mean time adieu, — Let me hear from you and believe me, dear L.

Yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXVI.

TO THE EARL OF ———.

MY LORD, Coxwould, November 28, 1767.

'Tis with the greateſt pleaſure I take my pen to thank your Lordſhip for your letter of inquiry about Yorick — he has worn out both his ſpirits and body with the Sentimental Journey — 'tis true that an author muſt feel himſelf, or his reader will not — but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings — I believe the brain ſtands as much in need of recruiting as the body — therefore I ſhall ſet out for town the twentieth of next month, after having recruited myſelf a week at York. I might indeed ſolace myſelf with my wife (who is come from France), but in fact I have long been a ſentimental being — whatever your Lordſhip may think to the contrary. The world has imagined, becauſe I wrote Triſtram Shandy, that I was myſelf more Shandean than I really ever was — 'tis a good-natured world we live in, and we are often painted in divers colours according to the ideas each one frames in his head. — A very agreeable lady arrived three years ago at York, in her road to Scarborough — I had the honour of being acquainted with her, and was her *chaperon* — all the females were very

very inquiſitive to know who ſhe was — "Do not tell, ladies; 'tis a miſtreſs my wife has recommended to me — nay moreover has ſent me from France."

I hope my book will pleaſe you, my Lord, and then my labour will not be totally in vain. If it is not thought a chaſte book, mercy on them that read it, for they muſt have warm imaginations indeed! Can your Lordſhip forgive my not making this a longer epiſtle? —— In ſhort, I can but add this, which you already know — that I am, with gratitude and friendſhip,

My Lord,

Your obedient faithful,

L. STERNE.

If your Lordſhip is in town in Spring, I ſhould be happy if you became acquainted with my friends in Gerard-ſtreet — you would eſteem the huſband and honour the wife — ſhe is the reverſe of moſt of her ſex — they have various purſuits — ſhe but one — that of pleaſing her huſband. —

LETTER CXVII.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY SIR G. M.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Coxwould, December 3, 1767.

For tho' you are his Excellency, and I ſtill but Parſon Yorick — I ſtill muſt call you ſo — and were you to be next Emperor of Ruſſia, I could not write to you, or ſpeak of you, under any other relation — I felicitate you, I dont ſay how much, becauſe I can't — I always had ſomething like a kind of revelation within me, which pointed out this track for you in which you are ſo happily advanced — it was not only my wiſhes for you, which were ever ardent enough to impoſe upon a viſionary brain, but I thought I actually ſaw you juſt where you now are — and that is juſt, my dear Macartney, where you ſhould be. — I ſhould long, long ago have acknowledged the kindneſs of a letter of yours from Peterſburgh, but hearing daily accounts you was leaving it — this is the firſt time I knew well *where* my thanks would find you — how they will find you I know well — that is the ſame I ever knew you. In three weeks I ſhall kiſs your hand, — and ſooner, if I can finiſh my Sentimental Journey. — The deuce

take all ſentiments! I wiſh there was not one in the world! My wife is come to pay me a ſentimental viſit as far as from Avignon — and the *politeſſe* ariſing from ſuch a proof of her urbanity has robbed me of a month's writing, or I had been in town now. — I am going to lye-in; being at Chriſtmas at my full reckoning — and unleſs what I ſhall bring forth is not *preſs'd* to death by theſe devils of printers, I ſhall have the honour of preſenting to you a *couple of as clean brats* as ever chaſte brain conceived — they are frolickſome too, *mais cela n'empeche pas* — I put your name down with many wrong and right *honourables*, knowing you would take it not well if I did not make myſelf happy with it. Adieu, my dear friend.

Believe me yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

P. S. If you ſee Mr. Crawfurd, tell him I greet him kindly.

LETTER CXVIII.

TO A. L——E, ESQ.

DEAR L. Coxwould, December 7, 1767.

I SAID I would not perhaps write any more, but it would be unkind not to reply to ſo intereſting a letter as yours — I am certain you may depend upon Lord——'s promiſes — he will take care of you in the beſt manner he can, and your knowledge of the world, and of languages in particular, will make you ufeful in any department — If his Lordſhip's ſcheme does not ſucceed, leave the kingdom — go to the eaſt, or to the weſt, for travelling would be of infinite ſervice to both your body and mind — But more of this when we meet — now to my own affairs. —— I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here, for a living of three hundred and fifty pounds a year in Surry, about thirty miles from London, and retaining Coxwould, and my prebendaryſhip — the country alſo is ſweet — but I will not, cannot come to any determination, till I have conſulted with you, and my other friends. — I have great offers too in Ireland — the biſhops of C —— and R —— are

both my friends — but I have rejected every propoſal, unleſs Mrs. S —— and my Lydia could accompany me thither — I live for the ſake of my girl, and with her ſweet light burthen in my arms, I could get up faſt the hill of preferment, if I choſe it — but without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me, it would ſit uneaſy upon my brow. — Mrs. S——'s health is inſupportable in England. — She muſt return to France, and juſtice and humanity forbid me to oppoſe it. — I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until ſhe can rejoin me. — My heart bleeds, L — e, when I think of parting with my child —— 'twill be like the ſeparation of ſoul and body — and equal to nothing but what paſſes at that tremendous moment; and like it in one reſpect, for ſhe will be in one kingdom, whilſt I am in another. — You will laugh at my weakneſs — but I cannot help it — for ſhe is a dear diſintereſted girl — As a proof of it — when ſhe left Coxwould, and I bad her adieu, I pulled out my purſe and offered her ten guineas for her private pleaſures — her anſwer was pretty, and affected me too much: "No, my dear papa, our expences of coming from France may have ſtraitened you — I would rather put an hundred guineas into your pocket than take ten out of it." — I burſt into tears — but why do I practiſe upon your feelings — by dwelling on a ſubject that will touch your heart? — It is too much melted already by its own ſuffering, L — e, for me to add

T. Stothard del.t I.G. Walker sculp.t

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add a pang, or cauſe a ſingle ſigh. — God bleſs you — I ſhall hope to greet you by New-year's day in perfect health — Adieu, my dear friend — I am moſt truly and cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIX.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

[*December* 1767.]

LITERAS veſtras lepidiſſimas, mi conſobrine, conſobrinis meis omnibus carior, accepi die Veneris; ſed poſta non rediebat verſus Aquilonem eo die, aliter ſcripſiſſem prout deſiderabas. Neſcio quid eſt materia cum me, ſed ſum fatigatus & ægrotus de meâ uxore plus quam unquam — & ſum poſſeſſus cum diabolo qui pellet me in urbem — & tu es poſſeſſus cum eodem malo ſpiritu qui te tenet in deſerto eſſe tentatum ancillis tuis, et perturbatum uxore tuâ — crede mihi, mi Antoni, quod iſthæc non eſt via ad ſalutem ſive hodiernam, ſive eternam; num tu incipis cogitare de pecuniâ, quæ, ut ait Sanctus Paulus, eſt radix omnium malorum, & non ſatis dicis in corde tuo, ego Antonius de Caſtello Infirmo, ſum jam quadraginta & plus annos natus, & explevi octavum meum luſtrum, et tempus eſt me curare, & meipſum Antonium facere hominem

felicem & liberum, et mihimet ipsi benefacere, ut exhortatur Solomon, qui dicit quòd nihil est melius in hâc vitâ, quàm quòd homo vivat festivè, & quòd edat et bibat, & bono fruatur quia hoc est sua portio & dos in hoc mundo.

Nunc te scire vellemus, quòd non debeo esse reprehendi pro festinando eundo ad Londinum, quia Deus est testis, quòd non propero præ gloria, & pro me ostendere; nam diabolus iste qui me intravit, non est diabolus vanus, at consobrinus suus Lucifer — sed est diabolus amabundus, qui non vult finere me esse solum; nam cùm non cumbenbo cum uxore meâ, sum mentulatior quàm par est — & sum mortaliter in amore — & sûm fatuus; ergo tu me, mi care Antoni, excusabis, quoniam tu fuisti in amore, & per mare & per terras iviſti & festinâsti sicut diabolus eodem te propellente diabolo. Habeo multa ad te scribere — sed scribo hanc epistolam in domo coffeatariâ & plenâ sociorum strepitosorum, qui non permittent me cogitare unam cogitationem.

Saluta amicum Panty meum, cujus literis respondebo — saluta amicos in domo Gisbrosensi, & oro, credas me vinculo consobrinitatis & amoris ad te, mi Antoni, devinctissimum.

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXX.

TO MR. AND MRS. J——.

York, December 23, 1767.

I WAS afraid that either Mr. or Mrs. J——, or their little bloſſom, was drooping — or that ſome of you were ill, by not having the pleaſure of a line from you, and was thinking of writing again to inquire after you all —— when I was caſt down myſelf with a fever, and bleeding at my lungs, which had confined me to my room near three weeks — when I had the favour of yours, which till to-day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I moſt cordially now do — as well as for all your profeſſions and proofs of good-will to me — I will not ſay I have not balanced accounts with you in this — All I know is, that I honour and value you more than I do any good creatures upon earth — and that I could not wiſh your happineſs, and the ſucceſs of whatever conduces to it, more than I do, was I your brother — but good God! are we not all brothers and ſiſters who are friendly, virtuous and good? Surely, my dear friends, my illneſs has been a ſort of ſympathy for your afflictions upon the ſcore of your dear little one. — I am worn down to a ſhadow; but

as my fever has left me, I ſet off the latter end of next week with my friend Mr. Hall for town — I need not tell my friends in Gerrard-ſtreet, I ſhall do myſelf the honour to viſit them, before either Lord ——— or Lord ———, &c. &c. — I thank you, my dear friend, for what you ſay ſo kindly about my daughter — it ſhews your good heart, for as ſhe is a ſtranger, 'tis a free gift in you — but when ſhe is known to you, ſhe ſhall win it fairly — but, alas! when this event is to happen, is in the clouds. Mrs. S— has hired a houſe ready furniſhed at York, till ſhe returns to France, and my Lydia muſt not leave her.

What a ſad ſcratch of a letter! but I am weak, my dear friends, both in body and mind — ſo God bleſs you — you will ſee me enter like a ghoſt — ſo I tell you before-hand not to be frightened. — I am, my dear friends, with the trueſt attachment and eſteem, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Old Bond-ſtreet, January 1 [1768].

NOT knowing whether the moiſture of the weather will permit me to give my kind friends in Gerrard-ſtreet a call this morning

morning for five minutes — I beg leave to ſend them all the good wiſhes, compliments, and reſpects I owe them. — I continue to mend, and doubt not but this, with all other evils and uncertainties of life, will end for the beſt. — I ſend all compliments to your fire-ſides this Sunday night — Miſs Aſcough the wife, Miſs Pigot the witty, your daughter the pretty, and ſo on. — If Lord O—— is with you, I beg my dear Mrs. J—— will preſent the incloſed to him —— 'twill add to the millions of obligations I already owe you. — I am ſorry that I am no ſubſcriber to Soho this ſeaſon — it deprives me of a pleaſure worth twice the ſubſcription —— but I am juſt going to ſend about this quarter of the town, to ſee if it is not too late to procure a ticket, undiſpoſed of, from ſome of my Soho friends; and if I can ſucceed, I will either ſend or wait upon you with it by half an hour after three to-morrow — if not, my friend will do me the juſtice to believe me truly miſerable. — I am half engaged, or more, for dinner on Sunday next, but will try to get diſengaged in order to be with my friends. — If I cannot, I will glide like a ſhadow uninvited to Gerrard-ſtreet ſome day this week, that we may eat our bread and meat in love and peace together. — God bleſs you both! I am with the moſt ſincere regard,

Your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, Old Bond-ſtreet, Monday.

I HAVE never been a moment at reſt ſince I wrote yeſterday about this Soho ticket — I have been at a Secretary of State to get one — have been upon one knee to my friend Sir G—— M——, Mr. Laſcelles — and Mr. Fitzmaurice —— without mentioning five more —— I believe I could as ſoon get you a place at Court, for every body is going — but I will go out and try a new circle — and if you do not hear from me by a quarter after three, you may conclude I have been unfortunate in my ſupplications. — I ſend you this ſtate of the affair, leſt my ſilence ſhould make you think I I had neglected what I promiſed — but no — Mrs. J—— knows me better, and would never ſuppoſe it would be out of the head of one who is with ſo much truth

Her faithful friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Thurſday, Old Bond-ſtreet,

A THOUSAND thanks, and as many excuſes, my dear friends, for the trouble my blunder has given you. By a ſecond note I am aſtoniſhed I could read Saturday for Sunday, or make any miſtake in a card wrote by Mrs. J—s, in which my friend is as unrivalled, as in a hundred greater excellencies.

I am now tied down neck and heels (twice over) by engagements every day this week, or moſt joyfully would have trod the old pleaſing road from Bond to Gerrard-ſtreet. — My books will be to be had on Thurſday, but poſſibly on Wedneſday in the afternoon. — I am quite well, but exhauſted with a room full of company every morning till dinner — How do I lament I cannot eat my morſel (which is always ſweet) with ſuch kind friends! — The Sunday following I will aſſuredly wait upon you both — and will come a quarter before four, that I may have both a little time and a little day light, to ſee Mrs. J———'s picture — I beg leave to aſſure my friends of my gratitude for all their favours, with my ſentimental thanks for every token of their good will. — Adieu my dear friends —

I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXIV.

FROM DR. EUSTACE, IN AMERICA, TO THE REV. MR. STERNE, WITH A WALKING-STICK.

SIR,

When I assure you that I am a great admirer of Tristram Shandy, and have, ever since his introduction into the world, been one of his most zealous defenders against the repeated assaults of prejudice and misapprehension, I hope you will not treat this unexpected appearance in his company as an intrusion.

You know it is an observation, as remarkable for its truth as for its antiquity, that a similitude of sentiments is the general parent of friendship. — It cannot be wondered at, that I should conceive an esteem for a person whom nature had most indulgently enabled to frisk and curvet with ease through all these intricacies of sentiments, which, from irresistible propensity, she had impelled me to trudge through without merit or distinction.

The only reason that gave rise to this address to you, is my accidentally having met with a piece of true Shandean statuary, I mean, according to vulgar opinion, for to such judges both appear

appear equally deſtitute of regularity or deſign — it was made by a very ingenious gentleman of this province, and preſented to the late governor Dobbs; after his death Mrs. D. gave it me: its ſingularity made many deſirous of procuring it; but I had reſolved at firſt not to part with it, till, upon reflection, I thought it would be a very proper, and probably not an unacceptable, compliment to my favourite author, and in his hands might prove as ample a field for meditation, as a button-hole, or a broom ſtick.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

LETTER CXXV.

MR. STERNE'S ANSWER.

SIR, London, February 9, 1768.

I THIS moment received your obliging letter, and Shandean piece of ſculpture along with it, of both which teſtimonies of your regard I have the juſteſt ſenſe, and return you, dear Sir, my beſt thanks and acknowledgment. Your walking-ſtick is in no ſenſe more Shandaick than in that of its having more handles than one; the parallel breaks only in this, that in uſing the ſtick, every one will take the handle which ſuits his convenience. In Triſtram Shandy, the handle is taken which ſuits

ſuits the paſſions, their ignorance, or their ſenſibility. There is ſo little true feeling in the herd of the world, that I wiſh I could have got an act of parliament, when the books firſt appeared, that none but wiſe men ſhould look into them. It is too much to write books, and find heads to underſtand them; the world, however, ſeems to come into a better temper about them, the people of genius here being to a man on its ſide; and the reception it has met with in France, Italy, and Germany, has engaged one part of the world to give it a ſecond reading. The other, in order to be on the ſtrongeſt ſide, has at length agreed to ſpeak well of it too. A few hypocrites and Tartuffes, whoſe approbation could do it nothing but diſhonour, remain unconverted.

I am very proud, Sir, to have had a man like you on my ſide from the beginning; but it is not in the power of every one to taſte humour, however he may wiſh it; it is the gift of God; and, beſides, a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads, and the vibrations within him entirely correſpond with thoſe excited — 'Tis like reading himſelf — and not the book.

In a week's time I ſhall be delivered of two volumes of the Sentimental Travels of Mr. Yorick through France and Italy; but, alas! the ſhip ſails three days too ſoon, and I have but to lament it deprives me of the pleaſure of preſenting them to you.

Believe

Believe me, dear Sir, with great thanks for the honour you have done me, with true eſteem.

Your obliged humble ſervant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER CXXVI.

TO L. S——N, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Old Bond-ſtreet, Wedneſday.

YOUR commendations are very flattering. I know no one whoſe judgment I think more highly of, but your partiality for me is the only inſtance in which I can call it in queſtion. — Thanks, my good Sir, for the prints — I am much your debtor for them — if I recover from my ill ſtate of health, and live to reviſit Coxwould this ſummer, I will decorate my ſtudy with them, along with ſix beautiful pictures I have already of the ſculptures on poor Ovid's tomb, which were executed on marble at Rome. — It grieves one to think ſuch a man ſhould have died in exile, who wrote ſo well on the art of love. — Do not think me encroaching if I ſolicit a favour — 'tis either to borrow, or beg (to beg if you pleaſe) ſome of thoſe touched with chalk which you brought from Italy — I believe

believe you have three ſets, and if you can ſpare the imperfect one of cattle on coloured paper, 'twill anſwer my purpoſe, which is namely this, to give a friend of ours. — You may be ignorant ſhe has a genius for drawing, and whatever ſhe excels in ſhe conceals, and her humility adds luſtre to her accompliſhments — I preſented her laſt year with colours, and an apparatus for painting, and gave her ſeveral leſſons before I left town. — I wiſh her to follow this art, to be a complete miſtreſs of it — and it is ſingular enough, but not more ſingular than true, that ſhe does not know how to make a cow or a ſheep, though ſhe draws figures and landſcapes perfectly well; which makes me wiſh her to copy from good prints. —— If you come to town next week, and dine where I am engaged next Sunday, call upon me and take me with you — I breakfaſt with Mr. Beauclerc, and am engaged for an hour afterwards with Lord O——; ſo let our meeting be either at your houſe or my lodgings — do not be late, for we will go half an hour before dinner, to ſee a picture executed by Weſt, moſt admirably — he has caught the character of our friend — ſuch goddneſs is painted in that face, that when one looks at it, let the ſoul be ever ſo much unharmonized, it is impoſſible it ſhould remain ſo. —— I will ſend you a ſet of my books — they will take with the generality — the women will read this book in the parlour, and

Triſtram

Triſtram in the bed-chamber. — Good night, dear Sir — I am going to take my whey, and then to bed. Believe me

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXVII.

TO MISS STERNE.

MY DEAREST LYDIA, February 20, Old Bond-ſtreet.

My Sentimental Journey, you ſay, is admired in York by every one — and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no leſs admired here — but what is the gratification of my feelings on this occaſion? — The want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father's breaſt — this vile influenza — be not alarmed, I think I ſhall get the better of it —— and ſhall be with you both the firſt of May; and if I eſcape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child — unleſs a quiet retreat and peace of mind can reſtore me. — The ſubject of thy letter has aſtoniſhed me. — She could but know little of my feelings, to tell thee, that under the ſuppoſition I ſhould ſurvive thy mother, I ſhould bequeath thee as a legacy to ——. No my Lydia! 'tis a lady, whoſe virtues I wiſh thee to imitate, that I ſhall entruſt my girl to — I mean that friend whom I have ſo often talked and

wrote about — from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a ſincere friend — and you cannot be intimate with her, without her pouring ſome part of the milk of human kindneſs into your breaſt, which will ſerve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a ſmall degree of. — Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful neceſſity to fly to India for protection, whilſt it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England. — But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will ſurvive me — do not deject her ſpirits with thy apprehenſions on my account. I have ſent you a necklace, buckles, and the ſame to your mother. — My girl cannot form a wiſh that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in — and I cannot in juſtice be leſs kind to thy mother. — I am never alone —— The kindneſs of my friends is ever the ſame — I wiſh tho' I had thee to nurſe me; but I am denied that. — Write to me twice a week, at leaſt. — God bleſs thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever, thy

Affectionate father,

L. S.

LETTER CXXVIII.

TO MRS. J ——.

Tueſday.

YOUR poor friend is ſcarce able to write — he has been at death's door this week with a pleuriſy — I was bled three times on Thurſday, and bliſtered on Friday — The phyſician ſays I am better — God knows, for I feel myſelf ſadly wrong, and ſhall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining ſtrength. — Before I have gone thro' half this letter, I muſt ſtop to reſt my weak hand above a dozen times. — Mr. J—— was ſo good to call upon me yeſterday. I felt emotions not to be deſcribed at the ſight of him, and he overjoyed me by talking a great deal of you. — Do, dear Mrs. J—— entreat him to come to-morrow or next day, for perhaps I have not many days or hours to live — I want to aſk a favour of him, if I find myſelf worſe — that I ſhall beg of you, if in this wreſtling I come off conqueror — my ſpirits are fled — 'tis a bad omen — do not weep, my dear Lady — your tears are too precious to ſhed for me — bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn. — Deareſt, kindeſt, gentleſt, and beſt of women! may health, peace, and happineſs prove your handmaids! — If I die, cheriſh the remembrance

brance of me, and forget the follies which you ſo often condemn'd — which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into. Should my child, my Lydia want a mother, may I hope you will (if ſhe is left parentleſs) take her to your boſom; — You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for ſuch a benevolent action. — I wrote to her a fortnight ago *, and told her what I truſt ſhe will find in you. — Mr. J—— will be a father to her — he will protect her from every inſult, for he wears a ſword which he has ſerved his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the ſcabbard in defence of innocence. Commend me to him — as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world. — Adieu — All grateful thanks to you and Mr. J——.

Your poor affectionate friend,

L. STERNE.

* From this circumſtance it may be conjectured that this Letter was written on Tueſday the 8th of March 1768, ten days before Mr. Sterne died.

LETTER CXXIX.

TO **********.

—— I BEHELD her tender look — her pathetic eye petrified my fluids — the liquid diſſolution drowned thoſe once bright orbs — the late ſympathetic features, ſo pleaſing in their harmony, are now blaſted — withered — and are dead; her charms are dwindled into a melancholy which demands my pity — Yes — my friend — our once ſprightly and vivacious Harriot is that very object that muſt thrill your ſoul. — How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cauſe — the fatal cauſe of overwhelming the ſpotleſs ſoul, and plunging the yet-untainted mind into a ſea of ſorrow and repentance — Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon? — firſt alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory — when villany gets the aſcendancy, it ſeldom leaves the wretch till it has thoroughly polluted him ——T *******, once the joyous companion of our juvenile extravagancies, by a deep-laid ſcheme, ſo far ingratiated himſelf into the good graces of the old man — that even he, with all his penetration and experience (of which old folks generally pique themſelves), could not perceive his drift, and, like the goodneſs of his own heart, believed him

honourable: — had I known his pretenſions — I would have flown on the wings of friendſhip, of regard ——— of affection, and reſcued the lovely innocent from the hands of the ſpoiler; — be not alarmed at my declaration — I have been long bound to her in the reciprocal bonds of affection; — but it is of a more delicate ſtamp than the groſs materials nature has planted in us for procreation — I hope ever to retain the idea of innocence, and love her ſtill: — I would love the whole ſex were they equally deſerving.

——————— taking her by the hand — the other thrown round her waiſt — after an intimacy allowing ſuch freedoms — with a look deceitfully pleaſing, the villain poured out a torrent of proteſtations — and though oaths are ſacred — ſwore with all the fortitude of a conſcientious man — the depth of his love — the height of his eſteem — the ſtrength of his attachment; — by theſe, and other artful means to anſwer his abandoned purpoſe (for which you know he is but too well qualified) — gained on the open inexperienced heart of the generous Harriot, and robbed her of her brighteſt jewel. — Oh, England! where are your ſenators? — where are your laws? — Ye Heavens! where reſts your deadly thunder; — why are your bolts reſtrained from overwhelming with vengeance this vile ſeducer? —— I, — my friend, I, was the miniſter ſent by juſtice to revenge her wrongs — revenge — I diſclaim it — to redreſs her wrongs. — The news of affliction flies — I heard it, and poſt-

ed

ed to ****, where forgetting my character — this is the ſtyle of the enthuſiaſt — it moſt became my character — I ſaw him in his retreat — I flew out of the chaiſe — caught him by the collar — and in a tumult of paſſion — demanded — ſure, if anger is excuſable, it muſt be when it is excited by a deteſtation of vice — I demanded him to reſtore — alas! what was not in his power to return. — Vengeance! — and ſhall theſe vermin — theſe ſpoilers of the fair — theſe murderers of the mind — lurk and creep about in dens ſecure to themſelves, and pillage all around them? — Diſtracted with my rage — I charged him with his crime — exploded his baſeneſs — condemned his villany — while coward guilt ſat on his ſullen brow, and, like a criminal conſcious of his deed, tremblingly pronounced his fear. — He hoped means might be found for a ſufficient atonement — offered a tender of his hand as a ſatisfaction, and a life devoted to her ſervice as a recompenſe for his error. — His humiliation ſtruck me — 'twas the only means he could have contrived to aſſuage my anger. —— I heſitated — pauſed — thought — and ſtill muſt think on ſo important a concern; — aſſiſt me — I am half afraid of truſting my Harriot in the hands of a man, whoſe character I too well know to be the antipodes of Harriot's — He all fire and diſſipation; — ſhe all meekneſs and ſentiment! — nor can I think there is any hope of reformation: — the offer proceeds more from ſurpriſe, or fear,

than juſtice and ſincerity. — The world — the world will exclaim, and my Harriot be a caſt-off from ſociety. — Let her — I had rather ſee her thus, than miſerably linked for life to a lump of vice. — She ſhall retire to ſome corner of the world, and there weep out the remainder of her days in ſorrow — forgetting the wretch who has abuſed her confidence, but ever remembering the friend who conſoles her in retirement. — You, my dear Charles, ſhall bear a part with me in the delightful taſk of whiſpering "peace to thoſe who are in trouble, and healing the broken in ſpirit."

Adieu.

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER CXXX.

TO THE SAME.

SIR,

I FEEL the weight of obligation which your friendſhip has laid upon me, and if it ſhould never be in my power to make you a recompenſe, I hope you will be recompenſed at the *reſurrection of the juſt*. — I hope, Sir, we ſhall both be found in that catalogue; — and we are encouraged to hope, by the example of Abraham's faith, even *againſt hope*. — I think there is, at leaſt, as much probability of our reaching, and rejoicing in the *haven where we would be*,

as

as there was of the old Patriarch's having a child by his old wife. — There is not any perſon living or dead, whom I have ſo ſtrong a deſire to ſee and converſe with as yourſelf: — indeed I have no inclination to viſit, or ſay a ſyllable to but a few perſons in this lower vale of vanity and tears, beſide you; — but I often derive a peculiar ſatisfaction in converſing with the ancient and modern dead, — who yet live and ſpeak excellently in their works. — My neighbours think me *often alone*, — and yet at ſuch times I am in company with more than five hundred mutes — each of whom, at my pleaſure, communicates his ideas to me by dumb ſigns — quite as intelligibly as any perſon living can do by *uttering* of words. — They always keep the diſtance from me which I direct, — and with a motion of my hand, I can bring them as near to me as I pleaſe. — I lay hands on fifty of them ſometimes in an evening, and handle them as I like: — they never complain of ill-uſage, — and when diſmiſſed from my preſence, — though ever ſo abruptly — take no offence. Such convenience is not to be enjoyed — nor ſuch liberty to be taken with the living: — we are bound — in point of good-manners, to admit all our pretended friends when they knock for an entrance, and diſpenſe with all the nonſenſe or impertinence which they broach till they think proper to withdraw: nor can we take the liberty of humbly and decently oppoſing their ſentiments, without exciting their

diſguſt, and being in danger of their ſplenetic repreſentation after they have left us.

I am weary of talking to the *many* — who though quick of hearing — are ſo *ſlow of heart to believe* — propoſitions which are next to ſelf-evident; — you and I were not caſt in *one mould*, — corporal compariſon will atteſt it, and yet we are faſhioned ſo much alike, that we may paſs for twins: — were it poſſible to take an inventory of all our ſentiments and feelings — juſt and unjuſt — holy and impure — there would appear as little difference between them as there is between inſtinct and reaſon, — or — wit and madneſs: the barriers which ſeparate theſe — like the real eſſence of bodies — eſcape the piercing eye of metaphyſics, and cannot be pointed out more clearly than geometricians define a ſtrait line, which is ſaid to have length without breadth. —— O ye learned anatomical aggregates, who pretend to inſtruct other aggregates! be as candid as the ſage whom ye pretend to revere — and tell them, that all you know is, that you know nothing!

———— I have a *mort* to communicate to you on different ſubjects — my mountain will be in labour till I ſee you — and then — what then? — why you muſt expect to ſee it bring forth — a mouſe. — I therefore beſeech you to have a watchful eye to the cats! — but it is ſaid that mice were deſigned to be killed by cats — cats to be worried by dogs, &c. &c. — This may be true

true — and I think I am made to be killed by my cough, — which is a perpetual plague to me; what, in the name of ſound lungs, has my cough to do with you — or — you with my cough?

I am, Sir, with the moſt perfect affection and eſteem,

Your humble Servant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER CXXXI.

TO ****.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received your kind letter of critical, and, I will add, of parental advice, which, contrary to my natural humour, ſet me upon looking gravely for half a day together: ſometimes I concluded you had not ſpoke out, but had ſtronger grounds for your hints and cautions than what your good-nature knew how to tell me, eſpecially with regard to prudence, as a divine; and that you thought in your heart the vein of humour too free for the ſolemn colour of my coat. A meditation upon Death had been a more ſuitable trimming to it, I own; but then it could not have been ſet on by me. Mr. F —, whom I regard in the claſs I do you, as my beſt of critics and well-wiſhers,

preaches daily to me on the ſame text: "Get "your preferment firſt, Lory," he ſays, "and "then write and welcome." But ſuppoſe preferment is long a-coming — and for aught I know, I may not be preferred till the reſurrection of the juſt — and am all that time in labour, how muſt I bear my pains? Like pious divines? or rather, like able philoſophers, knowing that one paſſion is only to be combated with another? But to be ſerious (if I can), I will uſe all reaſonable caution — only with this caution along with it, not to ſpoil my book, that is, the air and originality of it, which muſt reſemble the author; and I fear it is the number of theſe ſlighter touches, which make the reſemblance, and identify it from all others of the ſame ſtamp, which this underſtrapping virtue of prudence would oblige me to ſtrike out. — A very able critic, and one of my colour too, who has read over Triſtram, made anſwer, upon my ſaying I would conſider the colour of my coat as I corrected it, that that idea in my head would render my book not worth a groat. — Still I promiſe to be cautious; but deny I have gone as far as Swift: he keeps a due diſtance from Rabelais; I keep a due diſtance from him. Swift has ſaid a hundred things I durſt not ſay, unleſs I was dean of St. Patrick's.

I like your caution, "ambitioſa recides ornamenta." As I reviſe my book, I will ſhrive my conſcience upon that ſin, and whatever ornaments

are

are of that kind ſhall be defaced without mercy. Ovid is juſtly cenſured for being "ingenii ſui amator;" and it is a reaſonable hint to me as I'm not ſure I am clear of it. To ſport too much with your wit, or the game that wit has pointed out, is ſurfeiting; like toying with a man's miſtreſs, it may be very delightful ſolacement to the inamorato, but little to the by-ſtander. Though I plead guilty to part of the charge, yet it would greatly alleviate the crime, if my readers knew how much I have ſuppreſſed of this device. I have burnt more wit than I have publiſhed, on that very account, ſince I began to avoid the fault, I fear, I may yet have given proofs of. — I will reconſider Slop's fall, and my too minute deſcription of it; but in general, I am perſuaded that the happineſs of the Cervantic humour ariſes from this very thing, — of deſcribing ſilly and trifling events with the circumſtantial pomp of great ones. Perhaps this is overloaded, and I can eaſe it. — I have a project of getting Triſtram put into the hands of the Archbiſhop, if he comes down this autumn, which will eaſe my mind of all trouble upon the topic of diſcretion.

I am, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXXXII.

TO MR. B.

SIR, Exeter, July 1675.

THE incloſed was quite an *Impromptu* of Yorick's after he had been thoroughly *touſed*. — He drew it up in a few moments without ſtopping his pen. I ſhould be glad to ſee it in your intended collection of Mr. Sterne's memoirs, &c. If you ſhould have a copy of it, you will be able to rectify a miſapplication of a term that Mr. Sterne could never be guilty of, as one great excellence of his writing lies in the moſt happy choice of metaphors and alluſions — ſuch as ſhewed his philoſophic judgment, at the ſame time that they diſplay his wit and genius — but it is not for me to comment on, or correct ſo great an original. I ſhould have ſent this fragment as ſoon as I ſaw Mrs. Medalle's advertiſement, had I not been at a diſtance from my papers. I expect much entertainment from this poſthumous work of a man to whom no one is more indebted for amuſement and inſtruction, than,

Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

S. P.

AN IMPROMPTU.

No — not one farthing would I give for ſuch a coat in wet weather, or dry. — If the ſun ſhines, you are ſure of being melted, becauſe it cloſes ſo tight about one — if it rains, it is no more a defence than a cobweb — a very ſieve, o' my conſcience! that lets through every drop, and like many other things that are put on only for a cover, mortifies you with diſappointment, and makes you curſe the impoſtor, when it is too late to avail one's ſelf of the diſcovery. Had I been wiſe, I ſhould have examined the claim the coat had to the title of "defender of the body" — before I had truſted my body in it — I ſhould have held it up to the light, like other ſuſpicious matters, to have ſeen how much it was likely to admit of that which I wanted to keep out — whether it was no more than ſuch a frail, flimſy, contexture of fleſh and blood, as I am fated to carry about with me through every tract of this dirty world, could have comfortably and ſafely diſpenſed with in ſo ſhort a journey — taking into my account the chance of ſpreading trees — thick hedges o'erhanging the road — with twenty other coverts that a man may truſt his head under — if he is not violently puſhed on by that d—d ſtimulus — you know where — that will not let a man ſit ſtill in one place for half a minute together — but like a young mettleſome tit, is eternally on the fret, and is for puſhing

on ſtill farther — or if the poor ſcared devil is not hunted tantivy by a hue and cry with gyves and a halter dangling before his eyes — now in either caſe he has not a minute to throw away in ſtanding ſtill, but like King Lear, muſt brave "the peltings of a pitileſs ſtorm," and give Heaven leave to "rumble its belly-full — ſpit fire — or ſpout rain" — as ſpitefully as it pleaſeth, without finding the inclination or the reſolution to ſlacken his pace, leſt ſomething ſhould be loſt that might have been gained, or more gotten than he well knows how to get rid of — Now had I acted with as much prudence as ſome other good folks — I could name many of them who have been made b—ps within my remembrance, for having been hooded and muffled up in a larger quantity of this dark drab of mental manufacture than ever fell to my ſhare — and abſolutely for nothing elſe — as will be ſeen when they are undreſſed another day — Had I had but as much as might have been taken out of their cloth, without leſſening much of the ſize, or injuring in the leaſt the ſhape, or contracting aught of the doublings and foldings, or confining to a leſs circumference the ſuperb ſweep of any one cloak that any one b—p ever wrapt himſelf up in — I ſhould never have given this coat a place upon my ſhoulders. I ſhould have ſeen by the light at one glance, how little it would keep out of rain, by how little it would keep in of darkneſs — This a coat for a rainy day? do pray, madam, hold it up to that window — did you ever ſee ſuch an

illuſtrious coat ſince the day you could diſtinguiſh between a coat and a pair of breeches? — My lady did not underſtand derivatives, and ſo ſhe could not ſee quite through my ſplendid pun. Pope Sixtus would have blinded her with the ſame "darkneſs of exceſſive light." What a flood of it breaks in thro' this rent? what an irradiation beams through that? what twinklings — what ſparklings as you wave it before your eyes in the broad face of the ſun? Make a fan out of it for the ladies to look at their gallants with at church — It has not ſerved me for one purpoſe — it will ſerve them for two — This is coarſe ſtuff — of worſe manufacture than the cloth — put it to its proper uſe, for I love when things ſort and join well — make a philtre * of it while there is a drop to be extracted — I know but one thing in the world that will draw, drain, or ſuck like it — and that is — neither wool nor flax — make — make any thing of it, but a vile, hypocritical coat for me — for I never can ſay *ſub Jove* (what ever Juno might) that "it is a pleaſure to be wet."

L. STERNE.

* This alluſion is improper. A philtre originally ſignifies a love potion — and as it is uſed as a noun from the verb *philtrate* it muſt ſignify a *ſtrainer*, not a *ſucker* — cloth is ſometimes uſed for the purpoſe of *draining* by means of its pores or capillary tubes, but its action is contrary to philtration. His meaning is obvious enough: but as he drew up this fragment without ſtopping his pen, as I was informed, it is no wonder he erred in the application of ſome of his terms.

THE

FRAGMENT.

CHAP. I.

Shewing two Things; first, what a Rabelaic Fellow LONGINUS RABELAICUS *is; and secondly, how cavalierly he begins his Book.*

MY dear and thrice reverend brethren, as well archbishops and bishops, as the *rest* of the inferior clergy! would it not be a glorious thing, if any man of genius and capacity amongst us for such a work, was fully bent within himself to sit down immediately and compose a thorough-stitched system of the KERUKOPAEDIA, fairly setting forth, to the best of his wit and memory, and collecting for that purpose all that is needful to be known and understood of that art? —— Of what art? cried PANURGE. Good God! answered LONGINUS, (making an exclamation, but taking care at the same time to moderate his voice,) why, of the art of making all kinds of your theological, hebdodomical, rostrummical, humdrummical what d'ye call 'ems — I will be shot, quoth EPISTEMON, if all this story of thine of a roasted horse, is simply no more

more than S —— Saufages! quoth PANURGE. Thou haſt fallen twelve feet and about five inches below the mark, anſwer'd EPISTEMON, for I hold them to be *Sermons* — which ſaid word (as I take the matter) being but a word of low degree, for a book of high rhetoric — LONGINUS RABELAICUS was fore-minded to uſher and lead in his diſſertation, with as much pomp and parade as he could afford; — and for my own part, either I know no more of Latin than my horſe, or the KERUKOPAEDIA is nothing but the art of making 'em — And why not, quoth GYMNAST, of preaching them when we have done? — Believe me, dear ſouls, this is half in half — and if ſome ſkilful body would but put us in a way to do this to ſome *tune* — Thou wouldſt not have them *chanted* ſurely? quoth TRIBOULET, laughing. — No, nor *canted* neither! quoth GYMNAST, crying — but what I mean, my friends, ſays LONGINUS RABELAICUS (who is certainly one of the greateſt critics in the weſtern world, and as Rabelaic a fellow as ever exiſted) — what I mean, ſays he, interrupting them both and reſuming his diſcourſe, is this, that if all the ſcatter'd rules of the KERUKOPAEDIA could be but once carefully collected into one code, as thick as PANURGE's head, and the whole *cleanly* digeſted — (pooh, ſays PANURGE, who felt himſelf aggrieved) — and bound up, continued LONGINUS, by way of a regular inſtitute, and then put into the hands of every licenſed preacher in Great Britain,

and

and Ireland, juſt before he began to compoſe, I maintain it — I deny it flatly, quoth PANURGE — What? anſwered LONGINUS RABELAICUS with all the temper in the world.

CHAP. II.

In which the Reader will begin to form a Judgment, of what an Hiſtorical, Dramatical, Anecdotical, Allegorical, and Comical Kind of a Work he has got hold of.

HOMENAS, who had to preach next Sunday (before God knows whom), knowing nothing at all of the matter — was all this while at it as hard as he could drive in the very next room: — for having fouled two clean ſheets of his own, and being quite ſtuck faſt in the entrance upon his third general *diviſion*, and finding himſelf unable to get either forwards or backwards with any grace — "Curſe it," ſays he (thereby excommunicating every mother's ſon who ſhould think differently), "why may not a man lawfully call in for help in this, as well as any other human emergency?" — So without any more argumentation, except ſtarting up and nimming down from the top ſhelf but one, the ſecond volume of CLARK — though without any felonious intention in ſo doing, he had begun to clap me in (making a joint firſt) five whole pages, nine round paragraphs, and a dozen and a half

of good thoughts all of a row; and becauſe there was a confounded high gallery — was tranſcribing it away like a little devil. — Now — quoth HOMENAS to himſelf, "though I hold all this to be fair and ſquare, yet, if I am found out, there will be the deuce and all to pay." — *Why are the bells ringing backwards, you lad? what is all that crowd about, honeſt man?* HOMENAS *was got upon Doctor* CLARK*'s back, ſir — and what of that, my lad? Why, an pleaſe you, he has broke his neck, and fractured his ſkull, and befouled himſelf into the bargain, by a fall from the pulpit two ſtories high.* Alas! poor HOMENAS! HOMENAS has done his buſineſs! — HOMENAS will never preach more while breath is in his body. — No, faith, I ſhall never again be able to tickle it off as I have done. I may ſit up whole winter nights baking my blood with hectic watchings, and write as ſolid as a FATHER of the church —— or I may ſit down whole ſummer days, evaporating my ſpirits into the fineſt thoughts, and write as florid as a MOTHER of it. — In a word, I may compoſe myſelf off my legs, and preach till I burſt — and when I have done, it will be worſe than if not done at all. — *Pray Mr. Such a-one who held forth laſt Sunday? Doctor* CLARK, *I trow, ſays one. Pray what Doctor* CLARK? *ſays a ſecond: Why* HOMENAS*'s Doctor* CLARK, *quoth a third.* O rare HOMENAS! cries a fourth; your *ſervant*, Mr. HOMENAS, quoth a *fifth.* — 'Twill be all over with me, by Heaven — I may

as

as well put the book from whence I took it. — Here HOMENAS burſt into a flood of tears, which falling down helter ſkelter, ding dong, without any kind of intermiſſion for ſix minutes and almoſt twenty five ſeconds, had a marvellous effect upon his diſcourſe; for the aforeſaid tears, do you mind, did ſo temper the wind that was riſing upon the aforeſaid diſcourſe, but falling for the moſt part perpendicularly, and hitting the ſpirits at right angles, which were mounting horizontally all over the ſurface of his harangue, they not only played the devil and all with the ſublimity — but moreover the ſaid tears, by their nitrous quality, did ſo refrigerate, precipitate, and hurry down to the bottom of his ſoul, all the unſavoury particles which lay fermenting (as you ſaw) in the middle of his conception, that he went on in the cooleſt and chaſteſt ſtyle (for a *ſoliloquy* I think) that ever mortal man uttered.

"This is really and truly a very hard caſe," continued HOMENAS to himſelf — PANURGE, by the bye, and all the company in the next room, hearing all along every ſyllable he ſpoke! for you muſt know, that notwithſtanding PANURGE had opened his mouth as wide as he could for his blood, in order to give a round anſwer to LONGINUS RABELAICUS's interrogation, which concluded the laſt chapter — yet HOMENAS's rhetoric had poured in ſo like a torrent, ſlapdaſh through the wainſcot amongſt them, and happening at that *uncritical* criſis when PANURGE

had juſt put his ugly face into the above-ſaid poſture of defence — that he ſtopt ſhort — he did indeed, and, though his head was full of matter, and he had ſcrewed up every nerve and muſcle belonging to it, till all cried *crack* again, in order to give a due projectile force to what he was going to let fly full in LONGINUS RABELAICUS's teeth, who ſat over againſt him — Yet for all that, he had the continence to contain himſelf, for he ſtopt ſhort, I ſay, without uttering one word except Z . . . ds — Many reaſons may be aſſigned for this, but the moſt true, the moſt ſtrong, the moſt hydroſtatical, and the moſt philoſophical reaſon, why PANURGE did not go on, was — that the fore-mentioned *torrent* did not ſo *drown* his voice that he had none left to go on with. — God help him, poor fellow! ſo he ſtopt ſhort (as I have told you before), and all the time HOMENAS was ſpeaking, he ſaid not another word, good or bad, but ſtood gaping and ſtaring, like what you pleaſe — ſo that the break, marked thus — which HOMENAS's grief had made in the middle of his diſcourſe, which he could no more help than he could fly — produced no other change in the room where LONGINUS RABELAICUS, EPISTEMON, GYMNAST, TRIBOULET, and nine or ten more honeſt blades had got Kerukopaedizing together, but that it gave time to GYMNAST to give PANURGE a good ſquaſhing chuck under his double chin; which PANURGE taking in good part, and juſt as it

was

was meant by GYMNAST, he forthwith ſhut his mouth — and gently ſitting down upon a ſtool, though ſomewhat eccentrically and out of neighbour's row, but liſtening as all the reſt did with might and main, they plainly and diſtinctly heard every ſyllable of what you will find recorded in the very next chapter.

THE

HISTORY

OF A

*GOOD WARM WATCH-COAT**;

With which the preſent Poſſeſſor

Is not content to cover his own Shoulders,

Unleſs he can cut out of it

A Petticoat for his Wife, and a Pair of Brèeches for his Son.

A POLITICAL ROMANCE.

SIR,

IN my laſt, for want of ſomething better to write about, I told you what a world of fending and proving we have had of late in this little

* As the following piece was ſuppreſſed during the lifetime of Mr. Sterne, and as there are ſome grounds to believe that it was not intended by him for publication, an apology may be deemed neceſſary for inſerting it in the preſent edition of his Works. It muſt be acknowledged, that a mere *jeu d'eſprit* relating to a private diſpute, which could intereſt only a few, and which was intended to divert a ſmall circle of friends, was with great propriety concealed while it might tend to revive departed animoſities, or give pain to any of the perſons who were concerned in ſo trifling a conteſt. And theſe conſiderations ſeem to have had weight with thoſe to whom the MS. was intruſted; it not having been made public until many years after it was written, nor until moſt of the gentlemen m ntioned in it were dead. After the lapſe of more than twenty years, it may be preſumed that there

little village * of ours, about an old caſt pair of black pluſh breeches †, which *John* ‡ our pariſh-clerk, about ten years ago, it ſeems, had made a promiſe of to one *Trim* § who is our ſexton and dog-whipper. — To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occaſions to know a great deal of the ſhifty behaviour of the ſaid maſter *Trim* — and that you are aſtoniſhed, nor can you for your ſoul conceive how ſo worthleſs a fellow, and ſo worthleſs a thing into the bargain, could become the occaſion of ſo much racket as I have repreſented. ——

Now, though you do not ſay expreſsly you could wiſh to hear any more about it, yet I ſee

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can be no impropriety in giving one of the earlieſt of Mr. Sterne's *bagatelles* a place among his more important performances. The ſlighteſt ſketches of a genius are too valuable to be neglected: and the preſent edition would be incomplete, if this compoſition, written immediately before Triſtram Shandy, and which may be conſidered as the precurſor of it, was omitted. As the whole of it alludes to facts and circumſtances confined to the city of York, it will be neceſſary to obſerve, that it was occaſioned by a controverſy between Dr. Fountayne and Dr. Topham, in the year 1758, on a charge made by the latter againſt the former, of a breach of promiſe, in withholding from him ſome preferment which he had reaſon to expect. For the better illuſtration of this little Satire, a few notes are added, from the pamphlets which appeared while this inſignificant difference was agitating.

* York.

† The Commiſſaryſhip of Pickering and Pocklington.

‡ Dr. John Fountayne, Dean of York.

§ Dr. Topham.

plainly

plainly enough I have raiſed your curioſity; and therefore, from the ſame motive that I ſlightly mentioned it at all in my laſt letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumſtantial account of the whole affair.

But, before I begin, I muſt firſt ſet you right in one very material point, in which I have miſled you, as to the true cauſe of all this uproar amongſt us — which does not take its riſe, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches, but, on the contrary, the whole affair of the breeches has taken its riſe from it. — To underſtand which, you muſt know, that the firſt beginning of the ſquabble was not betwixt *John* the pariſh-clerk, and *Trim* the ſexton, but betwixt the parſon * of the pariſh and the ſaid maſter *Trim*, about an old *watch-coat* †, that had hung up many years in the church, which *Trim* had ſet his heart upon; and nothing would ſerve *Trim*, but he muſt take it home, in order to have it converted into a *warm under petticoat* for his wife, and a *jerkin* for himſelf againſt winter, which, in a plaintive tone, he moſt humbly begged his reverence would conſent to.

I need not tell you, Sir, who have ſo often felt it, that a principle of ſtrong compaſſion tranſports a generous mind ſometimes beyond what is ſtrictly right; — the parſon was within an ace of being

* Dr. Hutton, Archbiſhop of York.

† A patent-place in the gift of the Archbiſhop, which had been given to Dr. Topham for his life, and which, in 1758, he ſolicited to have granted to one of his family after his death.

an

an honourable example of this very crime — for no ſooner did the diſtinct words — *petticoat* — *poor wife* — *warm* — *winter*, ſtrike upon his ear — but his heart warmed — and before *Trim* had well got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and ſoul. — But *Trim*, ſays he, as you ſee I am but juſt got down to my living, and am an utter ſtranger to all pariſh matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never ſeen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for ſuch a purpoſe, or if it is, in truth know not whether 'tis mine to beſtow upon you or not — you muſt have a week or ten days patience, till I can make ſome enquiries about it — and, if I find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under-petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you repreſent it.

It is neceſſary to inform you, Sir, in this place, that the parſon was earneſtly bent to ſerve *Trim* in this affair, not only from the motive of generoſity which I have juſtly aſcribed to him, but likewiſe from another motive, and that was by making ſome ſort of recompenſe for a multitude of ſmall ſervices which *Trim* had occaſionally done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the houſe), when his own man was out of the way. — For all theſe reaſons together, I ſay, the parſon of the pariſh intended to ſerve *Trim* in this

this matter to the utmoſt of his power. All that was wanting, was, previouſly to enquire if any one had a *claim* to it, or whether, as it had time immemorial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raiſe a clamour in the pariſh. Theſe enquiries were the things that *Trim* dreaded in his heart — he knew very well, that, if the parſon ſhould but ſay one word to the churchwardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and ſome other reaſons not neceſſary to be told you at preſent, *Trim* was for allowing no time in this matter — but on the contrary doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-houſe — plagued the whole family to death — preſt his ſuit morning, noon, and night; and, to ſhorten my ſtory, teaſed the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill ſtate of health, almoſt out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation on the ſide of maſter *Trim*, produced its natural effect on the ſide of the parſon; and that was, a ſuſpicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening ſitting alone in his ſtudy, weighing and turning this doubt every way in his mind, and after an hour and a half's ſerious deliberation upon the affair, and running over *Trim*'s behaviour throughout — he was juſt ſaying to himſelf — *it muſt be ſo* — when a ſudden rap at the door put an end to his ſoliloquy, and in a few minutes to his doubts too; for a labourer in the town,

town, who deemed himſelf paſt his fifty-ſecond year, had been returned by the conſtables in the militia liſt — and he had come with a groat in his hand to ſearch the pariſh-regiſter for his age. The parſon bid the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, and go into the kitchen — then ſhutting the ſtudy-door, and taking down the pariſh regiſter — *who knows*, ſays he, *but I may find ſomething here about this ſelf-ſame watch-coat?* He had ſcarce unclaſped the book, in ſaying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the firſt page, paſted to the inſide of one of the covers, whereon was a memorandum about the very thing in queſtion, in theſe expreſs words — *Memorandum.* "The great watch-coat was purchaſed and "given, above two hundred years ago, by the Lord "of the manor, to this pariſh-church, to the ſole "uſe and behoof of the poor Sextons thereof, and "their ſucceſſors for ever, to be worn by them re- "ſpectively in winterly cold nights, in ringing *com-* "*plines, paſſing-bells, &c.* which the ſaid lord of the "manor had done in pity to keep the poor "wretches warm, and for the good of his own ſoul, "for which they were directed to pray, &c." *Juſt Heaven,!* ſaid the parſon to himſelf, looking upwards, *what an eſcape have I had! give this for an under-petticoat to* Trim's *wife? I would not have conſented to ſuch a deſecration to be Primate of all* England — *nay, I would not have diſturbed a ſingle button of it for all my tithes.*

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when

in

in pops *Trim* with the whole ſubject of the exclamation under both his arms — I ſay under both his arms — for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm, and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry to the taylor to be made up, and had juſt ſtepped in, in high ſpirits, to ſhew the parſon how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good families ſubſiſting in the world, but which I have time neither to recollect or look for, which would give you a ſtrong conception of the aſtoniſhment and honeſt indignation which this unexpected ſtroke of *Trim*'s impudence impreſſed upon the parſon's looks — let it ſuffice to ſay, that it exceeded all fair deſcription — as well as all power of proper reſentment —— except this, that *Trim* was ordered in a ſtern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table — to go about his buſineſs, and wait upon him, at his peril, the next morning at eleven preciſely. — Againſt this hour, like a wiſe man, the parſon had ſent to deſire *John* the pariſh-clerk, who bore an exceeding good character, as a man of truth, and who, having moreover a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a year in the townſhip, was a leading man in it; and upon the whole was ſuch a one, of whom it might be ſaid, that he rather did honour to his office, than, that his office did honour to him — him he ſends for, with the churchwardens, and one of the ſideſmen, a grave know-

ing hold man, to be preſent — for, as *Trim* had with-held the whole truth from the parſon touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the ſame thing to others. Though this, I ſaid, was wiſe, the trouble of the precaution might have been ſpared — becauſe the parſon's character was unblemiſhed — and he had ever been held by the world in the eſtimation of a man of honour and integrity. — *Trim*'s character, on the contrary, was as well known, if not in the world, at leaſt in all the pariſh, to be that of a little dirty, pimping, pettifogging, ambidextrous fellow — who neither cared what he did or ſaid of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I ſaid, have made any precaution needleſs — but you muſt know, as the parſon had in a manner but juſt got down to his living, he dreaded the conſequences of the leaſt ill impreſſion on his firſt entrance among his pariſhioners, which would have diſabled him from doing them the good he wiſhed — ſo that out of regard to his flock, more than the neceſſary care due to himſelf — he was reſolved not to lie at the mercy of what reſentment might vent, or malice lend an ear to.

Accordingly, the whole matter was rehearſed, from firſt to laſt, by the parſon, in the manner I have told you, in the hearing of *John* the pariſh-clerk, and in the preſence of *Trim*.

Trim had little to ſay for himſelf, except " that the parſon had abſolutely promiſed to befriend him

and his wife in the affair to the utmoſt of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might ſtill give it him if he pleaſed."

To this the parſon's reply was ſhort but ſtrong, " that nothing was in his power to do, but what he could do *honeſtly* — that, in giving the coat to him and his wife, he ſhould do a manifeſt wrong to the next ſexton, the great watch-coat being the moſt comfortable part of the place — that he ſhould moreover injure the right of his own ſucceſſor, who would be juſt ſo much a worſe patron as the worth of the coat amounted to; and, in a word, he declared, that his whole intent in promiſing that coat, was charity to *Trim*, but *wrong* to no man — that was a reſerve, he ſaid, made in all caſes of this kind: and he declared ſolemnly, *in verbo ſacerdotis*, that this was his meaning, and was ſo underſtood by *Trim* himſelf."

With the weight of this truth, and the great good ſenſe and ſtrong reaſon which accompanied all the parſon ſaid on the ſubject — poor *Trim* was driven to his laſt ſhift — and begged he might be ſuffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by *promiſe*, at leaſt by *ſervitude* — it was well known how much he was entitled to it upon theſe ſcores: that he had blacked the parſon's ſhoes without count, and greaſed his boots above fifty times — that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occaſions — whetted the knives at all hours — catched his horſe,

horſe, and rubbed him down — that, for his wife, ſhe had been ready upon all occaſions to char for them; and neither he nor ſhe, to the beſt of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale. — To this account of his ſervices, he begged leave to add thoſe of his wiſhes, which, he ſaid, had been equally great — he affirmed, and was ready he ſaid to make it appear, by a number of witneſſes, "he had drank his reverence's health a thouſand times (by the bye he did not add out of the parſon's own ale) — that he had not only drank his health, but wiſhed it, and never came to the houſe but aſked his man kindly how he did; that in particular about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in paring an apple, he went half a mile * to aſk a cunning woman what was good to ſtaunch blood, and actually returned with a cobweb in his breeches pocket. Nay, ſays *Trim*, it was not a fortnight ago, when your reverence took that ſtrong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town to borrow you a cloſeſtool — and came back, as the neighbours who flouted me will all bear witneſs, with the pan upon my head, and never thought it too much."

* "Long before any thing of my patent was thought "of, I not only moſt ſincerely lamented the Archbiſhop's "illneſs, but made it my buſineſs to enquire after every "place and remedy that might help his Grace in his com-"plaint." Extract of a Letter from Dr. Topham, p. 26. of *Dr. Fountayne's Anſwer.*

Trim

Trim concluded this pathetic remonſtrance with ſaying "he hoped his reverence's heart would not ſuffer him to requite ſo many faithful ſervices by ſo unkind a return: — that if it was ſo, as he was the firſt, ſo he hoped he ſhould be the laſt example of a man of his condition ſo treated." — This plan of *Trim*'s defence, which *Trim* had put himſelf upon, could admit of no other reply than a general ſmile. — Upon the whole, let me inform you, that all that could be ſaid *pro* and *con*, on both ſides, being fairly heard, it was plain that *Trim* in every part of this affair had behaved very ill — and one thing, which was never expected to be known of him, happened in the courſe of this debate to come out againſt him, namely, that he had gone and told the parſon, before he had ever ſet foot in his pariſh *, that *John* his pariſh-clerk — his church-wardens, and ſome of the heads of the pariſh, were a parcel of ſcoundrels. — Upon the upſhot, *Trim* was kick'd out of doors, and told at his peril never to come there again.

At firſt *Trim* huffed and bounced moſt terribly — ſwore he would get a warrant — that nothing would ſerve him but he would call a

* In Dr. Fountayne's Pamphlet, p. 18 and 19. Dr. Topham is charged with having aſſured Archbiſhop Hutton, before he came into the Dioceſe, that the Dean and Chapter of York were a ſet of *ſtrange people*, and that he would find it *very difficult*, if *not impoſſible*, to live upon good terms with them.

bye-law, and tell the whole pariſh how the parſon had miſuſed him; but cooling of that, as fearing the parſon might poſſibly bind him over to his good behaviour, and, for aught he knew, might ſend him to the houſe of correction, he lets the parſon alone, and to revenge himſelf falls foul upon the clerk, who has no more to do in the quarrel than you or I — rips up the promiſe of the old — caſt — pair of black — pluſh — breeches; and raiſes an uproar in the town about it, notwithſtanding it had ſlept ten years — but all this, you muſt know, is looked upon in no other light but as an artful ſtroke of generalſhip in *Trim* to raiſe a duſt, and cover himſelf under the diſgraceful chaſtiſement he has undergone. ——

If your curioſity is not yet ſatisfied — I will now proceed to relate the *battle* of the *breeches* in the ſame exact manner I have done that of the watch-coat. ——

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when *John* was appointed pariſh-clerk of this church, this ſaid *Trim* took no ſmall pains to get into *John*'s good graces, in order as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promiſe out of him of a pair of breeches, which *John* had then by him, of black pluſh, not much the worſe for wearing — *Trim* only begged, for God's ſake to have them beſtowed upon him when *John* ſhould think fit to caſt them.

Trim was one of thoſe kind of men who loved a bit

a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of a better body's, than the beſt plain whole thing his wife could ſpin him.

John, who was naturally unſuſpicious, made no more difficulty of promiſing the breeches than the parſon had done in promiſing the great coat; and indeed with ſomething leſs reſerve — becauſe the breeches were *John's own*, and he could give them, without wrong, to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to ſay unluckily, but I ſhould rather ſay moſt luckily for *Trim*, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel, about ſome ſix or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt *the* * *late* parſon of the pariſh and *John* the clerk. Somebody (and it was thought to be nobody but *Trim*) had put it into the parſon's head, "that *John*'s deſk † in the church was at the leaſt four inches higher than it ſhould be — that the thing gave offence, and was indecorous, inaſmuch as it approached too near upon a level with the parſon's deſk itſelf." — This hardſhip the parſon complained of loudly, and told *John*, one day after prayers, "he could bear it no longer — and would have it altered, and brought down as it ſhould be." *John* made no other reply, but, "that the deſk was not of

* Archbiſhop Herring.

† This alludes to the right of appointing preachers for the vacant ſtalls, which Dr. Fountayne, as Dean of York, claimed againſt the Archbiſhop.

his raiſing: that 'twas not one hair breadth higher than he found it — and that as he found it ſo he would leave it. In ſhort he would neither make an encroachment, neither would he ſuffer one." — The *late* parſon might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not *humility* — ſo that *John*'s ſtiffneſs in this point was not likely to reconcile matters. — This was *Trim*'s harveſt.

After a friendly hint to *John* to ſtand his ground, away hies *Trim* to make his market at the vicarage. — What paſſed there I will not ſay, intending not to be uncharitable; ſo ſhall content myſelf with only gueſſing at it from the ſudden change that appeared in *Trim*'s dreſs for the better — for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the ſtable, and was come forth ſtrutting acroſs the church-yard yclad in a good charitable caſt coat, large hat, and wig, which the parſon had juſt given him. — Ho! ho! hollo! *John*, cries *Trim*, in an inſolent bravo, as loud as ever he could bawl — ſee here, my lad, how fine I am. — The more ſhame for you, anſwered *John* ſeriouſly — Do you think, *Trim*, ſays he, ſuch finery, gained by ſuch ſervices, becomes you, or can wear well? — Fye upon it, *Trim*, I could not have expected this from you, conſidering what friendſhip you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you — how many ſhillings and ſixpences I have generouſly lent you in your diſtreſſes. — Nay, it was but the

other

other day that I promiſed you theſe black pluſh breeches I have on. — Rot your breeches, quoth *Trim* (for *Trim*'s brain was half turn'd with his new finery), rot your breeches, ſays he — I would not take them up were they laid at my door — give them, and be d——d to you, to whom you like — I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parſon's any day in the week —— *John* told him plainly, as his word had once paſſed him, he had a ſpirit above taking advantage of his inſolence in giving them away to another — but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got ſo many favours of that kind, and was ſo likely to get many more for the ſame ſervices, of the parſon, that he had better give up the breeches, with good nature, to ſome one who would be more thankful for them.

Here *John* mentioned *Mark* * *Slender* (who it ſeems the day before had aſked *John* for them), not knowing they were under promiſe to *Trim* — "Come, *Trim*, ſays he, let poor *Mark* have them — you know he has not a pair to his a—, beſides, you ſee he is juſt of my ſize, and they will fit to a T, whereas if I give 'em to you, look ye, they are not worth much, and beſides you could not get your backſide into them, if you had them, without tearing them all to pieces." — Every tittle of this was moſt undoubtedly true, for *Trim*, you muſt know, by foul-feeding, and playing the goodfellow at the parſon's, was

* Dr. Braithwaite.

grown ſomewhat groſs about the lower parts, *if not higher*; ſo that, as all *John* ſaid upon the occaſion was fact, *Trim* with much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at laſt, out of mere compaſſion to *Mark*, *ſigns* *, *ſeals*, *and delivers up* ALL RIGHT, INTEREST AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER IN AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, AND ASSIGNS, NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION. — All this renunciation was ſet forth, in an ample manner, to be in pure pity to *Mark*'s nakedneſs — but the ſecret was, *Trim* had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind, the great green pulpit-cloth †, and old velvet cuſhion, which were that very year to be taken down — which, by the bye, could he have wheedled *John* a ſecond time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loſs of the breeches ſevenfold.

Now you muſt know, this pulpit cloth and cuſhion were not in *John*'s gift, but in the church-

* Extract of a letter from Dr. Topham to Dr. Fountayne: "As Dr. Ward has propoſed to reſign the juriſdiction of "Pickering and Pocklington to Dr. Braithwaite, if you "have not any other objection, I ſhall very readily give up "what INTEREST ariſes to me in theſe juriſdictions from "your friendſhip and regard." P. 5. of *Dr. Fountayne's Anſwer to Dr. Topham*.

† The Commiſſaryſhip of Dean of York, and the Commiſſaryſhip of the Dean and Chapter of York.

wardens',

wardens'*, &c. However, as I ſaid above that *John* was a leading man in the pariſh, *Trim* knew he could help him to 'em if he would — but *John* had got a ſurfeit of him — ſo, when the pulpit-cloth, &c. were taken down, they were immediately given (*John* having a great ſay in it) to *William Doe* †, who underſtood very well what uſe to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor *Mark* lived to wear them but a ſhort time, and they got into the poſſeſſion of *Lorry Slim* ‡, an unlucky wight, by whom they are ſtill worn — in truth, as you will gueſs, they are very thin by this time.

But *Lorry* has a light heart, and what recommends them to him is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that *Trim*, let him ſay what he will to the contrary, ſtill envies the *poſſeſſor* of them, and with all his pride would be very glad to wear them after *him*.

Upon this footing have theſe affairs ſlept quietly for near ten years, — and would have ſlept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking bout, which, as I ſaid, has ripped this ſquabble up afreſh; ſo that it was no longer ago than laſt week, that *Trim* met and § inſulted *John* in the

* The members of the Chapter.

† Mr. Stables.

‡ Mr. Sterne himſelf.

§ At the Seſſions dinner, where Dr. Topham charged Dr. Fountayne with the breach of his promiſe, in giving the Commiſſaryſhip of Pocklington and Pickering to another perſon.

public town-way before a hundred people — tax'd him with the promiſe of the old caſt pair of black breeches, notwithſtanding *Trim*'s ſolemn renunciation — twitted him with the pulpit-cloth and velvet cuſhion — as good as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkſhip; adding, very inſolently, that he knew not ſo much as to give out a common pſalm in tune.

John contented himſelf by giving a plain anſwer to every article that *Trim* had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbours who remembered the whole affair — and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wreſtling with a chimney-ſweeper, he was going to take his leave of *Trim* for ever. But hold — the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightineſſes inſiſted upon having *Trim* tried upon the ſpot.

Trim was accordingly tried, and after a full hearing, was convicted a ſecond time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parſon's. ——

Trim, ſays one, are you not aſhamed of yourſelf to make all this rout and diſturbance in the town, and ſet neighbours together by the ears, about an old — worn-out — pair of caſt — breeches not worth half a crown? Is there a caſt coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a ſhilling, but what you have ſnapped up like a greedy hound as you are?

In the firſt place, are you not ſexton and dog-whipper,

whipper*, worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the church-wardens to let your wife have the waſhing and darning of the church-linen, which brings you in thirteen ſhillings and four-pence; then you have ſix ſhillings and eight-pence for oiling and winding up the clock, both paid you at Eaſter — the pounder's place, which is worth forty ſhillings a year, you have got that too — you are the bailiff, which the late parſon got you, which brings you in forty ſhillings more.

Beſides all this, you have ſix pounds a year paid you quarterly for being mole-catcher to the pariſh. Aye, ſays the luckleſs wight above mentioned (who was ſtanding cloſe by him with the pluſh breeches on), "you are not only mole catcher, *Trim*, but you catch *STRAY CONIES* too in the *dark*, and you pretend a licence for it, which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter ſeſſions." I maintain it, I have a licence, ſays *Trim*, bluſhing as red as ſcarlet — I have a licence, and as I farm a warren in the next pariſh,

* "In the firſt place, would any one imagine that Dr. "Topham, who was now Maſter of the Faculties — Com-"miſſary to the Archbiſhop of York — Official to the "Archdeacon of York — Official to the Archdeacon of "the Eaſt Riding — Official to the Archdeacon of Cleve-"land — Official to the peculiar juriſdiction of Howdenſhire "— Official to the Precentor — Official to the Chancellor "of the Church of York — and Official to ſeveral of the "Prebendaries thereof, could accept of ſo poor an addition "as a Commiſſaryſhip of five guineas per annum?" P. S. of *Dr. Fountayne's Anſwer to Dr. Topham.*

I will

I will catch conies every hour in the night. *You catch conies!* fays a toothleſs old woman juſt paſſing by.

This ſet the mob a-laughing, and ſent every man home in perfect good humour, except *Trim*, who waddled very ſlowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and ſurpaſſed by none.

I am Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

I have broke open my letter to inform you, that I miſſed the opportunity of ſending it by the meſſenger, who I expected would have called upon me on his return through this village to York; ſo it has lain a week or ten days by me — I am not ſorry for the diſappointment, becauſe ſomething has ſince happened in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to tranſmit to you all under one trouble.

When I finiſhed the above account, I thought (as did every ſoul in the pariſh) *Trim* had met with ſo thorough a rebuff from *John* the pariſh-clerk, and the town's-folks, who all took againſt him, that *Trim* would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter reſt.

But, it ſeems, it is not half an hour ago ſince *Trim** ſallied forth again, and, having borrowed a ſow-gelder's horn, with hard blowing he got the whole town round him, and endeavoured to raiſe a diſturbance, and fight the whole battle over again — alleged that he had been uſed in the laſt fray worſe than a dog, not by *John* the pariſh-clerk, for I ſhould not, quoth *Trim*, have valued him a ruſh ſingle hands — but all the

* Alluding to Dr. Topham's Reply to Dr. Fountayne's Anſwer.

town

town ſided with him, and twelve men in *buckram* * ſet upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at ſword's point for three hours together.

Beſides, quoth *Trim*, there were two miſbegotten knaves in *Kendal-green*, who lay all the while in ambuſh in *John*'s own houſe, and they all ſixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me all together — a plague, ſays *Trim*, of all cowards.

Trim repeated his ſtory above a dozen times, which made ſome of the neighbours pity him, thinking the poor fellow crack-brain'd, and that he actually believed what he ſaid.

After this *Trim* dropped the affair of the breeches, and began a freſh diſpute about the reading-deſk, which I told you had occaſioned ſome ſmall diſpute between the *late* parſon and *John*, ſome years ago. — This reading-deſk, as you will obſerve, was but an epiſode wove into the main ſtory by the bye, for the main affair was *the battle of the breeches and the great-coat.*

However, *Trim* being at laſt driven out of theſe two citadels — he has ſeized hold, in his retreat, of this reading deſk, with a view, as it ſeems, to take ſhelter behind it.

I cannot ſay but the man has fought it out obſtinately enough, and had his cauſe been good, I ſhould have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of the *great watch-coat*, you ſee

* In Dr. Topham's Reply, he aſſerts, that Dr. Fountayne's Anſwer was *the child and offspring of many parents*, p. 1.

he did not run away; no — he retreated behind the breeches, and when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading-desk. To what other hold *Trim* will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think his next move will be towards the rear of the parson's boot; but as it is thought he cannot make a long stand there, others are of opinion, that *Trim* will once more in his life get hold of the parson's horse, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him; but as the horse is not easy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that, when he is driven out of the reading-desk, he will make his last retreat in such a manner, as, if possible to gain the *close-stool*, and defend himself behind it to the very last drop.

If *Trim* should make this movement, by my advice he should be left, beside his citadel, in full possession of the field of battle, where 'tis certain he will keep every body a league off, and may hop by himself till he is weary. Besides, as *Trim* seems bent upon *purging* himself, and may have abundance of foul humours to work off, I think he cannot be better placed.

But this is all matter of speculation — Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of stand *Trim* has actually made behind the said desk: "Neighbours and townsmen all, I will be sworn before my Lord Mayor, that *John* and his nineteen men in *buckram* have abused

abuſed me worſe than a dog, for they told you that I played faſt and go looſe with the *late* parſon and him in that old diſpute of theirs about the *reading-deſk*, and that I made matters worſe between them, and not better."

Of this charge *Trim* declared he was as innocent as the child that was unborn — that he would be book-ſworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a ſtrong witneſs, and moreover inſinuated, that *John* himſelf, inſtead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him — Aye, *Trim*, ſays the wight in the pluſh breeches, but that was, *Trim*, the day before *John* found thee out. Beſides, *Trim*, there is nothing in that, for the very year that you was made town's pounder, thou knoweſt well that I both thanked thee myſelf, and moreover gave thee a good warm ſupper for turning *John Lund*'s cows and horſes out of my hard corn cloſe, which if thou hadſt not done (as thou toldſt me), I ſhould have loſt my whole crop; whereas *John Lund* and *Thomas Patt*, who are both here to teſtify, and are both willing to take their oaths on't, that thou thyſelf waſt the very man who ſet the gate open — and after all, it was not thee, *Trim*, 'twas the blackſmith's poor lad who turned them out — ſo that a man may be thanked and rewarded too for a good turn which he never did, nor ever did intend.

Trim could not ſuſtain this unexpected ſtroke — ſo *Trim* marched off the field without colours

flying, or his horn founding, or any other enſigns of honour whatever. — Whether after this *Trim* intends to rally a ſecond time — or whether he may not take it into his head to claim the victory — none but *Trim* himſelf can inform you.

However, the general opinion upon the whole is this, that in three ſeveral pitch'd battles, *Trim* has been ſo *trimm'd* as never diſaſtrous hero was *trimm'd* before.

THE END.

Strahan and Preſton,
Printers-Street, London.

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